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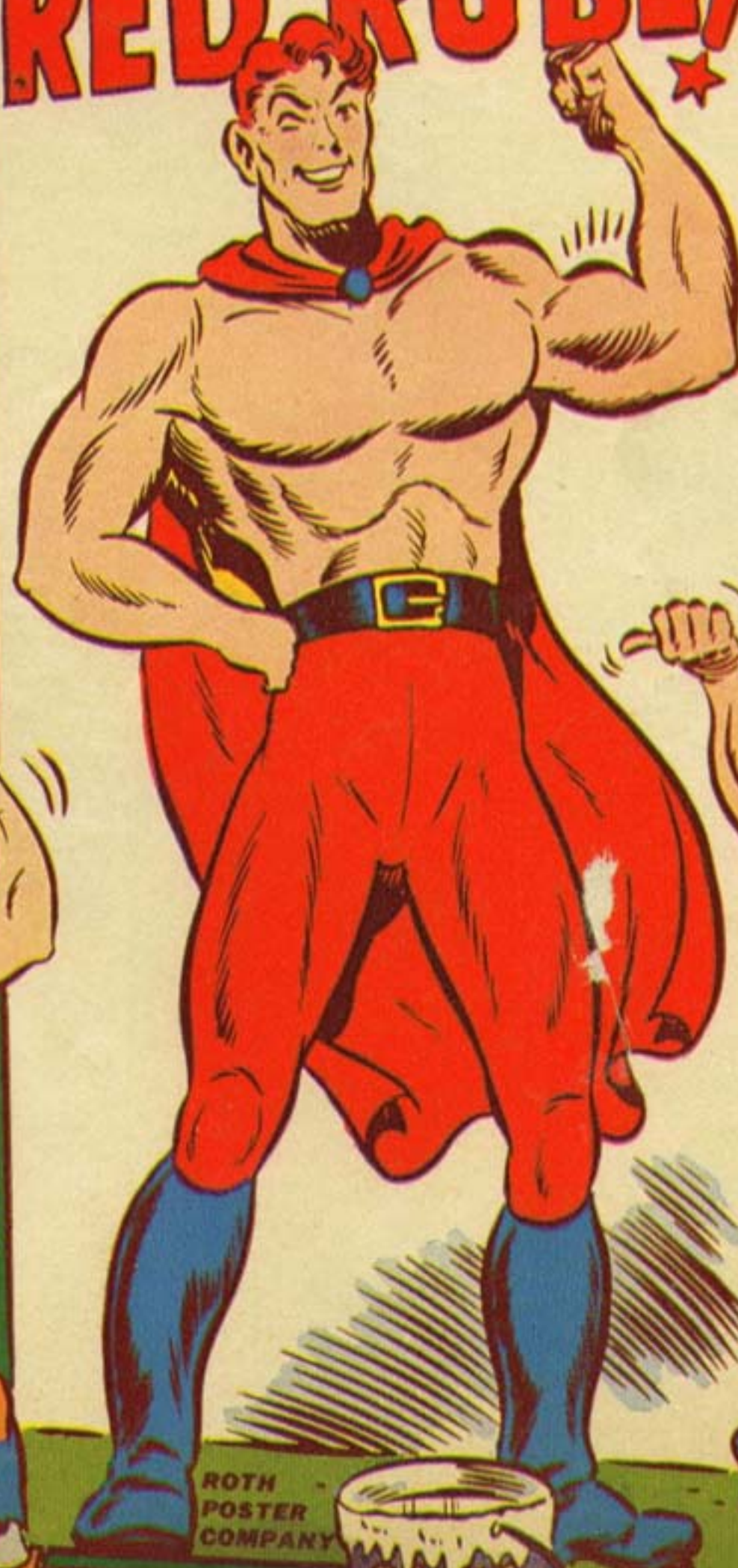
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STEEL STERLING

and
The GRUESOME
TWOsome!

TROUBLE'S WHERE YOU FIND IT!
IN THIS YARN STEEL STERLING
AND SERGEANT CLANCY DIDN'T
HAVE TO LOOK VERY HARD FOR
IT! IN FACT THEY DIDN'T HAVE
TO LOOK FOR IT AT ALL! THEY
JUST **ASKED** FOR TROUBLE---
AND UP POPPED
THE GRUESOME TWOsome!



by
IRV NOVICK

OUR OPENING SCENE FINDS STEEL STERLING IN A CURIO SHOP----

THAT'S AN AMUSING
LOOKING PAIR OF
FIGURINES! HOW
MUCH ARE YOU
ASKING FOR
THEM?

OH, I'LL SELL THEM
TO YOU REASON-
ABLY ENOUGH,
MR. STERLING---

...BUT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE LEGEND
THAT GOES WITH THEM BEFORE YOU
BUY THEM! YOU SEE THE ONE WHO
SOLD THEM TO ME CALLED THEM THE
GRUEBOME TWOSOME.... AND IF
THEIR OWNER **ASKS** FOR TROUBLE
HE'LL GET **PLENTY** OF IT!

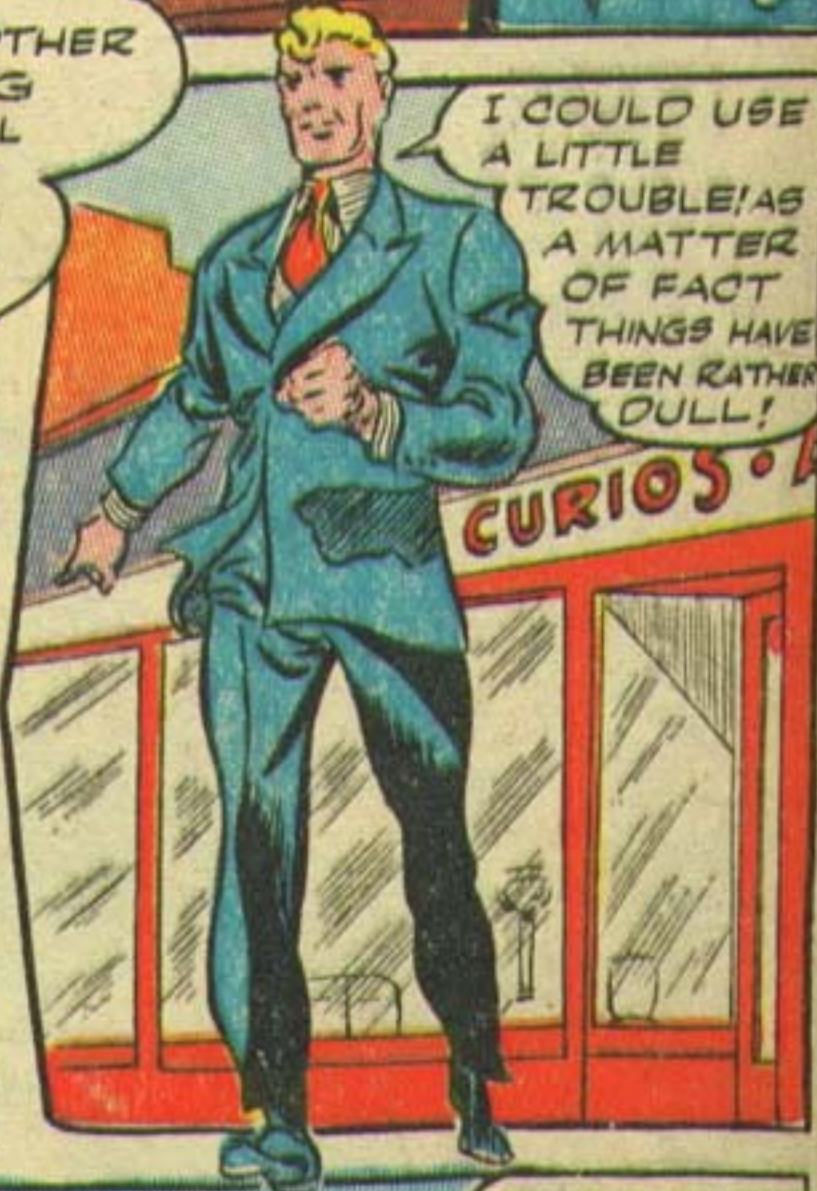


NONSENSE!
I'M NOT IN
THE LEAST
SUPERSTI-
TIOUS! I'LL
TAKE THEM!

ALL RIGHT,
SIR! I ONLY
THOUGHT
IT MY DUTY
TO WARN
YOU!

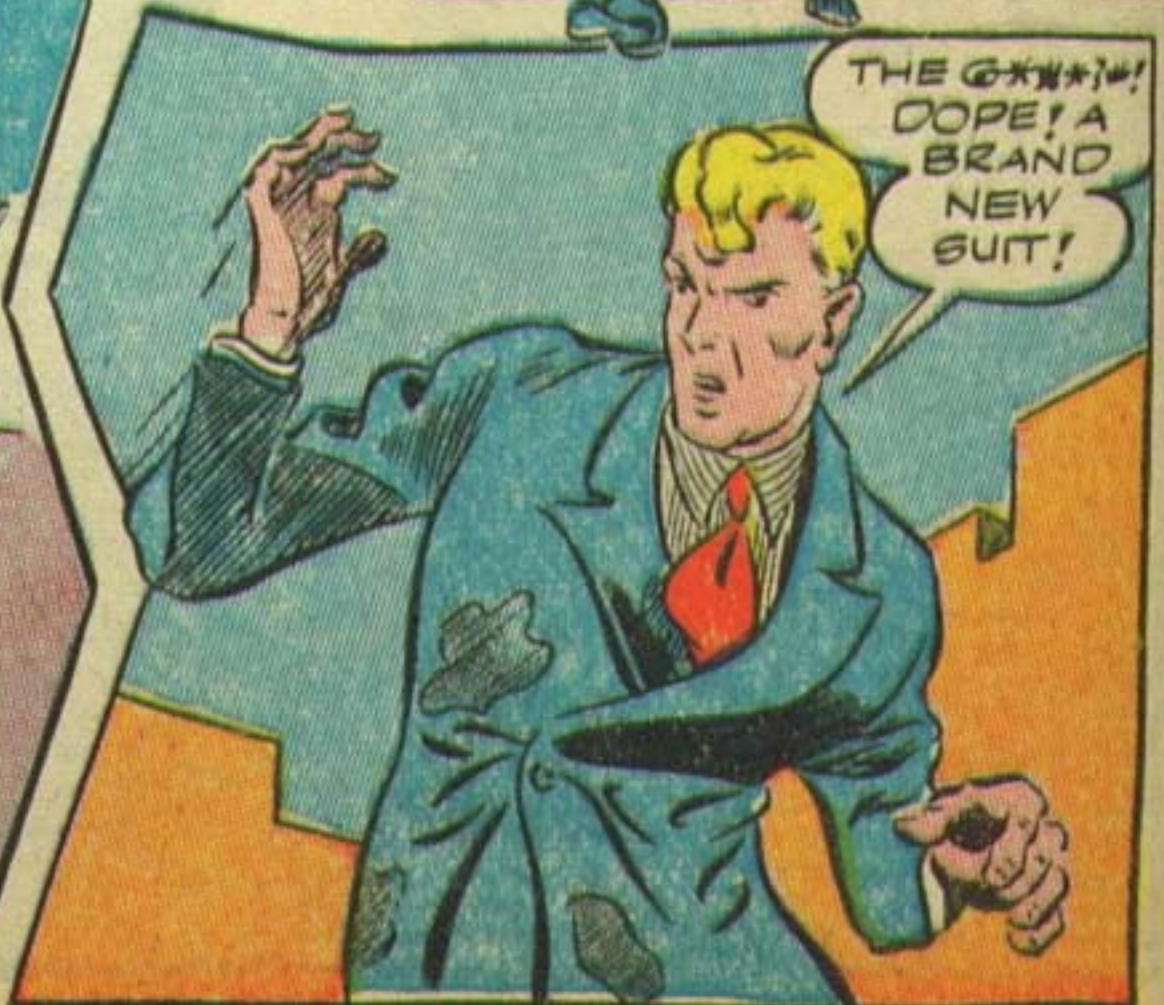
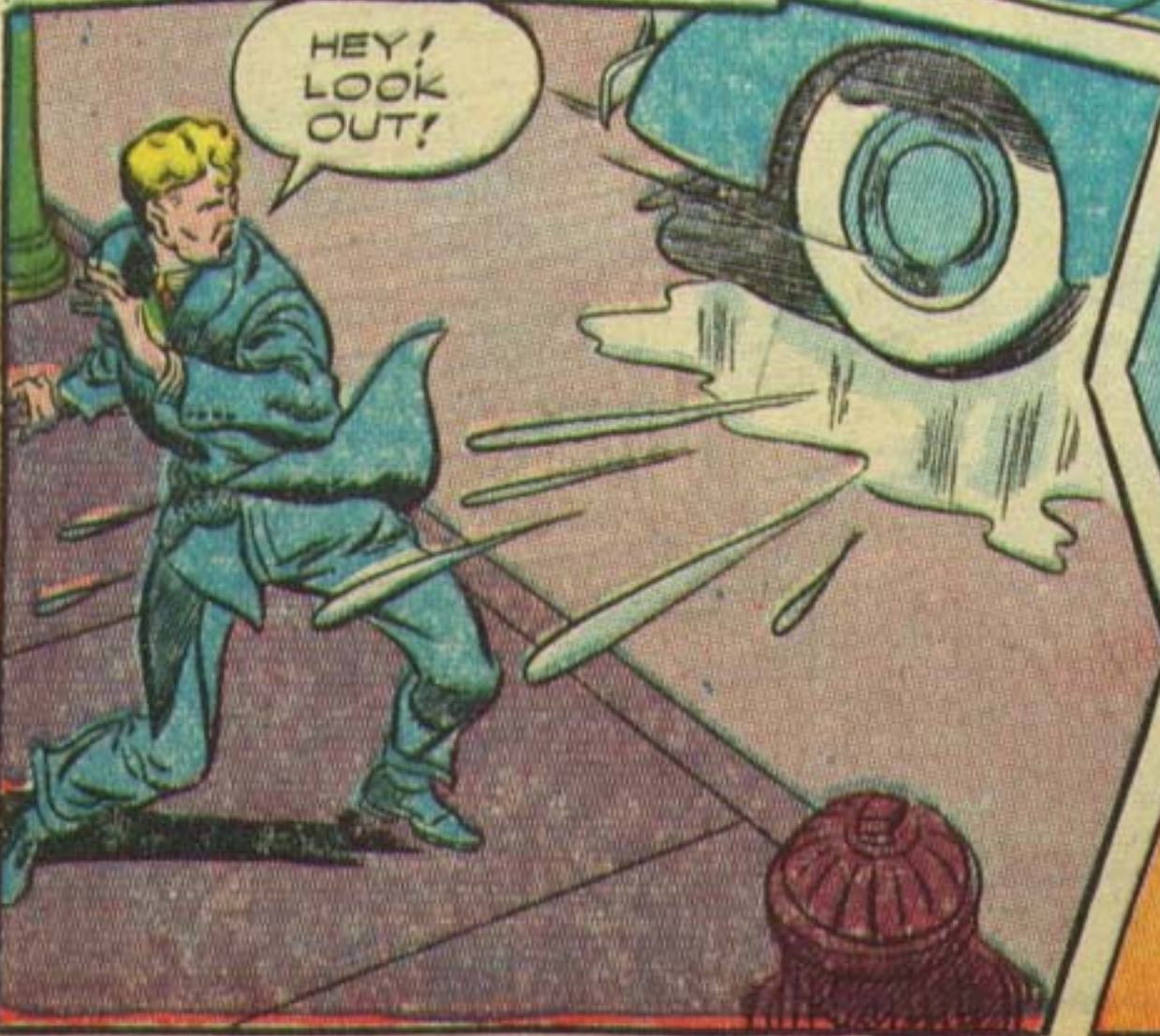
DON'T BOTHER
WRAPPING
THEM! I'LL
JUST PUT
'EM IN MY
POCKET!

I COULD USE
A LITTLE
TROUBLE! AS
A MATTER
OF FACT
THINGS HAVE
BEEN RATHER
DULL!



HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

THE ~~G*H*H*~~!
DOPE! A
BRAND
NEW
SUIT!





I'LL JUST PUT THIS PLANT RIGHT HERE!



OOPS!



WHAT TH--



OH-OO!

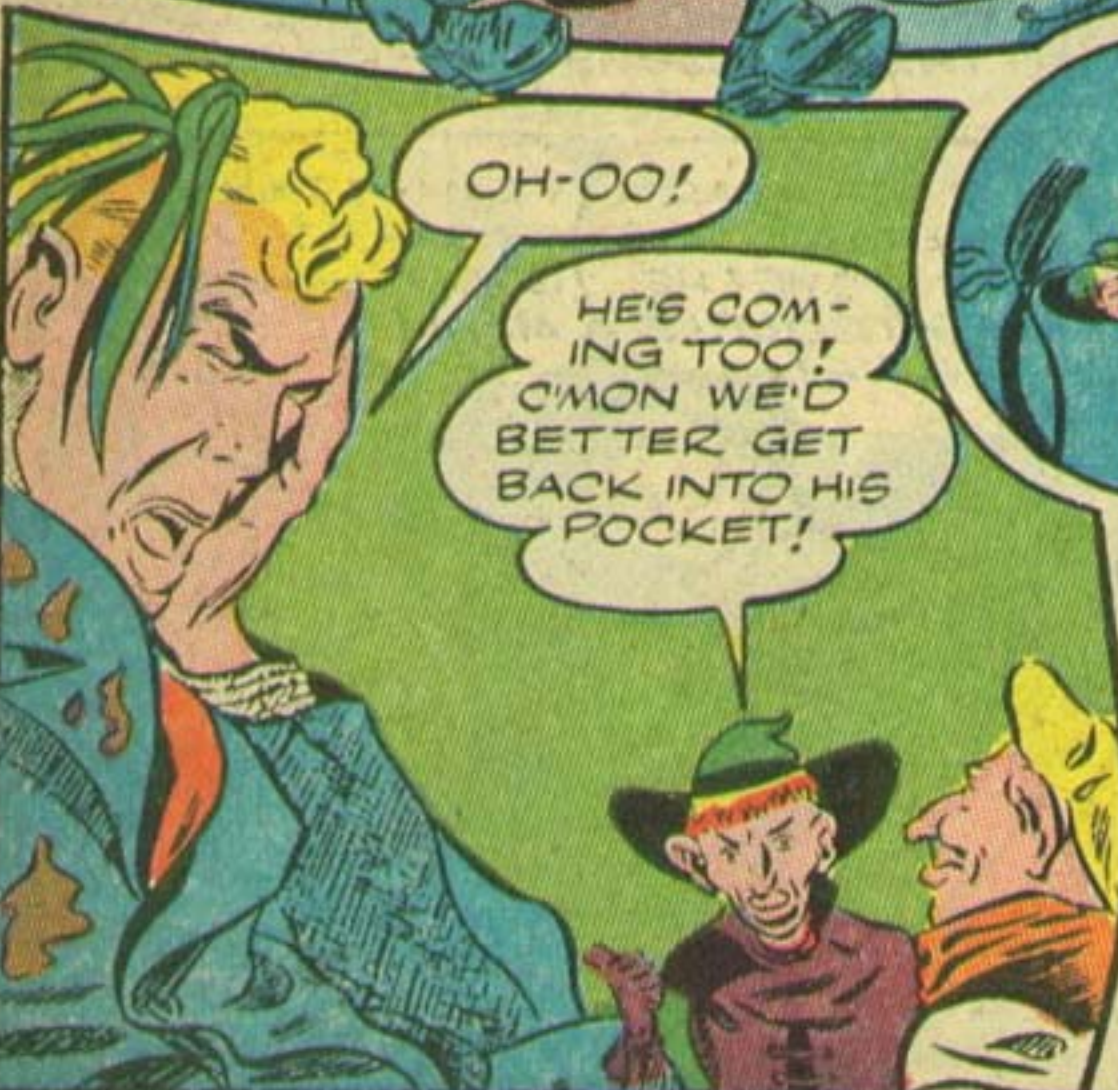


C'MON, GRUESOME! LET'S CLIMB OUTTA THIS GUY'S POCKET AND SEE WHAT DAMAGE WE DID!

RIGHT WITH YOU TWOSOME!



A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO, A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO, HI-HO THE MERRY-O, A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO!



HE'S COMING TOO! C'MON WE'D BETTER GET BACK INTO HIS POCKET!



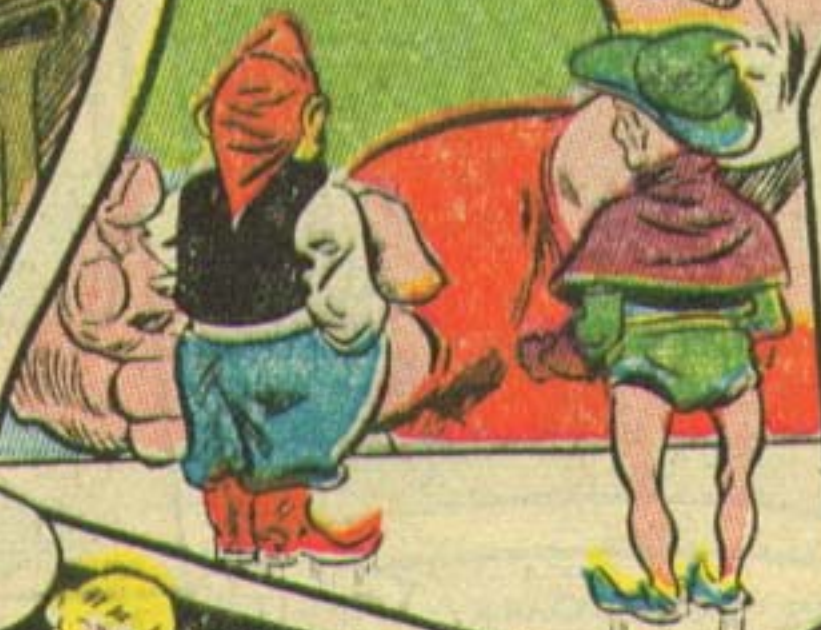
I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW HIM AND HIS PAL LAUGHING AT ME!

HMM--I SEEM TO BE GETTING MORE THAN MY FAIR SHARE OF TROUBLE SINCE I ASKED FOR IT! I WONDER--AH! I'M GETTING SOFT IN THE HEAD!



BACK AT THE APARTMENT STEEL STILL WONDERS---

AND YET IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!



JUST THEN CLANCY ENTERS---

KIN YA BEAT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, CLANCY?



I FOUND A BEAT FOR 20 YEARS AND SOLVE 50% OF THE CRIME CASES IN TOWN AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE CAPTAIN CLARK PROMOTES TO DESK SERGEANT! THAT DUMB CLUCK SERGEANT MULLIGAN!



I GOT A GOOD MIND TO GO DOWN AND TELL CAPTAIN CLARK WHERE TO GET OFF!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



TROUBLE? WHO'S AFRAID OF TROUBLE? I EAT TROUBLE!

OH, OH! THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY FAMILIAR!



UNNOTICED BY STEEL AND CLANCY, THE GRUESOME TWOSOME GO INTO CONFERENCE---

DIDJA HEAR THE GUY GRUESOME? HE EATS TROUBLE, HE SAYS!

YEAH--I THINK HE'S IN FOR A GOOD MEAL!



THE TWO SOME CLIMB
SILENTLY FROM THE TABLE
INTO CLANCY'S POCKET--

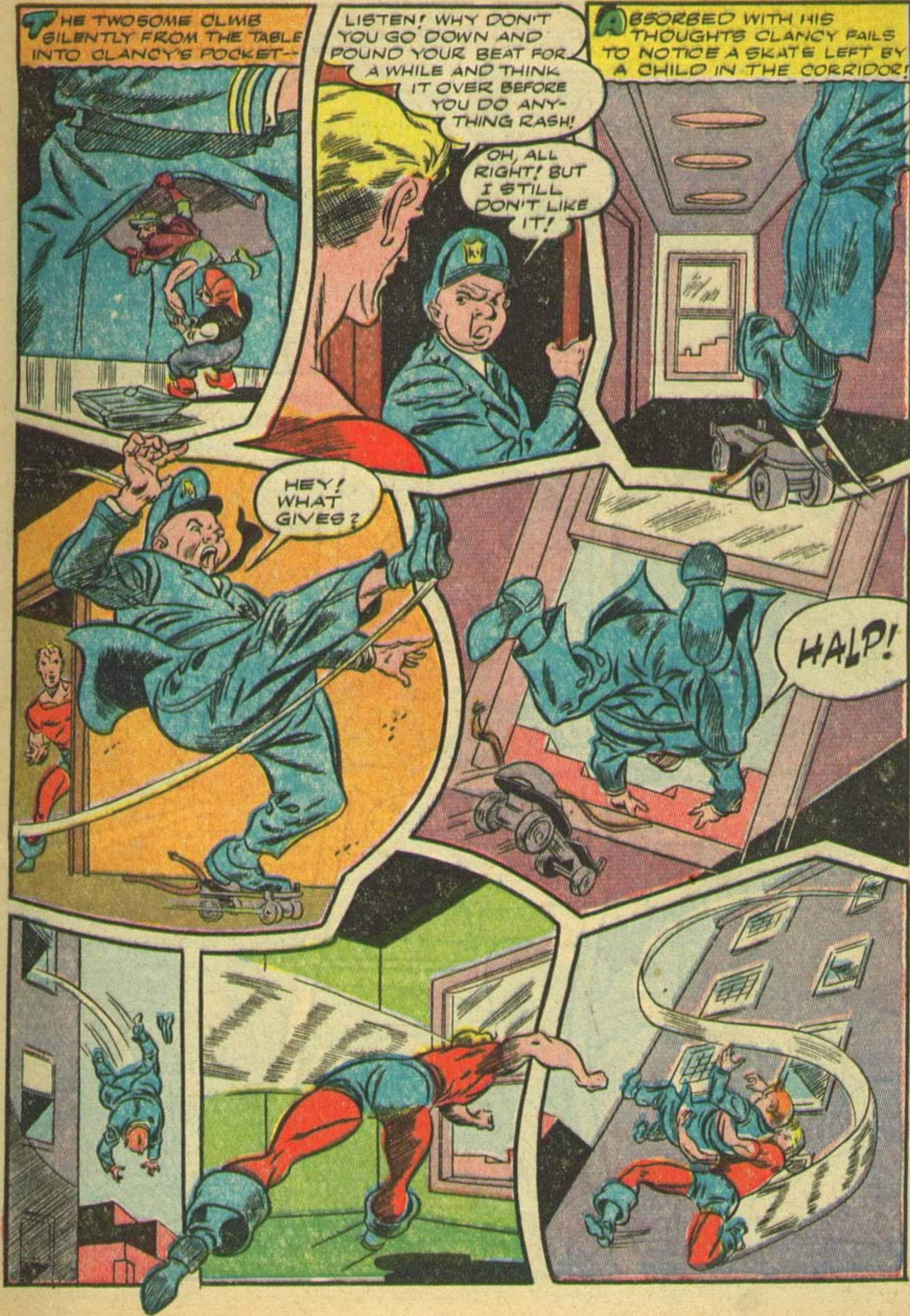
LISTEN! WHY DON'T
YOU GO DOWN AND
POUND YOUR BEAT FOR
A WHILE AND THINK
IT OVER BEFORE
YOU DO ANY-
THING RASH!

OH, ALL
RIGHT! BUT
I STILL
DON'T LIKE
IT!

ABSORBED WITH HIS
THOUGHTS CLANCY FAILS
TO NOTICE A SKATE LEFT BY
A CHILD IN THE CORRIDOR!

HEY!
WHAT
GIVES?

HALP!



GOLLY, WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU
CAME ALONG-- OTHER-
WISE I WOULD'VE
BEEN A DEAD
PIGEON-SURE!

WHEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE,
ALL RIGHT!

IT WAS JUST SOME
KID'S SKATE
THAT TRIPPED
YOU UP!

WELL, THANKS, PAL! I'LL
DO LIKE YOU SAID,
AND POUND MY BEAT
'TIL I COOL
OFF!

HIYA,
BACHIGALUPI,
HOW'RE
YER APPLES
TODAY!

WHY YOU
BOTTER
TO ASK?

GOOD OR BAD
YOU EAT-A-THM
AS LONG AS
THEY FOR-A-
FREE!

CRUNCH!

A WORM!

IT'S A PLOT,
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS! NOthin'
BUT TROUBLE
ALL DAY
LONG!

HAW!
HAW!

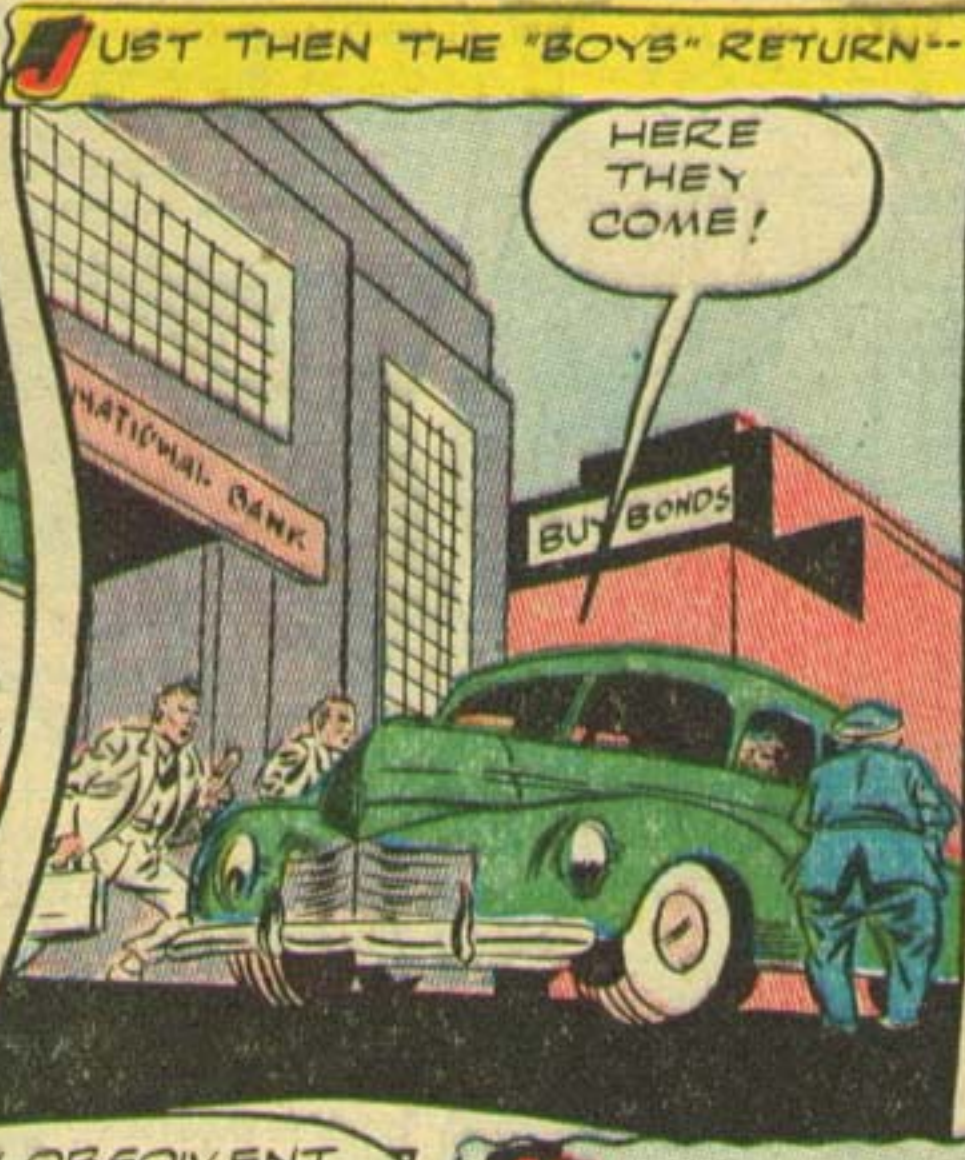
AW SHUT
UP! HEY! IS THAT
A CAR PARKED
NEAR A PUMP?
WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!

WHAT'S
A MATTER? IF
THAT PUMP
HAD TEETH
IT'D BITE
YA!



WHAT'LL WE DO IF HE'S STILL HERE WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG AND DUMP HIM SOMEWHERE!



JUST THEN THE "BOYS" RETURN--

HERE THEY COME!

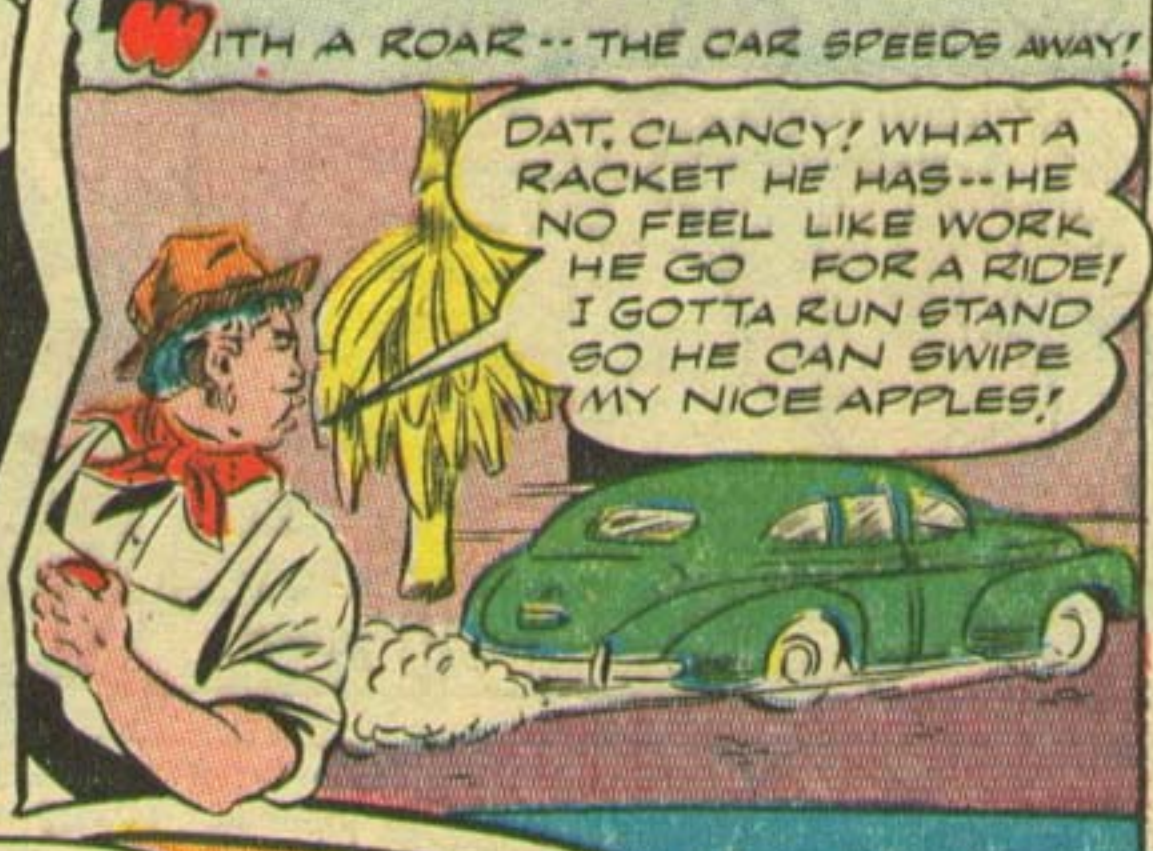


DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, COPPER, AND HOP INTO THE BACK SEAT, QUICK! CAUSE THIS TRIGGER'S ITCHIN' MY FINGER!



I KNOW WHAT THIS IS-- A BANK HOLDUP!

HOW OBSSOIVENT OUR POLICE ARE-- O.K., GET GOIN' RAT-FACE, AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--



WITH A ROAR-- THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY!

DAT, CLANCY! WHAT A RACKET HE HAS-- HE NO FEEL LIKE WORK HE GO FOR A RIDE! I GOTTA RUN STAND SO HE CAN SWIPE MY NICE APPLES!

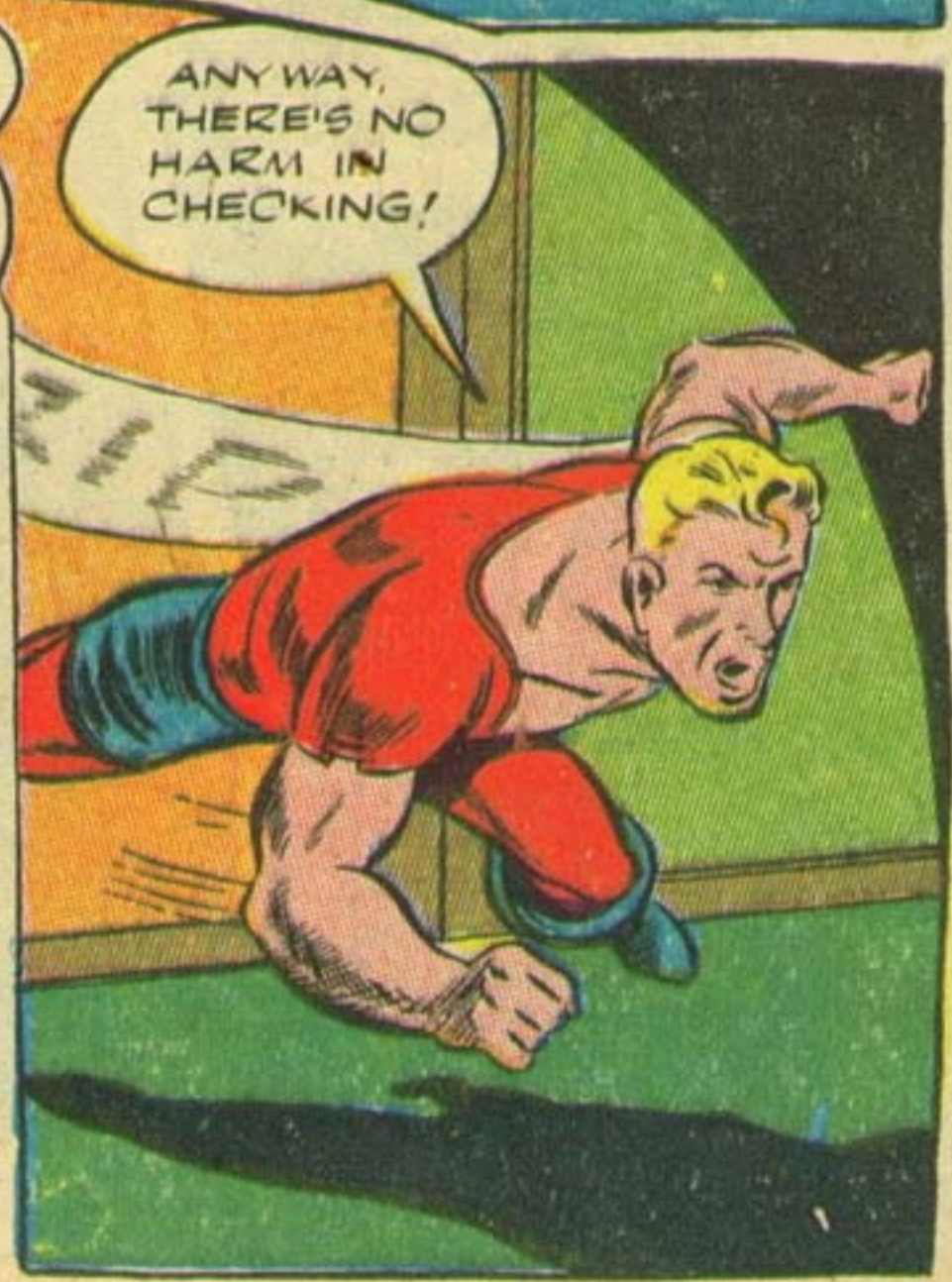


MEANWHILE LET'S TURN BACK TO STEEL--

HEY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FIGURINES! I LEFT THEM RIGHT ON THIS TABLE, HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE-- AS SOON AS CLANCY ASKED FOR TROUBLE, HE GOT IT! MAYBE, I AM SCREWY, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE KEEPING HIM COMPANY!



ANYWAY, THERE'S NO HARM IN CHECKING!



HEY, BACHIGALUPI!
SEEN CLANCY
AROUND?

SI----I'M
A-SORRY
TO SAY!

HE'S-A-GO IN-A CAR
FOR A RIDE THAT-A
WAY. WEETH
SOME-A FRIENDS
JUST-A NOW!

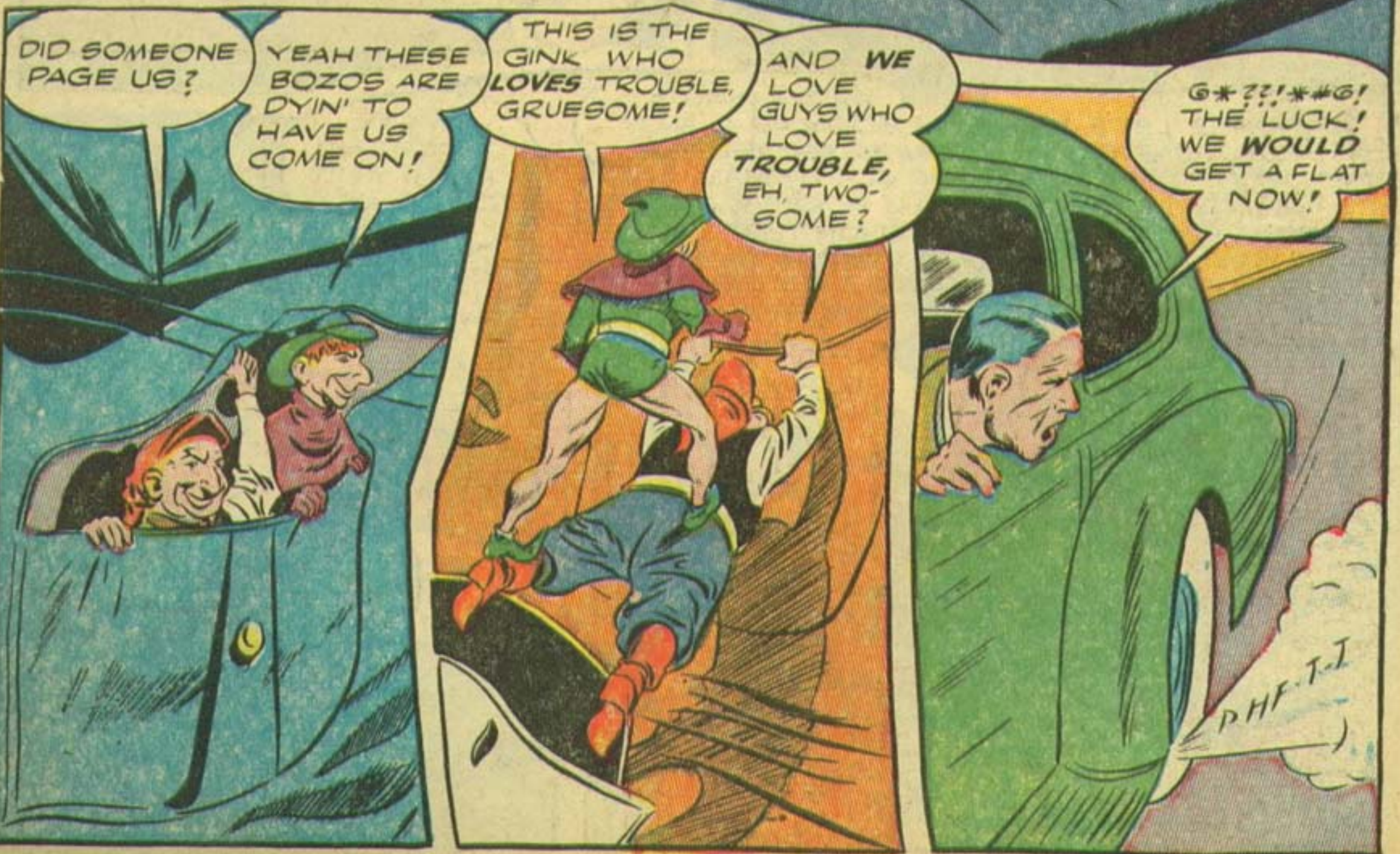
WENT FOR A CAR-RIDE
WHILE ON DUTY? CLANCY
WOULDN'T DO
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT WILLINGLY!

THEY CAN'T
HAVE GONE
FAR! I CAN
STILL CATCH
UP!

WE'RE GONNA
BUMP YOU OFF
AND THEN THROW
YOUR BODY IN
AN ALLEY!

YOU'D BETTER
NOT! YOU
KNOW IF YOU
KILL A COP
YOU'LL GET
IN LOTS OF
TROUBLE!

TROUBLE?
NOW--
AIN'T DAT
CUTE? WE
LOVE
TROUBLE!



DID SOMEONE
PAGE US?

YEAH THESE
BOZOS ARE
DYIN' TO
HAVE US
COME ON!

THIS IS THE
GINK WHO
LOVES TROUBLE,
GRUESOME!

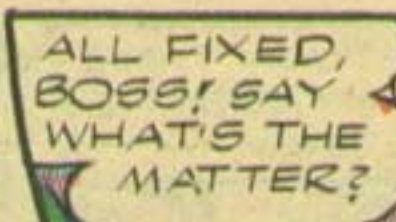
AND WE
LOVE
GUYS WHO
LOVE
TROUBLE,
EH, TWO-
SOME?

G*??!*#G!
THE LUCK!
WE WOULD
GET A FLAT
NOW!

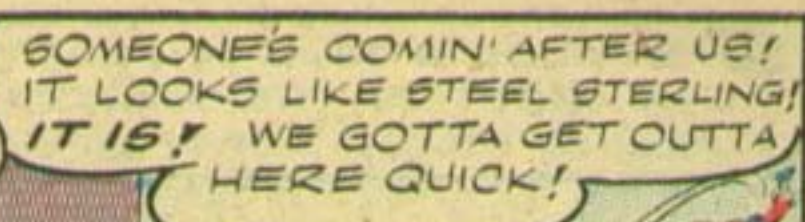
P.H.F.T.I



HURRY UP, SLUG!



ALL FIXED, BOSS! SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

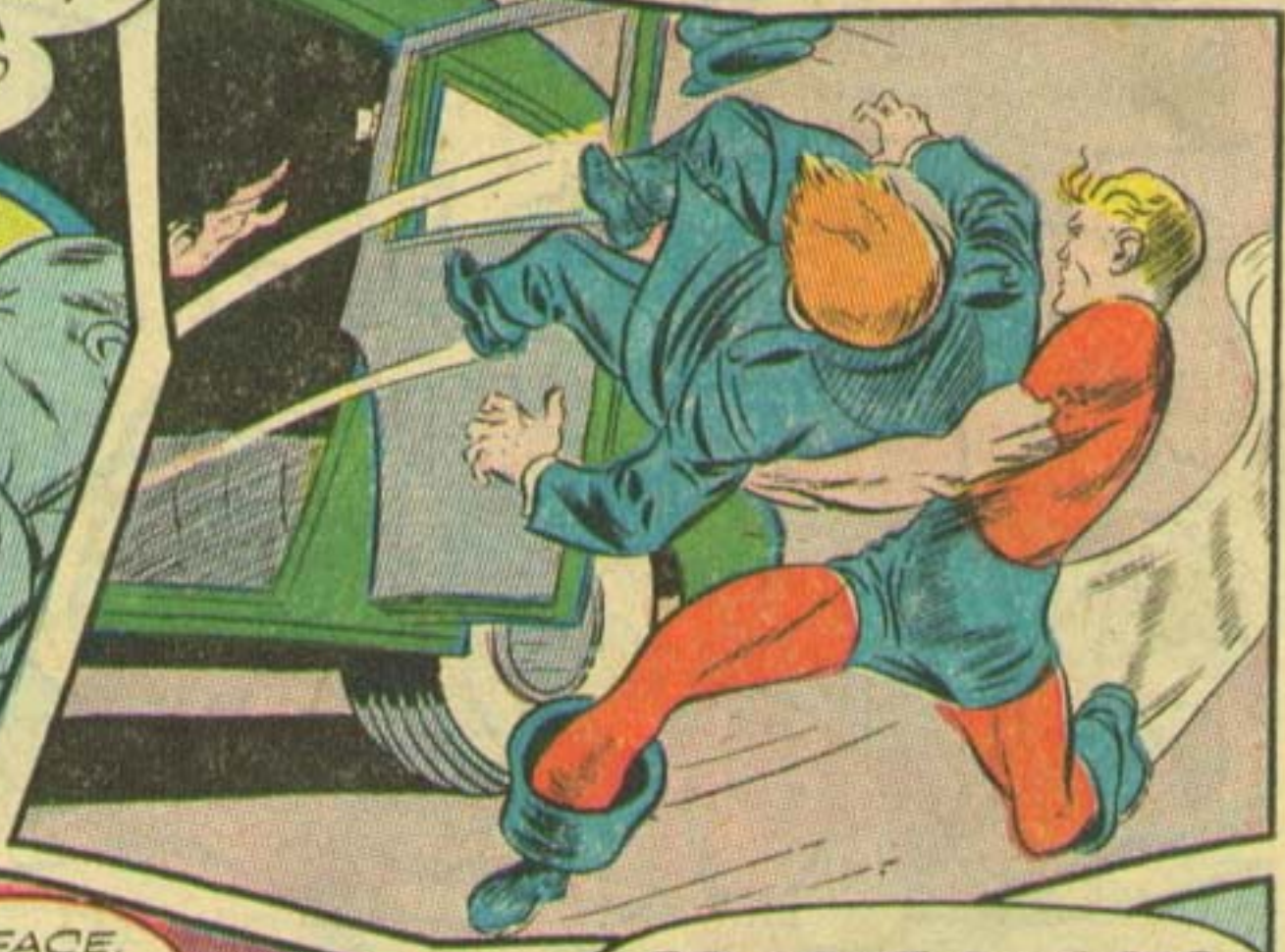


SOMEONE'S COMIN' AFTER US! IT LOOKS LIKE STEEL STERLING! IT IS! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE QUICK!



STEP ON IT, RAT FACE! HE'S GAINING FAST!

TOSS THIS FAT SLOB OUT! STERLING'LL STOP TO PICK HIM UP! THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



C'MON, STEEL!

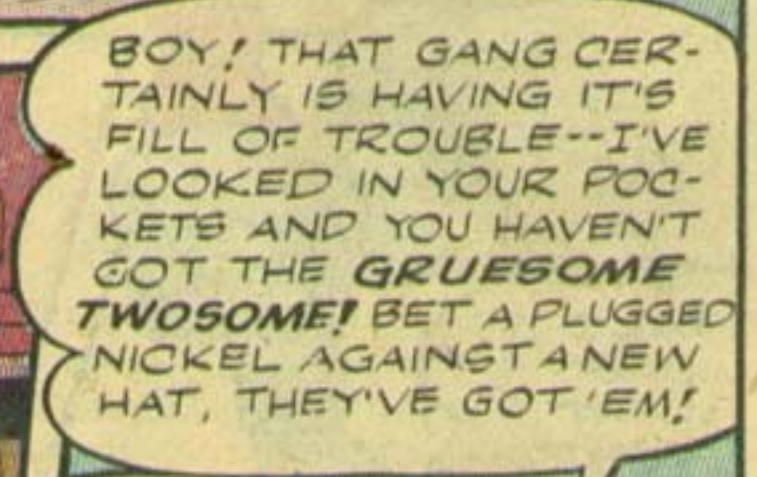


THEY'RE CROOKS, STEEL! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

THEY WON'T GET VERY FAR-- DOWN THAT STREET!



RAT FACE, YA JOIK! LOOK WOT YA DONE! I OUGHTA LET YA HAVE IT!



BOY! THAT GANG CERTAINLY IS HAVING IT'S FILL OF TROUBLE--I'VE LOOKED IN YOUR POC-KETS AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GRUESOME TWOSOME! BET A PLUGGED NICKEL AGAINST A NEW HAT, THEY'VE GOT 'EM!

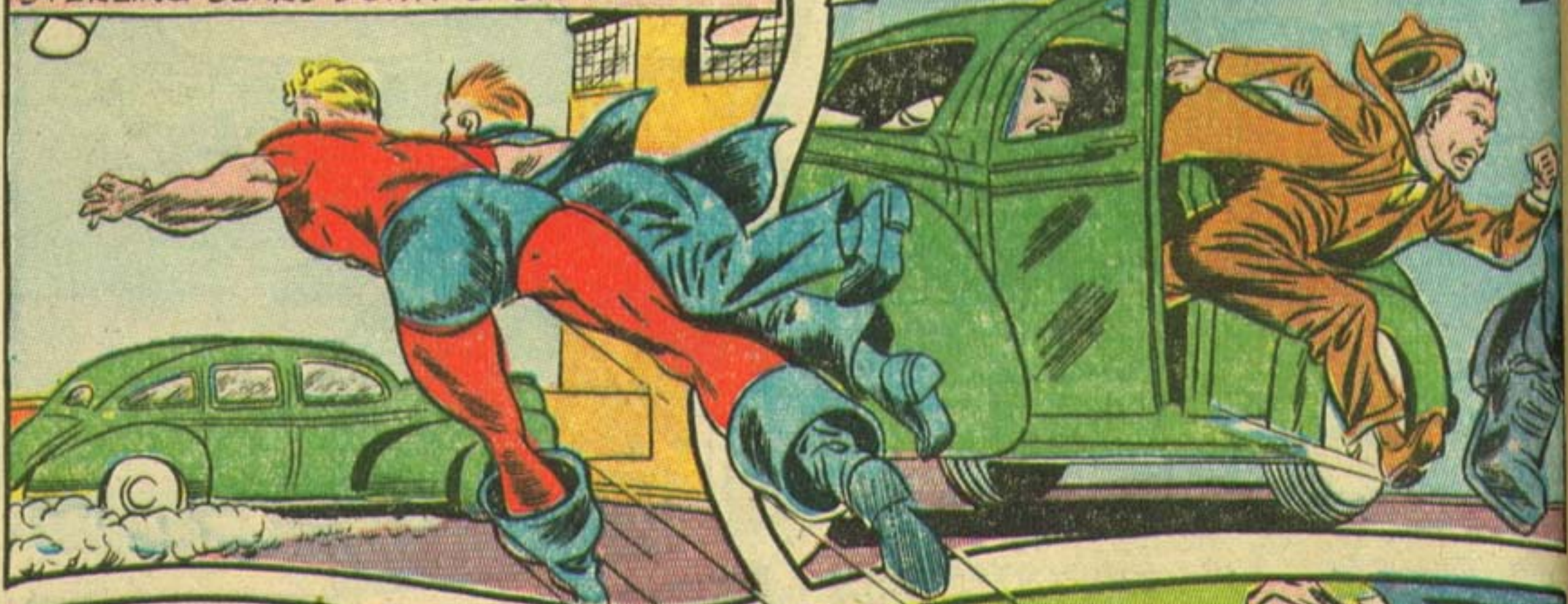


GRUESOME TWOSOME? WHAT'S THAT?

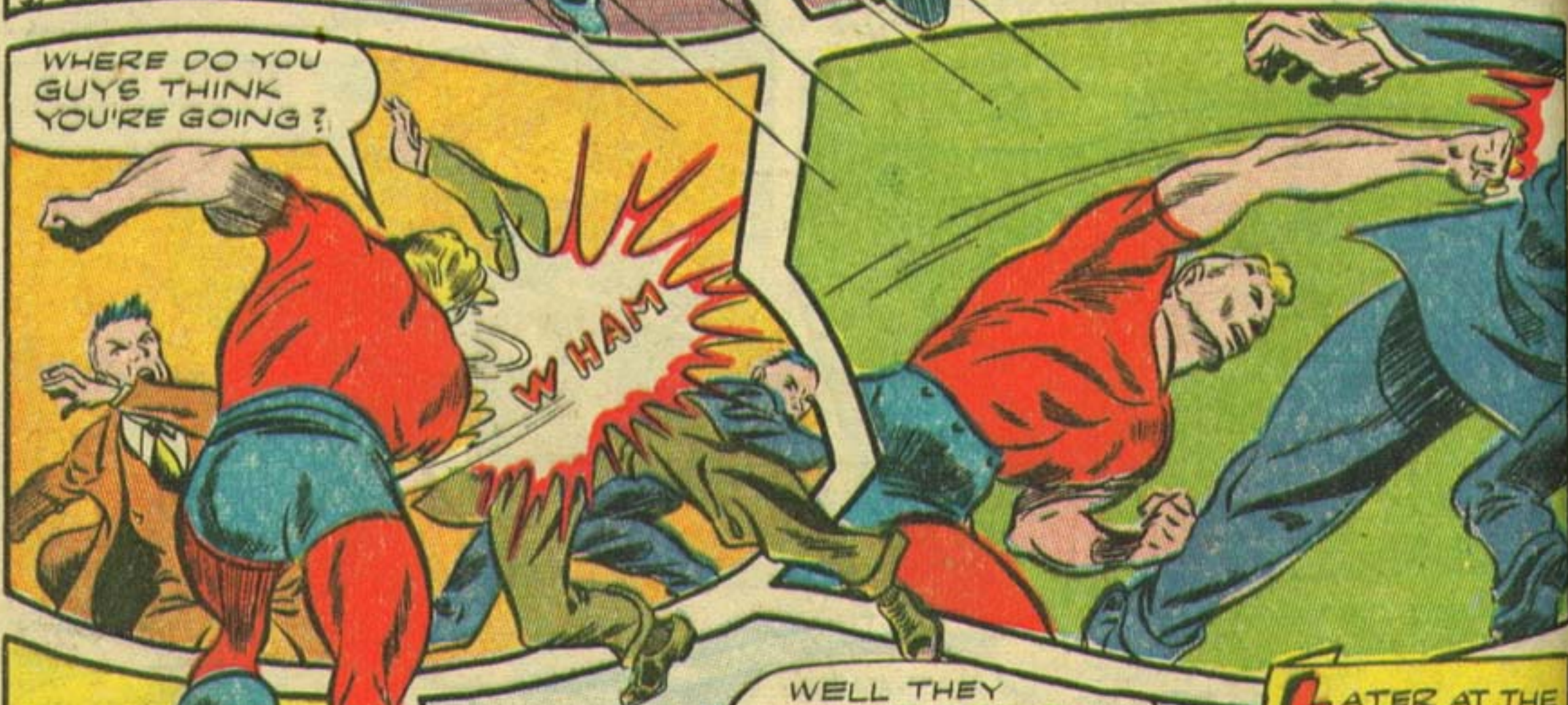


THE THUGS STRIVE IN VAIN TO TURN THEIR CAR ABOUT IN THE NARROW STREET AS STERLING BEARS DOWN UPON THEM----

AS A LAST RESORT THEY POUR OUT OF THE CAR IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE--



WHERE DO YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE GOING?



WELL THEY WANTED TROUBLE-- THEY GOT IT!

LATER AT THE STATION-HOUSE

---SO RAT-FACE AND HIS GANG GAVE THEMSELVES UP, EH, SERGEANT CLANCY?

GAVE 'EMSELVES UP! WHY YOU--- YOU--- I FOUGHT 'EM TOOTH AND NAIL IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE, SEE MULLIGAN! ONE OF THESE DAYS YOUR BIG MOUTH IS GONNA GET YOU INTO TROUBLE!

TAKE IT EASY! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?



TRouble? ARE YOU KIDDIN', CLANCY? NOW TELL ME WHO'S GONNA GET ME INTO TROUBLE?

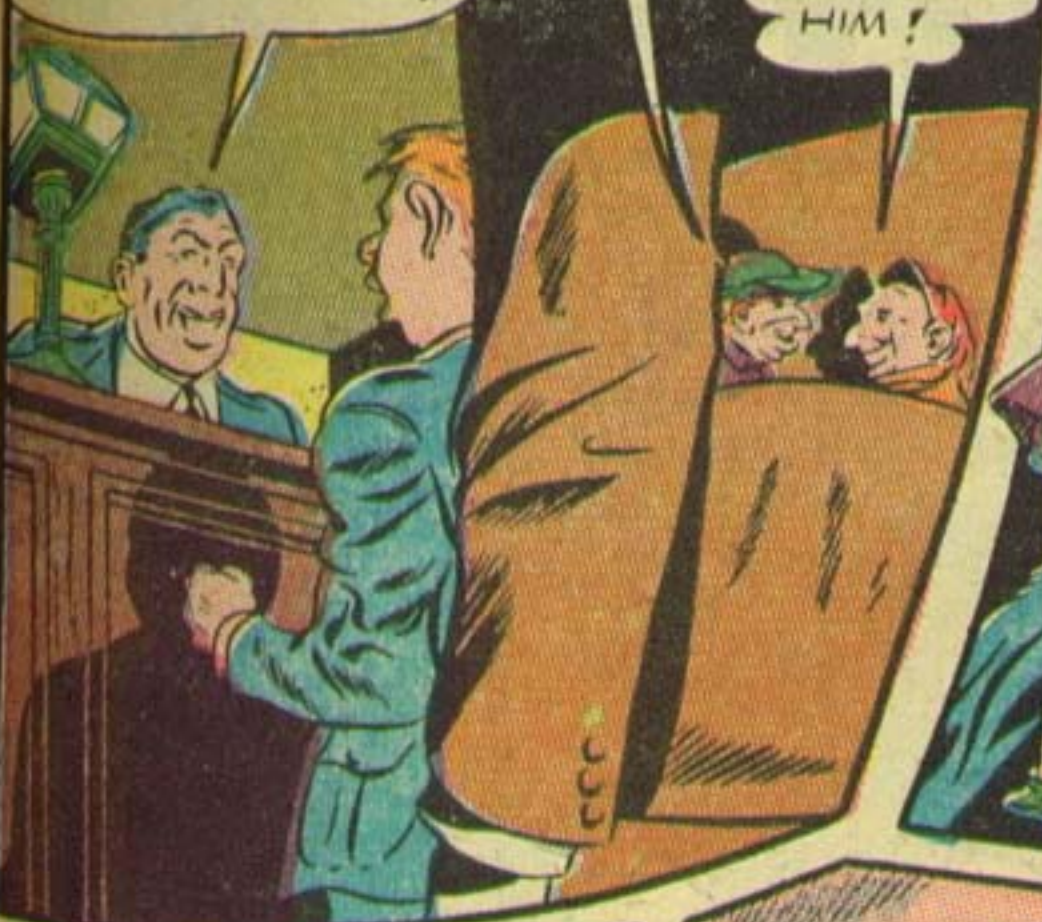
LISTEN TO HIM! HE ASKS WHO!

COME ON, LET'S SHOW HIM!

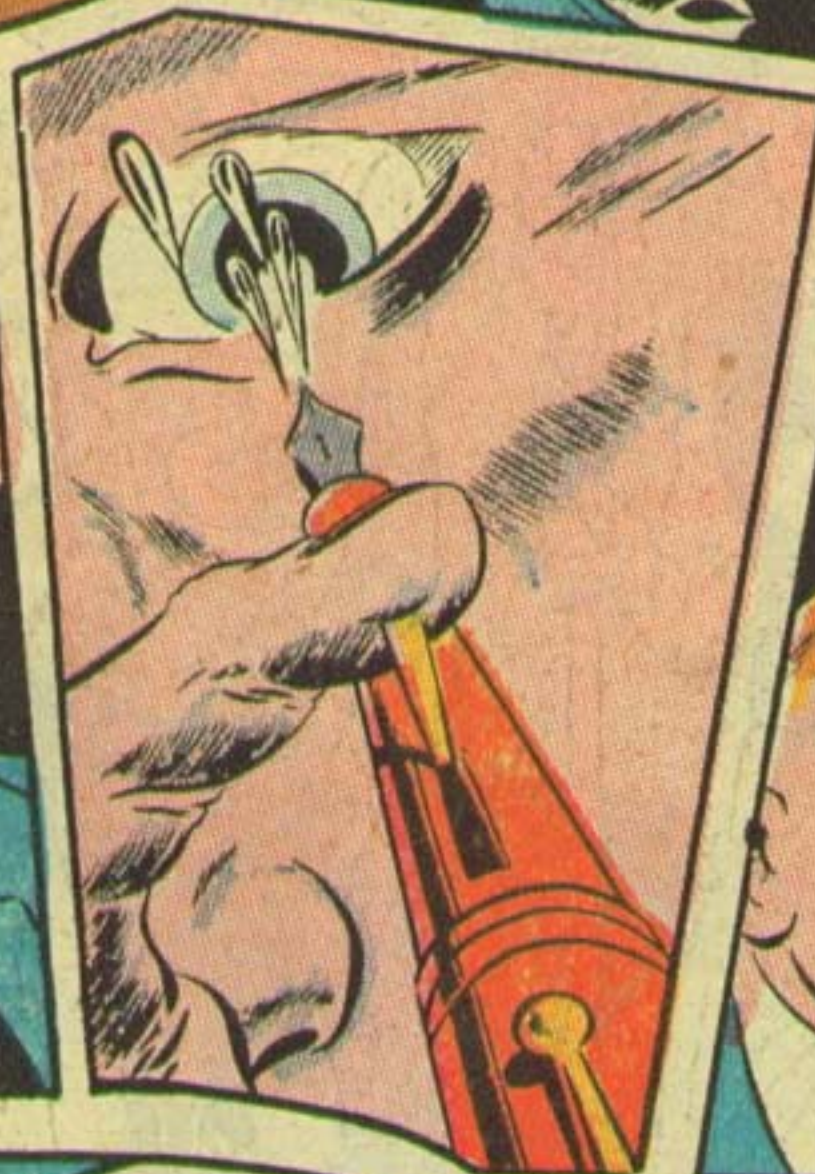
THE PIXIES TRANSFER THEMSELVES TO MULLIGAN'S POCKET--

C'MON IN! THIS IS THE NICEST POCKET YET!

LET'S HAVE THE GUYS NAMES-- AW NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PEN?



I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG HERE!



BLINKIN' BLANKETY BLANK! STOP LAUGHIN' CLANCY OR I'LL PUT YOU OUT IN THE STICKS!



THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING MULLIGAN! HE ASKED FOR TROUBLE!

CHECK! AND HE'S GONNA GET IT-- BUT PLENTY!



AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU GUYS AND GALS! DON'T GO ASKING FOR TROUBLE-- OR THE GRUESOME TWOSOME WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO OBLIGE!



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• ON THE AIR •



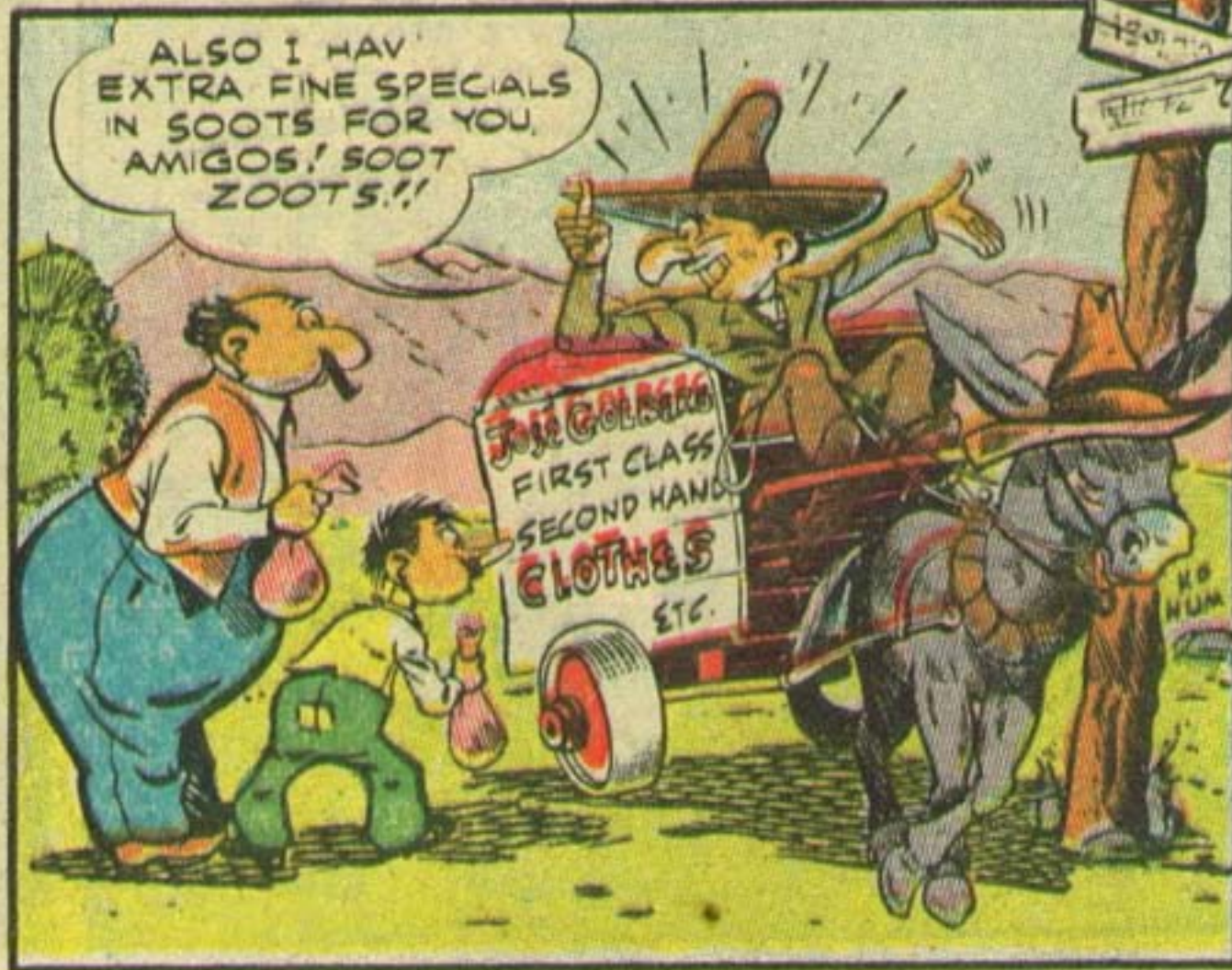
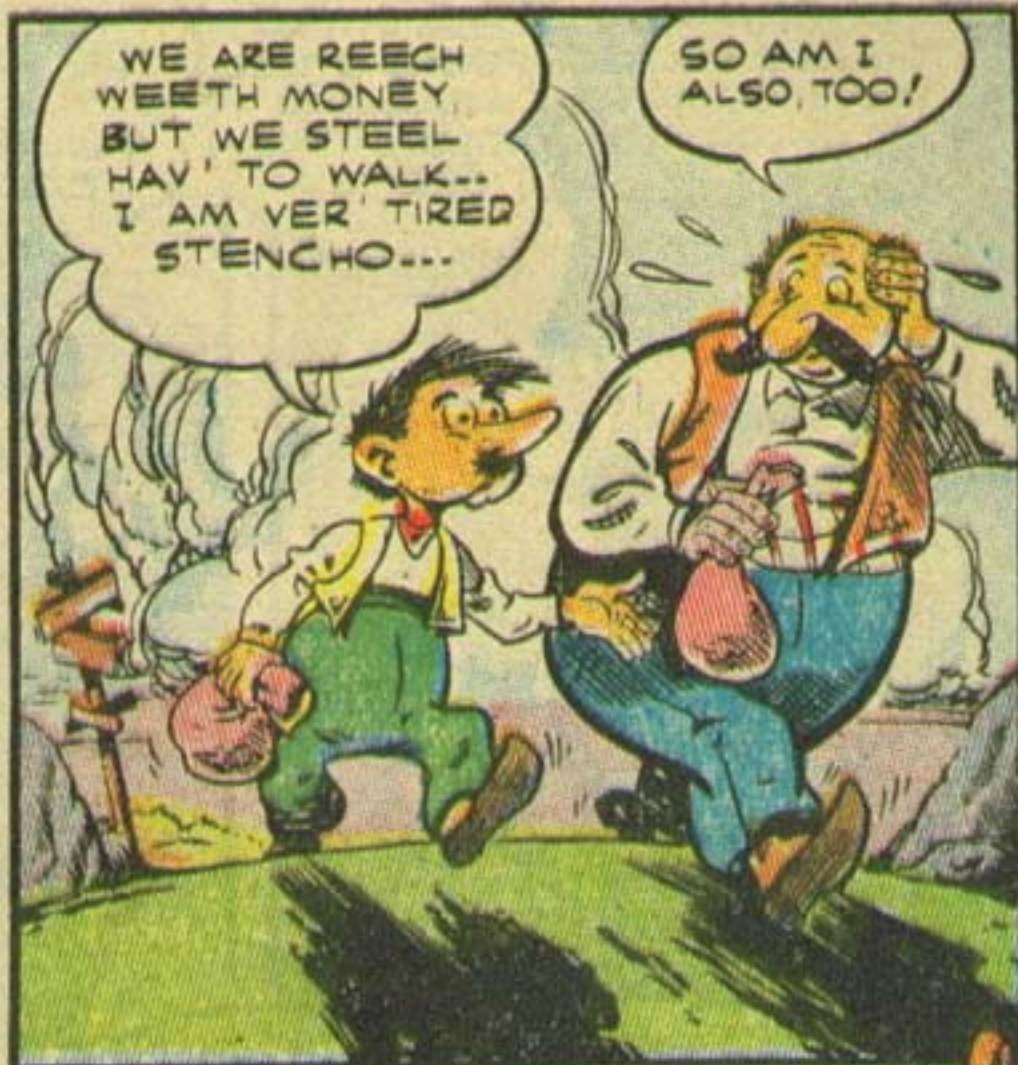
HIYA GANG! I'M SOUPHEAD, JUGHEAD'S COUSIN, REMEMBER! HOW'S ABOUT WRITING TO ARCHIE AND TELLING HIM IF YOU WANT ME TO APPEAR WITH ARCHIE AND HIS GANG ON THE RADIO? ADDRESS AS FOLLOWS: ARCHIE ANDREWS, c/o STATION WJZ, NEW YORK, N. Y. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME OF PROGRAM OR ASK YOUR RADIO STATION.

ARCHIE ANDREWS APPEARS IN ARCHIE COMICS AND PEP COMICS!

Señor BANANA

.. AND HIS GOOD FRIEND STENCHO ODORA HAVE RECEIVED REWARD MONEY FOR CAPTURING THE COFFEE SMUGGLERS!!

by
SAMUEL
GROSS





AH, BANANA, THEESE VILLAGE REMINDS ME OF MY CHILDHOOD!

THE SIMPLE PEONS STEEL WEAR THE OLD STYLE SOOTS!



THEESE EES THE LATEST STYLE FASHIONS CALLED SHOOT ZOOTS!

GRACIA AND THANK YOU, SEÑORS!



HMM... EET ALMOST FEETS PERFECT!



DO NOT TAKE THE PEECTURE OF ME! EET EES NOT GOOD FOR ME!

AND YOU CAPTURED THE BANDEETS SEENGLE HANDED?? (YES, YOU DEED)



AH! A CUTE LEETLE MAN! WEETH PLENTY OF MONEE... HMM--

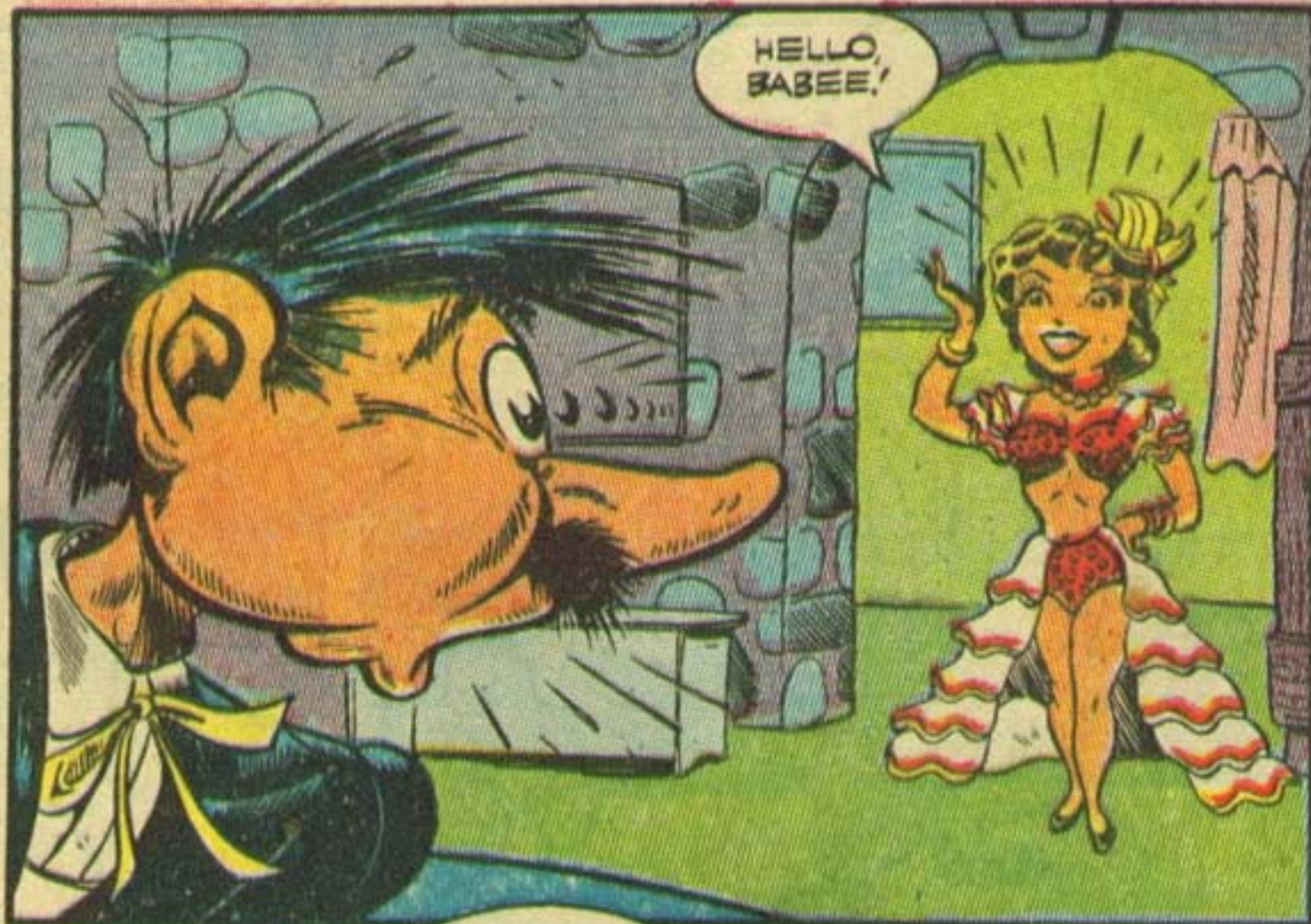


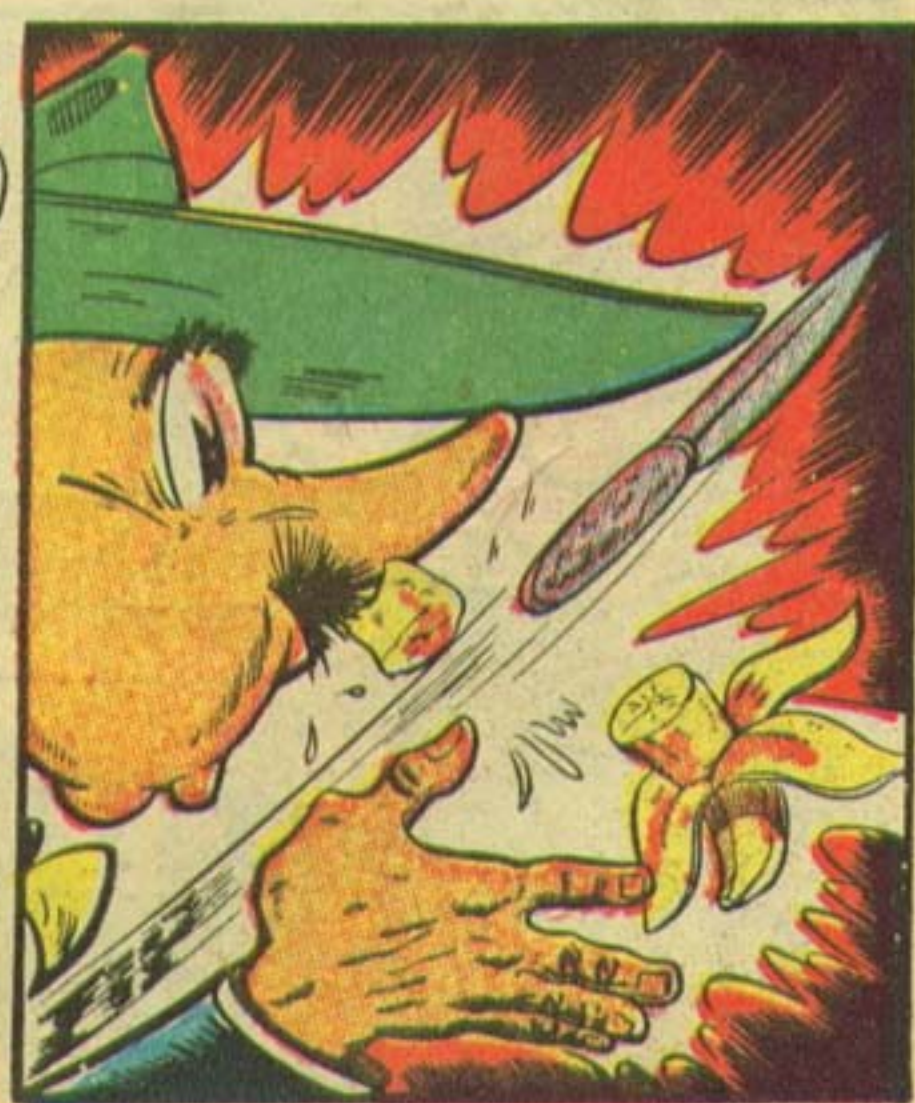
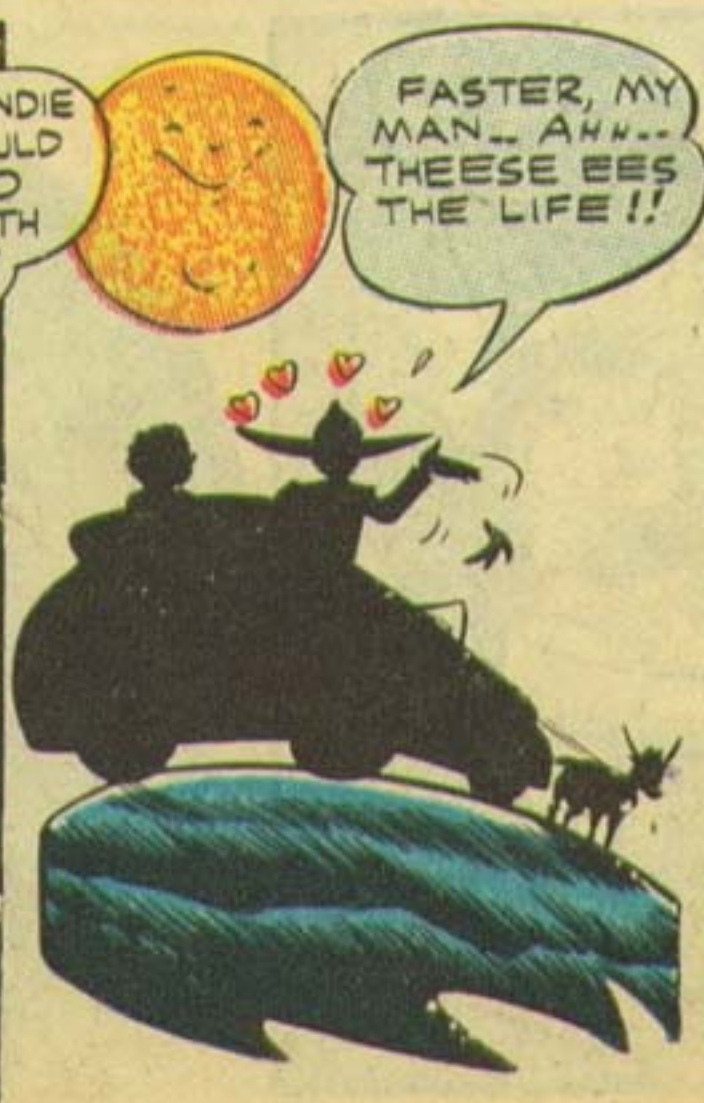
SEÑOR BANANA, THEESE EES FOR YOU, SPECIAL DELEEVEY!

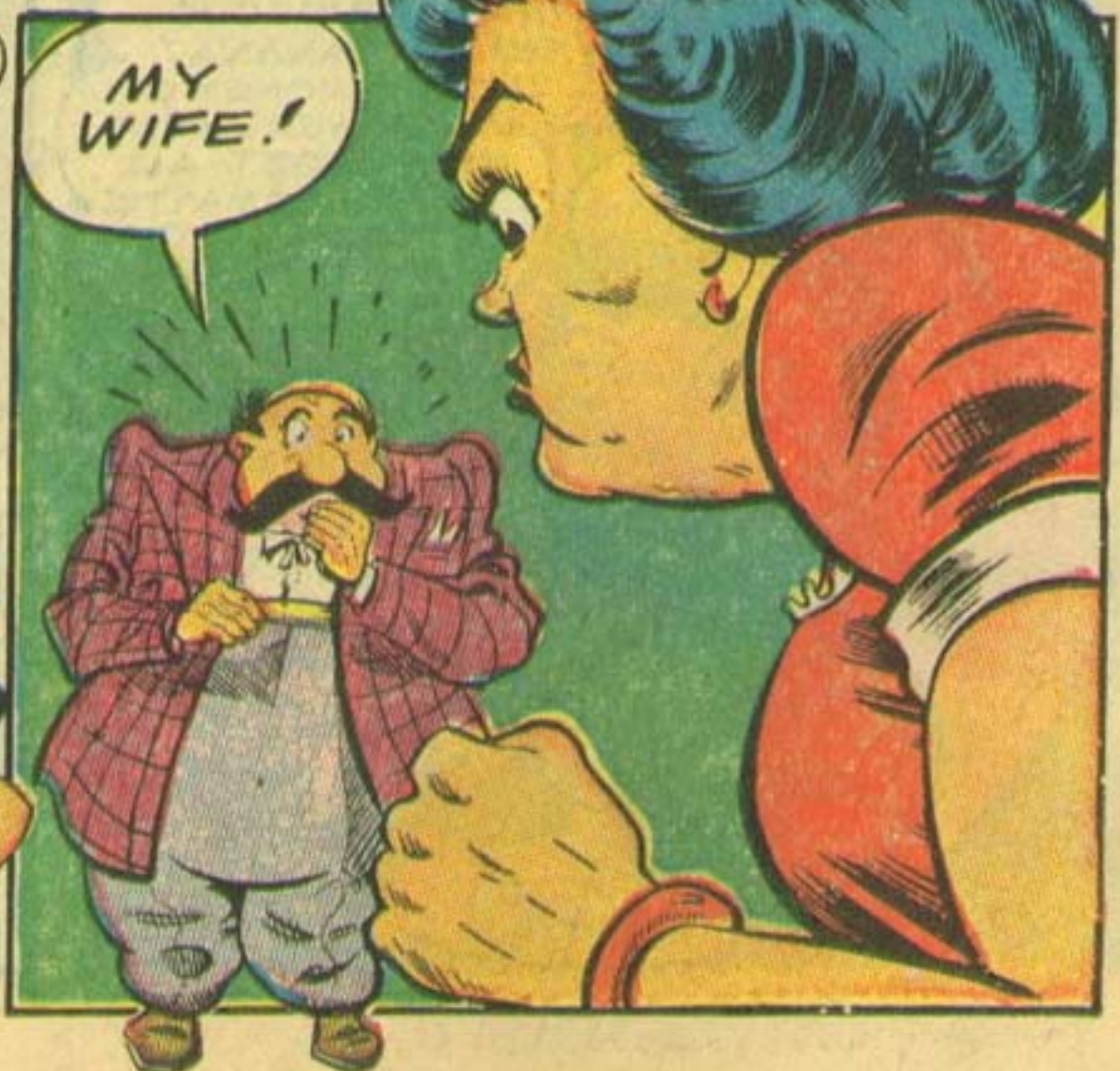
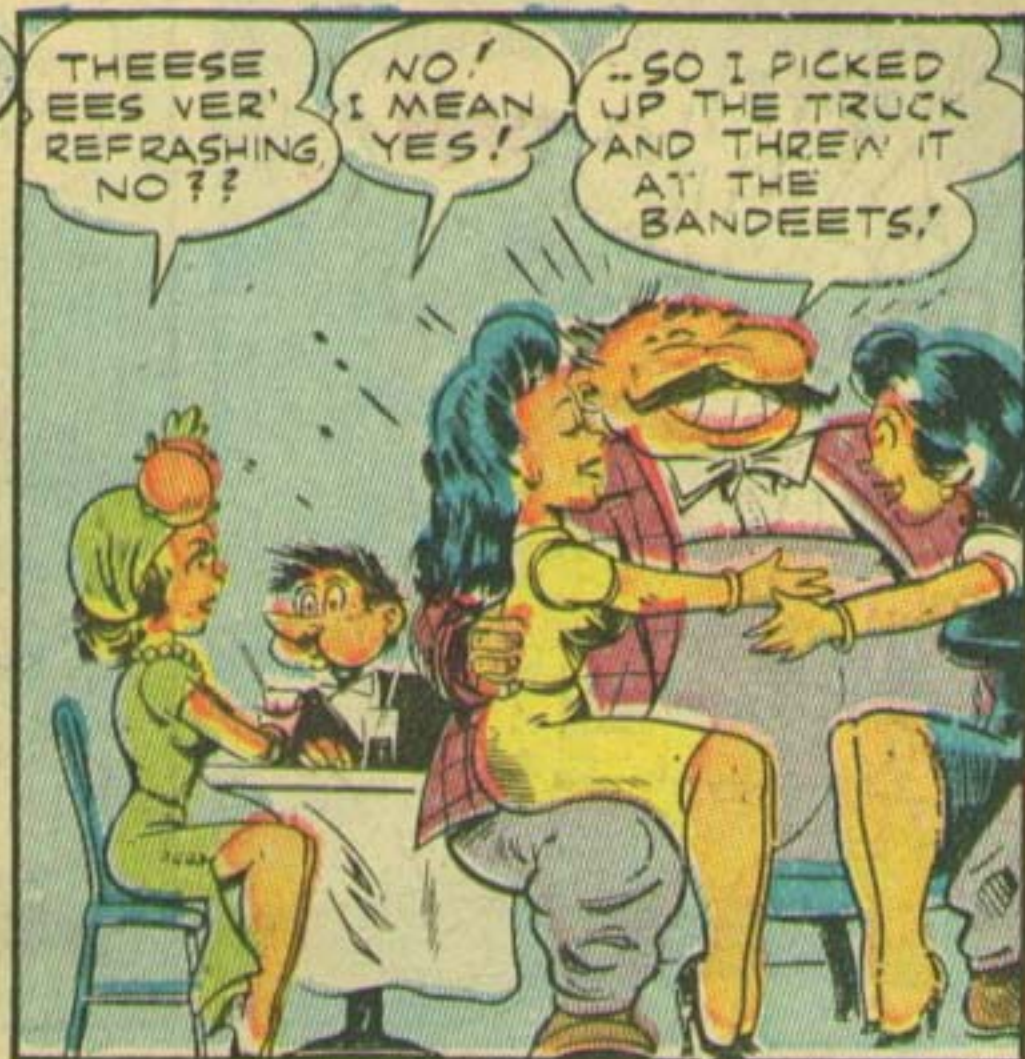
BANANAS! MY FAVORITE FROOT!!

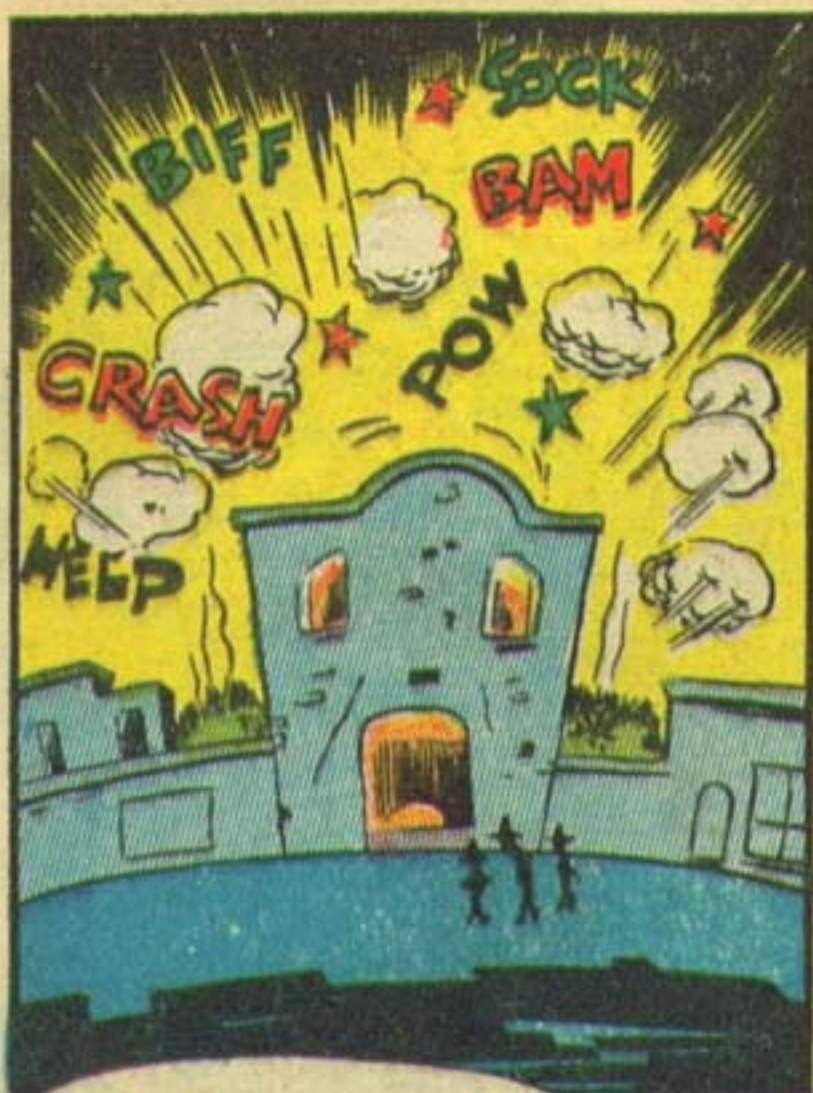


EET SAYS.. MEET ME AT THE HOT TAMALES CAFE... SENORITA PEPE LA TOMAHTO.. I WEEL GO!

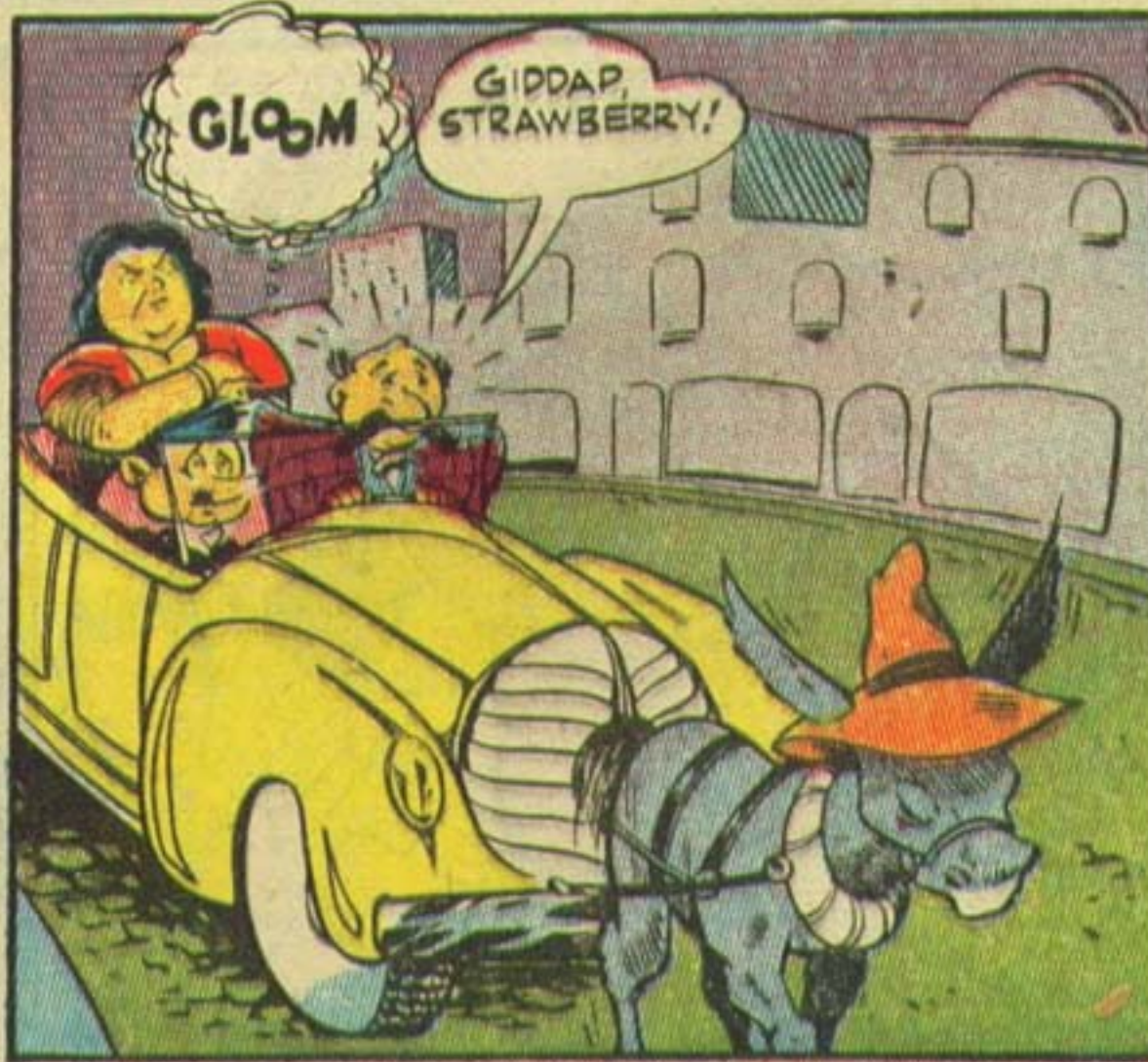








WHAT CHILDREN?



The Slap Happy APPLEJACKS

WHEN WE LAST LEFT
THE BOYS, TWO GLARING
EYES PEERED AT THEM
FROM THE DARKNESS OF
A SPEEDING FREIGHT TRAIN!

GULP! GOSH! GOLLY!
WONDER WHO OR
WHUT THEY
KIN BE??

WHY IT'S
RUSTY
DAN..

THE
POSTAL
MAN!

HI, BOYS! I
BEEN LOOKIN' FER
YOU... YORE PAW
SEZ FER YO' T'
COME HOME
FAST'N YO' KIN...

SAHLEJ
GROGIN

I GOT A NEW
BATCH O' APPLEJACK
MADE UP T' SELL,
BUT THEM SNOOPIN'
REV' MEN MIGHT
CATCH WISE!

WHY NOT GIT
A PASSWORD,
LIKE "BEIN' OUT
O' GAS, KIN YO'
HELP ME?"

SAY... THAT'S A
HUMDINGER! WILL
YO' PASS THE
PASSWORD
AROUND?

BUT DON'T
TELL HAPPY
AN' SLAPPY...
JES' SEND 'EM
T' HOME!!

RIGHT,
PAPPY... I'M
OUTA GAS!
YUK! YUK!
YUK!



WAL I'LL BE...
WHAT FER Y' BUILDIN'
THET BERRYKADE?

THEY'S BANK
ROBBERS,
HAIDED THIS
A WAY.. N' WE
AIMS T' STOP
'EM



SAY, YO'
APPLEJACK,
BOYS GIT
T' HOME RIGHT
QUICK!

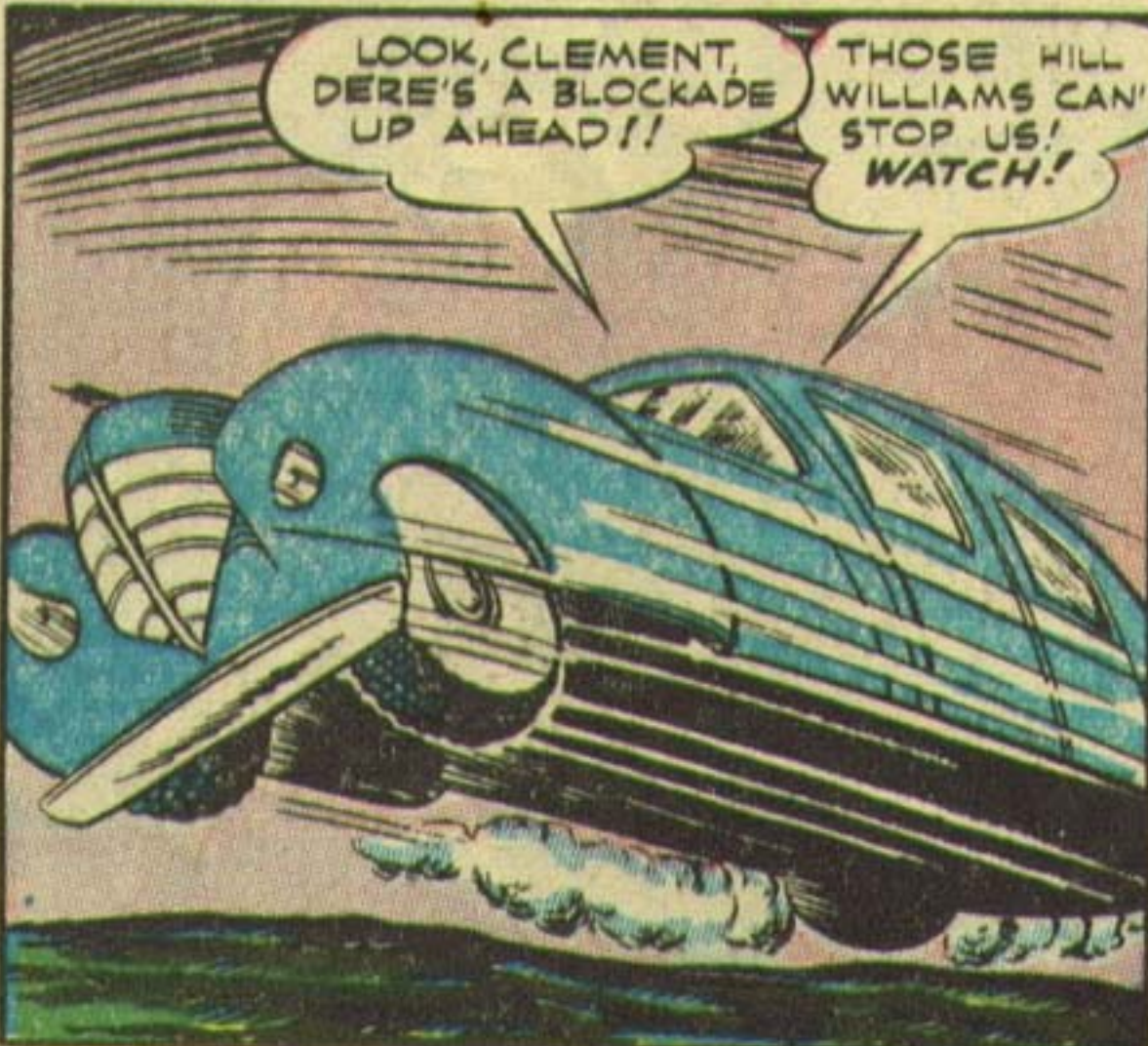
SHUCKS!
WE NEVER
HAVE ANY
FUN! COME
ON, HAPPY,
LE'S GO!



HURRY! I
HEAR TH' ROBBERS
COMIN'! GIT T'
COVER!



DON' FO'GIT
WE ALL
SPLITS TH'
REWARD
MONEY!



LOOK, CLEMENT,
DERE'S A BLOCKADE
UP AHEAD!!

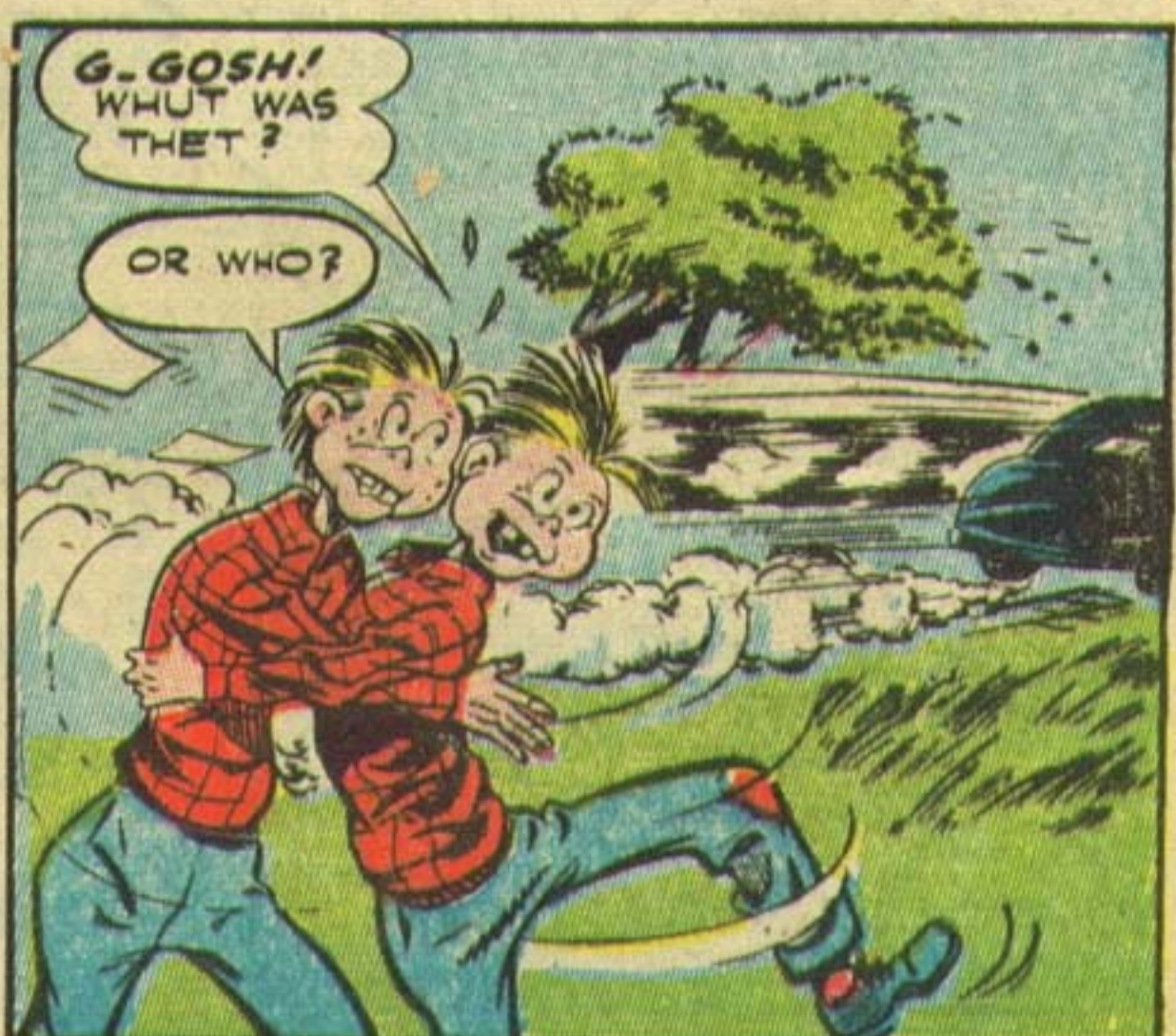
THOSE HILL
WILLIAMS CAN'T
STOP US!
WATCH!



HA!
HA!
HA!

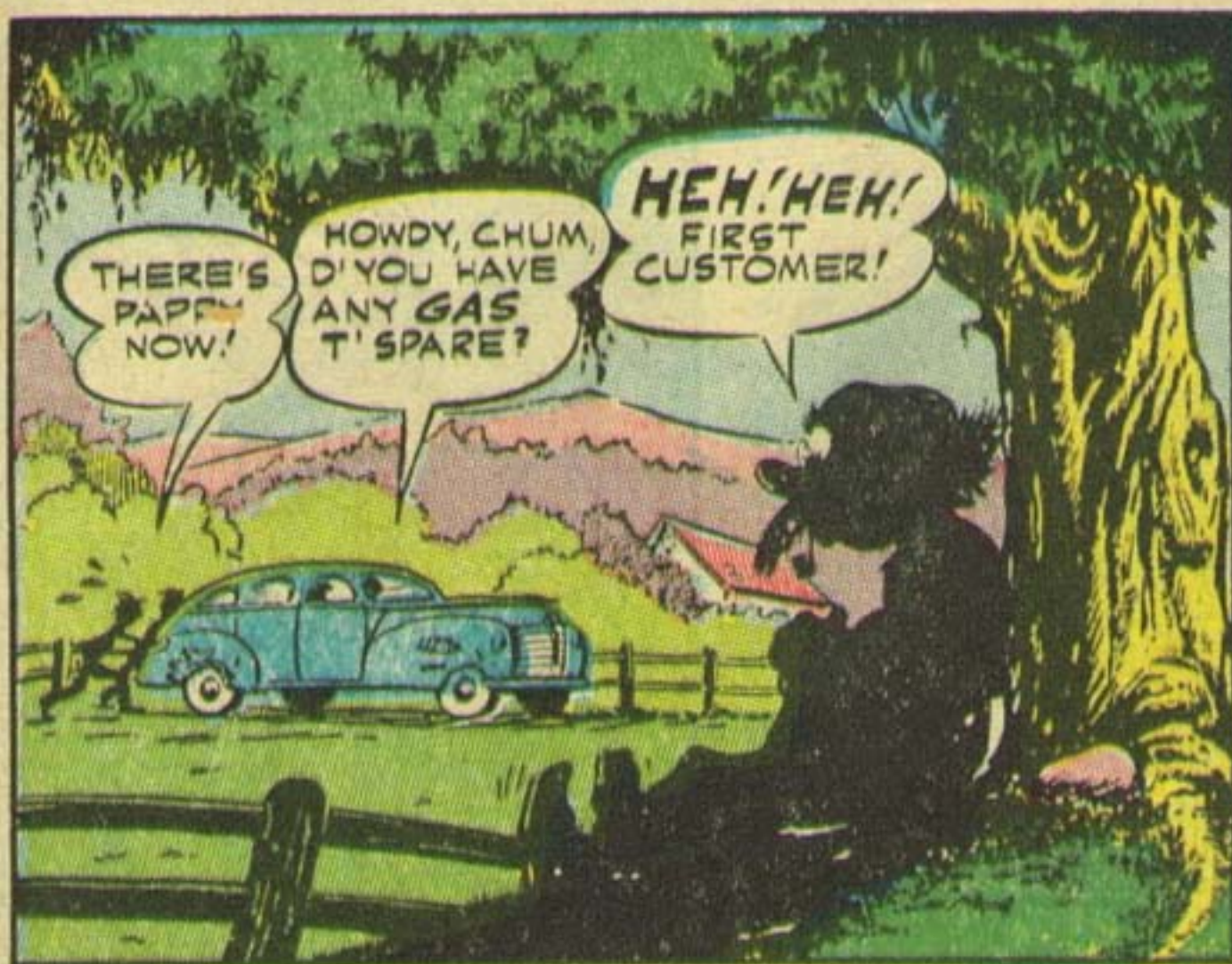
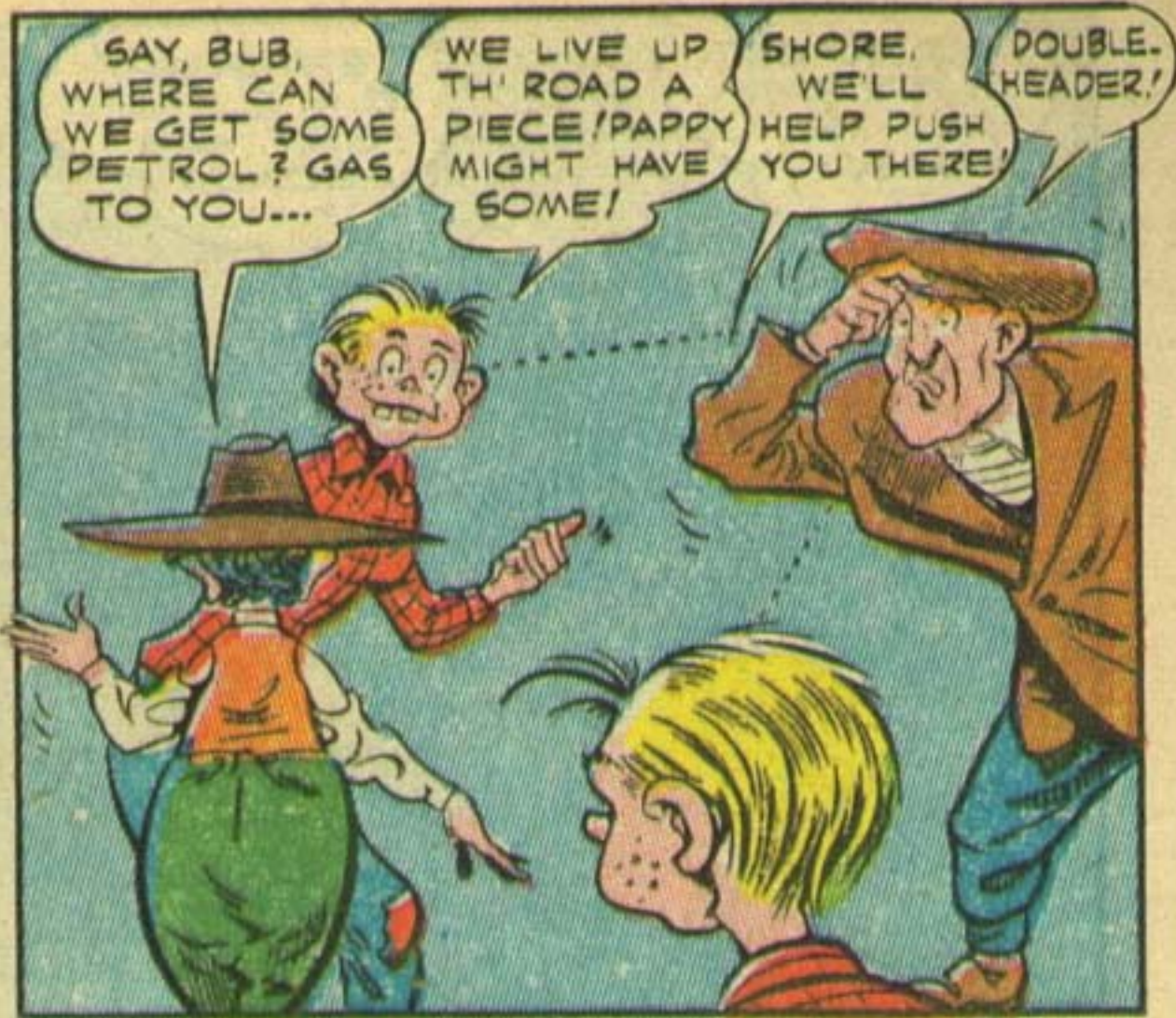
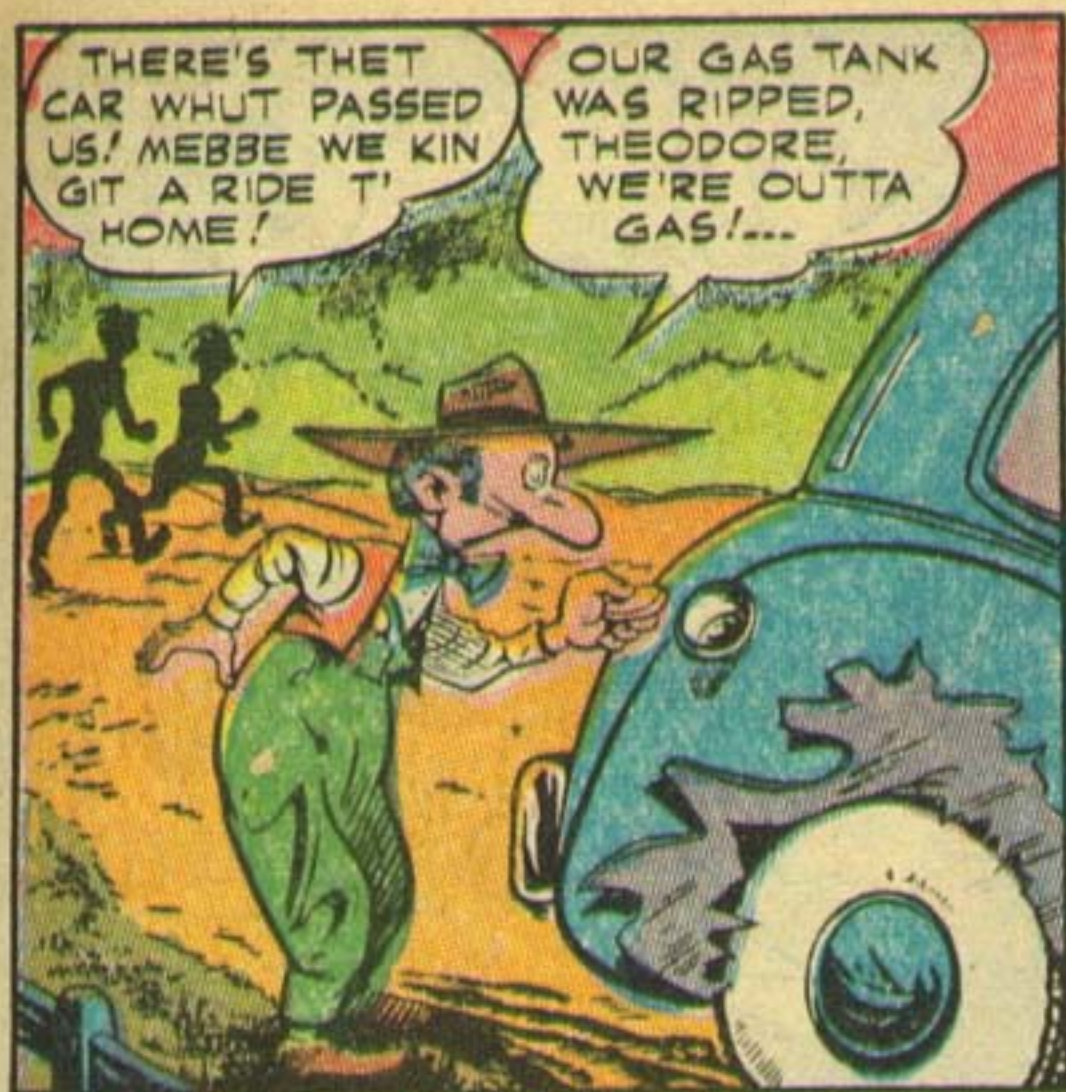
THEY CAN'T
GIT FAR! THEIR
GAS TANK IS
BUSTED!!

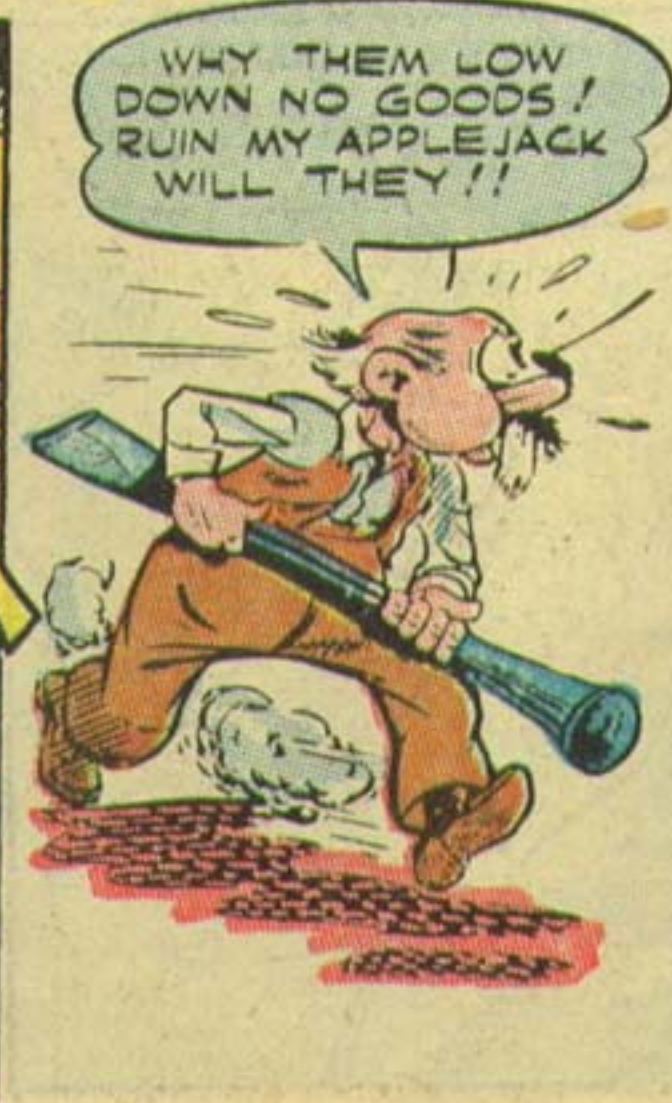
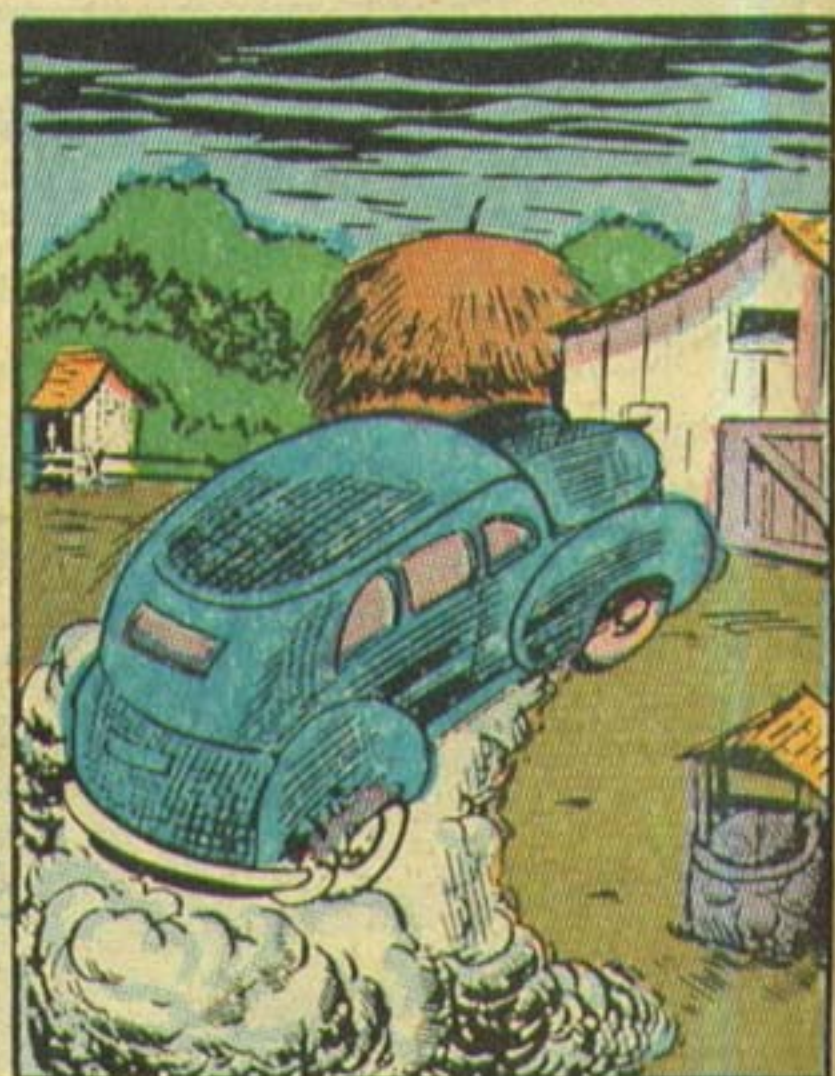
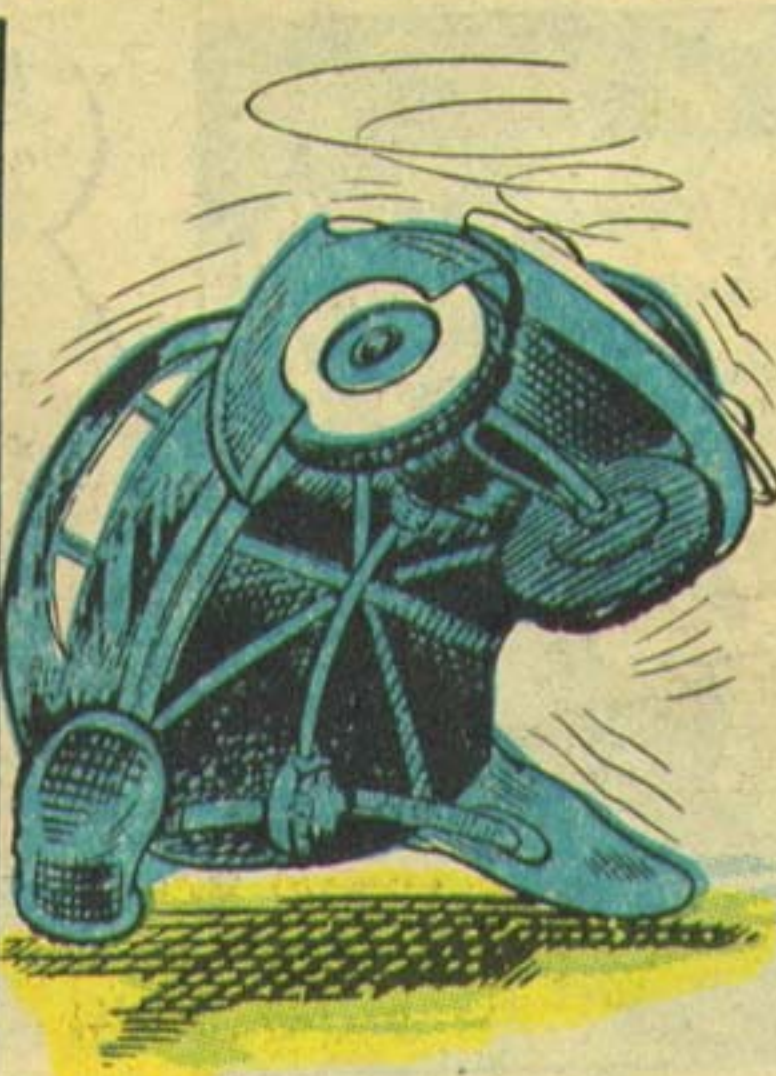
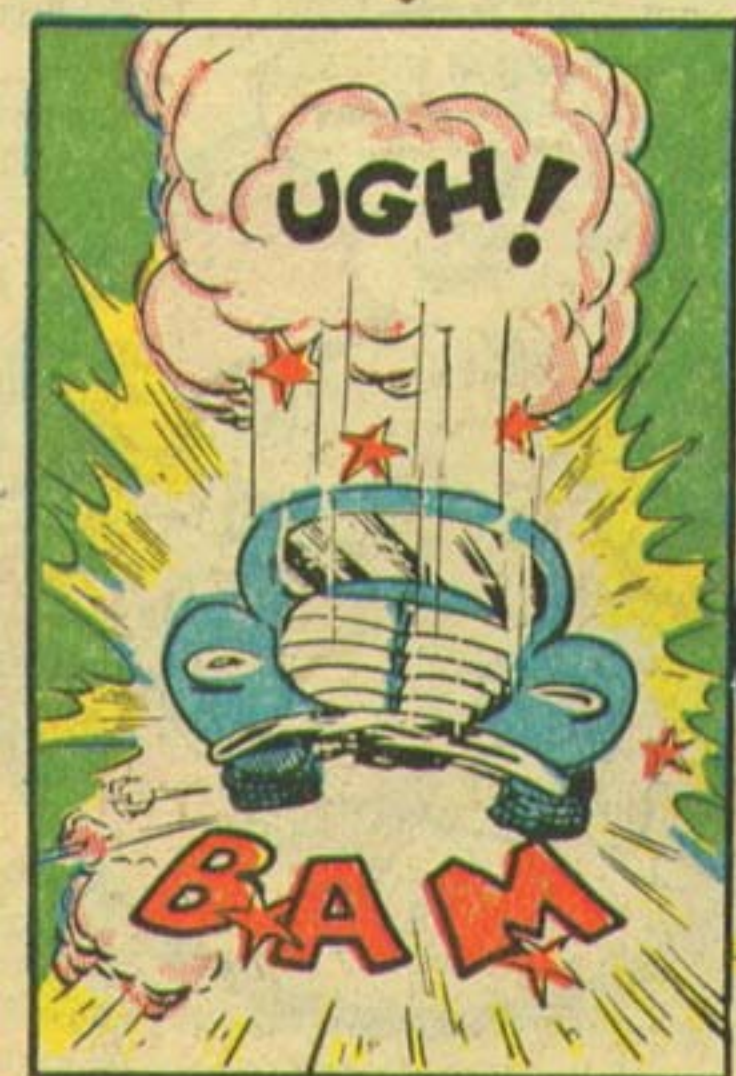
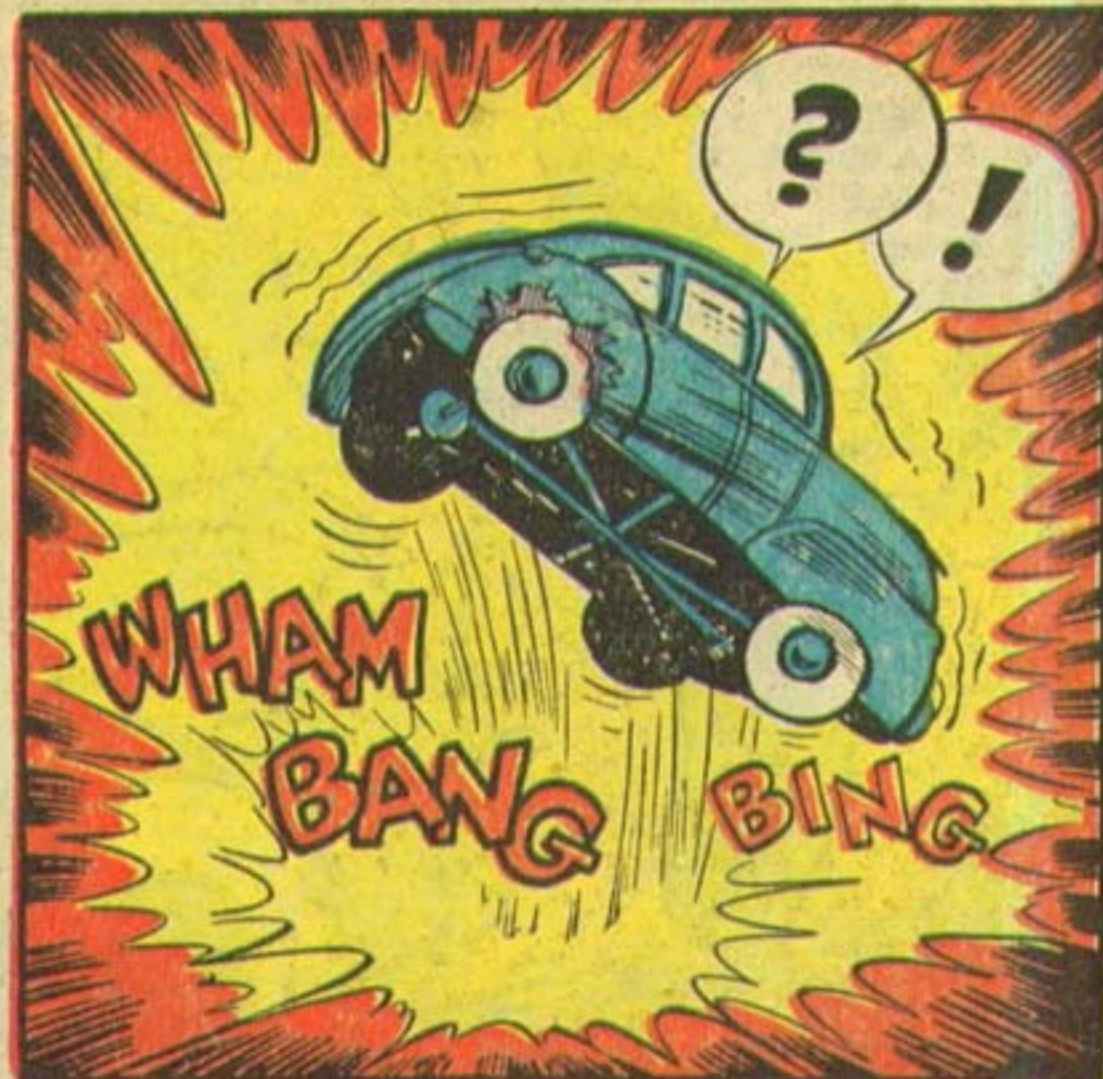
LET'S
FORM A
BUNCH OF
POSSES!

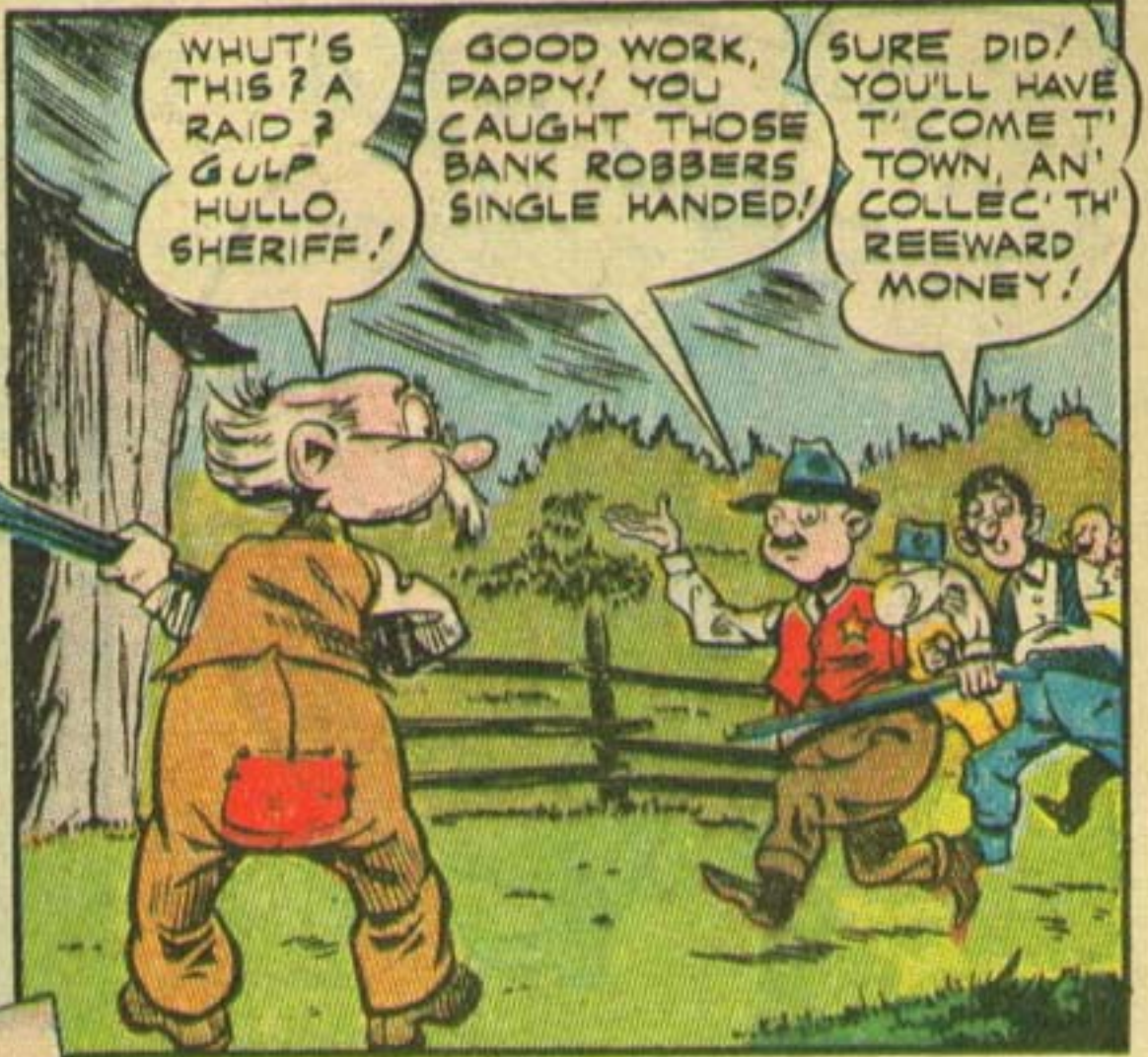


G. GOSH!
WHUT WAS
THET?

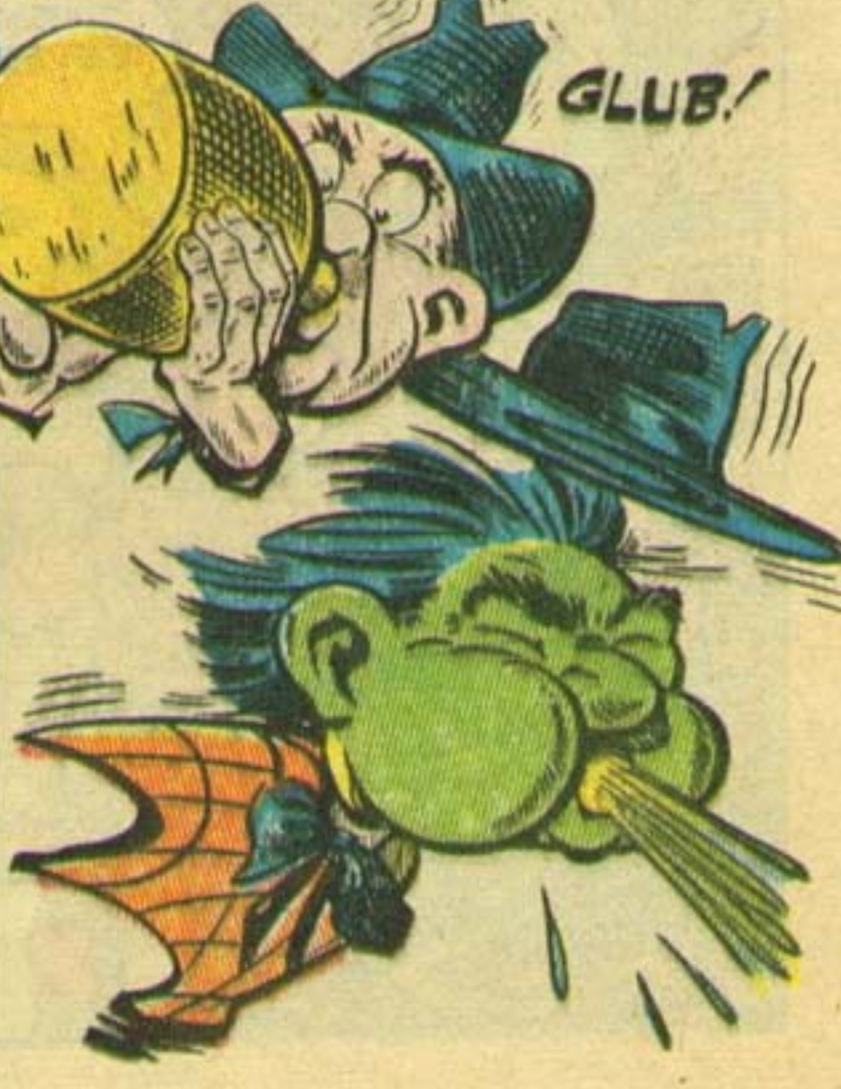
OR WHO?

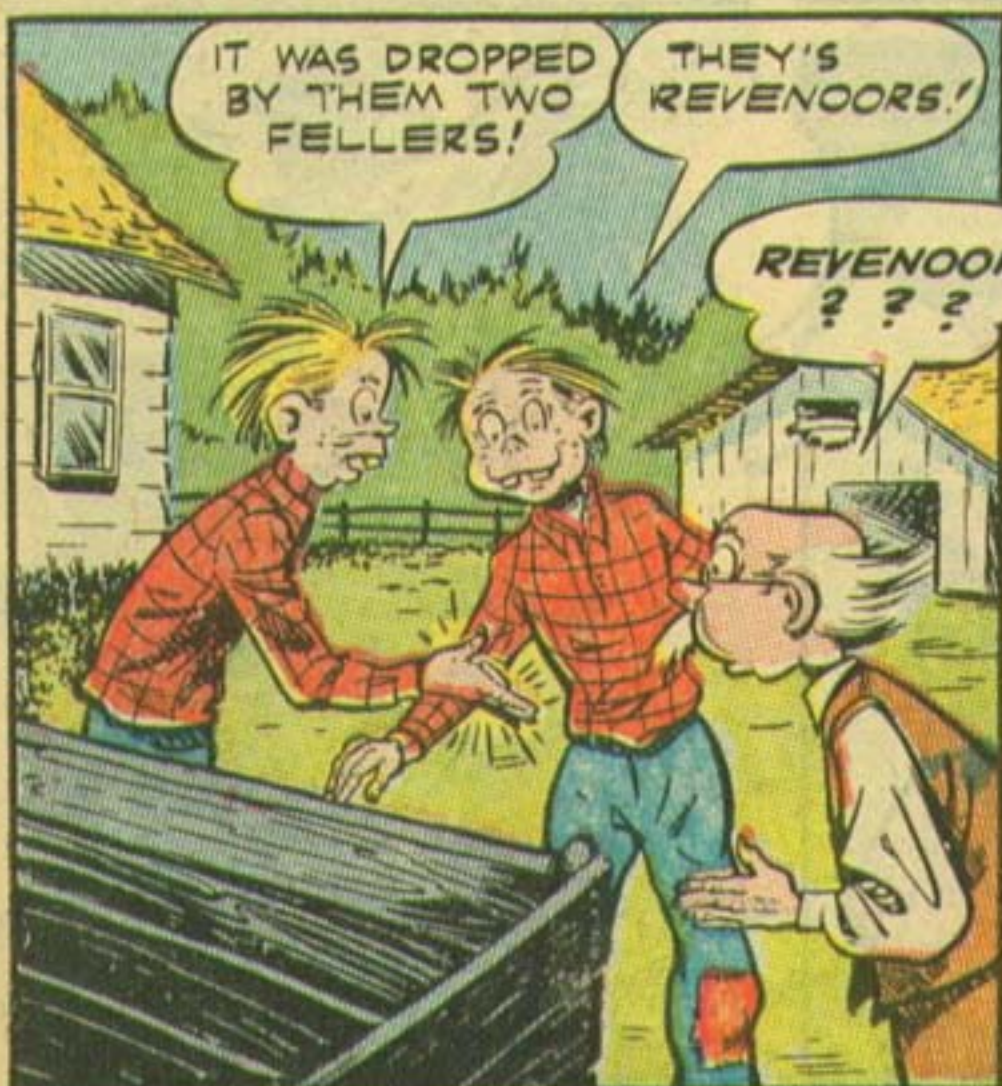
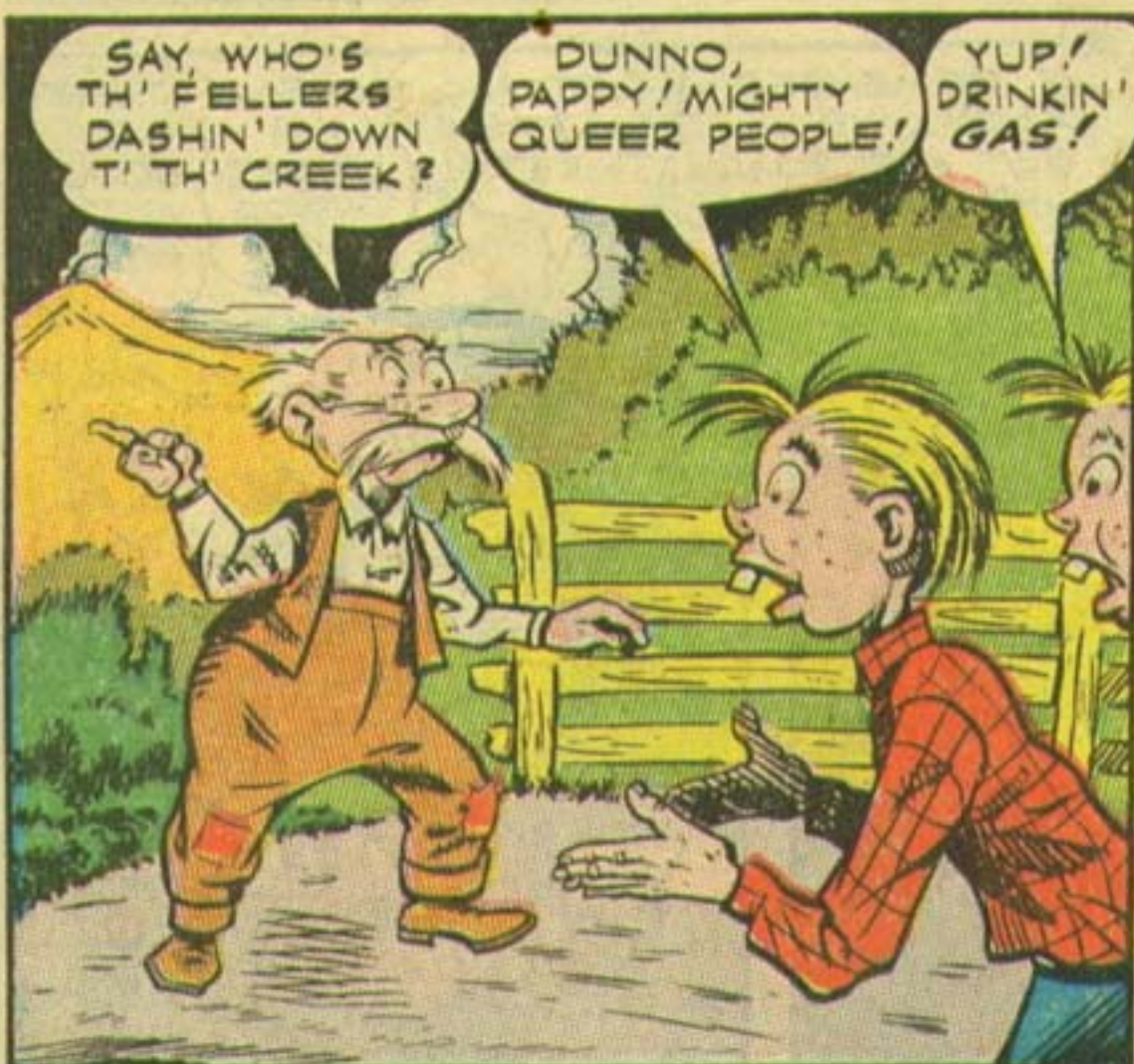
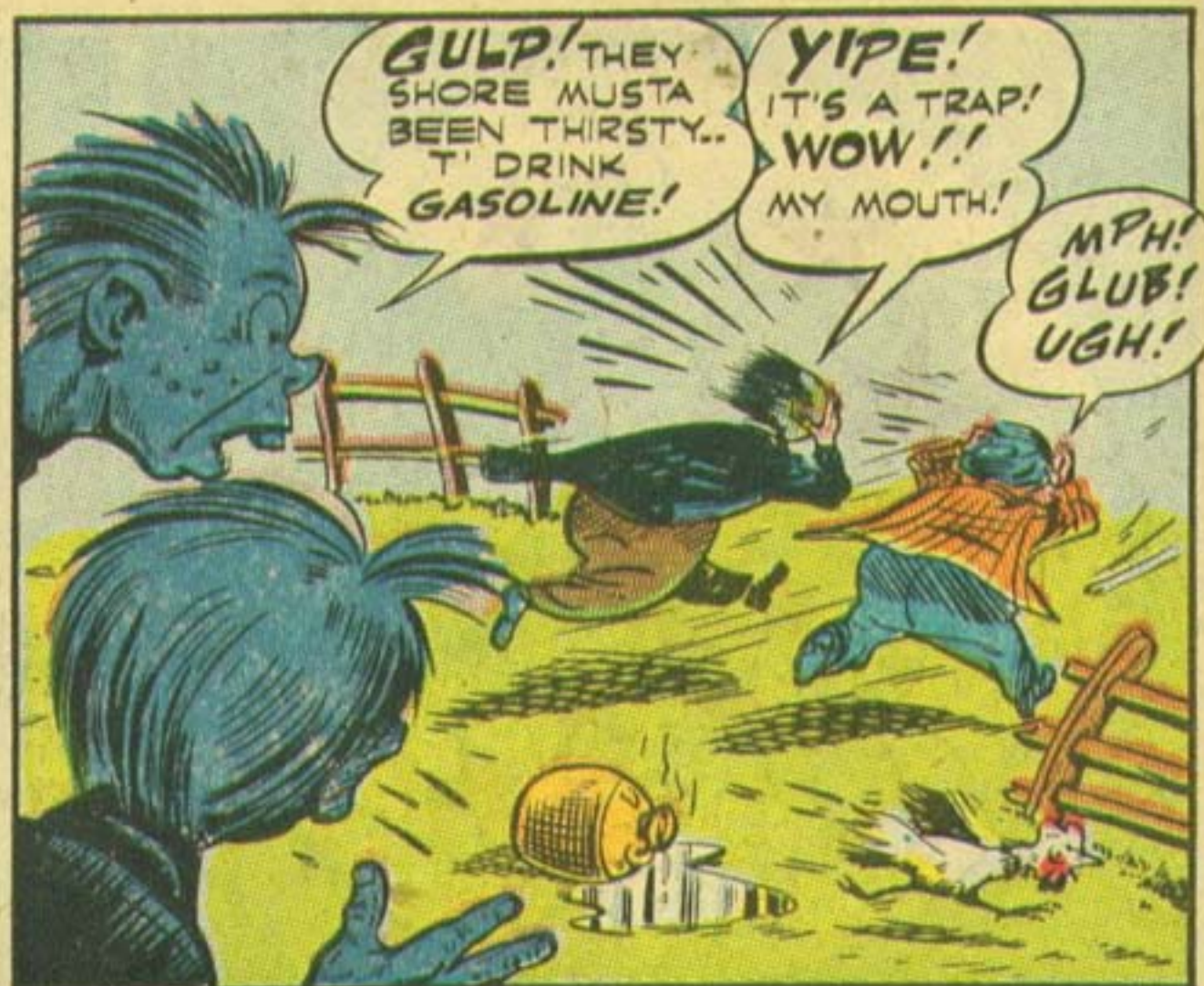






MEANWHILE--
TWO REVENUE
AGENTS SNEAK UP.





WHAT WILL THE APPLEJACK BOYS TAKE AS A REWARD? JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY **DO** MAKE A CHOICE! READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS**

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

By GEORGE WELLINGTON

A RATTLING chuckle issued from the back of Jake's throat. "He won't like it!" he thought again, as he set two water tumblers next to the half-full whiskey bottle. Mike was not going to like Jake's offer of thirty thousand dollars for one hundred thousand in ransom money.

He chuckled again as he thought of his seventy thousand dollar profit, which was not bad for a fence. Poor Mike! He did all the work, kidnapping the kid, hiding out, running the risk of collecting the ransom money. And he, the fence, simply reached in and took up all the profit.

He looked up at the clock, saw that it was climbing close to nine thirty. Almost immediately the doorbell rang. He went to the door and let Mike in.

Mike was a small, wiry man, weasel-faced with sharp, sly eyes. Jake's eyes fastened avidly on the black bag Mike carried wordlessly into the room.

"The ransom money?" Jake asked unnecessarily. Mike nodded, swung the bag up on the table. Jake rubbed his hands briskly, but then slipped a calm mask over his face. He must not let Mike see too much triumph. Mike was slippery. He shuffled over to the sideboard, lifted the bottle in his thin, claw-like hand, and busily poured two stiff ones.

"Have much trouble, Mike?"

he slid beady eyes over to the other man.

Mike's face went sour. "Yeah," he growled, "coupla things went wrong. We couldn't deliver the kid."

Jake set the bottle down slowly, his face pleating with worry wrinkles. "You mean...?"

"I mean," Mike finished testily, "that the kid's been croaked!"

"Well?" Mike faced him squarely, his stoney face shrewd. "I got the dough, one hundred grand cold. How much do I get for it?"

Jake's eyes avoided Mike's. "Well, business ain't what it used to be. Snatch money is a ticklish business, y'know."

"So can the beef! I got troubles enough as it is! How much? Quit stallin'! I'm in a kinda hurry, see?"

Jake cleared his throat, finished his drink, set it down on the tray. Then with Mike's glowing eyes watching every move, he finally got out, "Twenty-five grand is the best I can do, Mike."

"Twent . . ." Mike choked up. His face suddenly suffused the color of a ripe tomato. "Why you . . ." and he rattled out a string of foul oaths. "Twenty-five grand? What do you take me for, you penny-pinchin' scum!"

Jake flung his hands wide, hunching his scrawny shoulders. "It's the best I can do, Mike. Take it or leave it. The dough's hot! After all, you can't pass

it, I'm takin' the chances of passin' it ligit!"

Mike replaced the bottle slowly, then turned, his lips a thin disgruntled line. He handed Jake a drink. "Here! Have a drink! Maybe it'll loosen you up a bit. Me, I'm just gettin' madder, see? I didn't come 'ere to argue with you. When we last spoke, it was fifty-fifty. Now, Jake, I want my end of this . . . or else!"

A little crafty smile crept into Jake's lipless mouth. He lifted the drink, gulped down half of it, just a bit contemptuous of Mike's threat. He was not in the least frightened. He could draw a gun quicker than Mike could anytime. What was more, Mike knew that. And Jake knew that Mike knew it. He was not in the least afraid of Mike. "I'm sorry, Mike, but thirty thousand is the best I will do."

For a moment Mike said nothing. He just stood there, leaning easily back against the sideboard, a sharp, tight look biting through his face. The thin lips in that sagging downward droop, the cold unemotional face, in which only the eyes lived hotly. There was something in Mike's eyes that Jake could not quite fathom. "Fifty!" Mike said quietly.

Jake shook his head firmly. "No dice, Mike."

Mike gave him a sullen glare, he lifted his wrist, let his eyes slide down to his watch. "I gotta blow. You know I ain't

got all night. Where's the john? I wanna straighten up a bit."

Jake shrugged. He threw his thumb over his shoulder indicating the bathroom. "I won't go one penny more."

Silently, Mike hitched away from the sideboard, crossed the room in uneven strides. The bathroom door slammed shut like an exclamation point.

Jake's eyes thoughtfully went in the direction of the bathroom door. He had to watch Mike, never turn your back on a rat. But the door remained shut, he could hear the splashing of water. He turned the glass in his thin fingers, looked down into the half-filled glass. The drink, he chuckled inwardly, had mellowed him up to the extent of five thousand. No good!

No doubt Mike was stalling around until he got a little more generous. Better to have a clear head on a tricky deal with a cool customer like this. He reached over for the whiskey bottle, set the glass on the edge of the lip, slowly poured back the remainder of the drink. Nothing like having one's wits about one. After Mike was gone, he would get stinko just to celebrate.

Presently Mike came back into the room, but now haste lived in every movement, though he tried not to show it. He stepped before Jake, his stocky legs set wide apart, his eyes shining brightly, unflinchingly into Jake's.

"Well?" Jake wanted to know. "You decide?"

A faint half smile twisted into Mike's mouth, a smile that Jake knew well. It was an evil leer that might mean anything.

"You know I ain't in no position to argue, don't you, Jake?"

Jake shrugged. "Naturally, I know my business."

Mike held out his hand, waved the fingers. "Come on, gimme, you stinkin rat! I wanna blow outta this burg. Let's get it over with, and I hope you fry in hell!"

A grin slitted Jake's mouth, he promptly shuffled over to the safe, wondering if perhaps he should have stuck to twenty-five thousand after all. He bent down, twirled the dial, his eyes darting from the dial to Mike. He could watch him out of the corner of his eyes. One suspicious move from that lug, and he would let him have it. After all, he had not been a fence for years without being wise to all the tricks.

Mike was a cinch. He had figured on Mike's yellow streak anyhow. He had even expected a great deal more trouble. The police were probably closing in tighter than he had suspected.

He straightened, swung the door of the safe open, reached in . . . then he froze.

A sudden fierce burning began to grow up from the core of him. It stung, like acid. He pressed his hand against his heart . . . his doctor had warned him, but in that same instant, all his muscles seemed to yank up, become paralyzed. The breath seemed to punch right out of his lungs. A tremor convulsed through his body.

He collapsed against the safe, tried to call Mike, but his vocal cords refused to function. He clutched stupidly in the direction of his throat, then pitched face forward, slid in a writhing convulsion to the floor.

Mike watched Jake collapse. Watched with hypnotized, widened eyes, the twitching convulsion that quivered through Jake.

A frothy foam bubbled through Jake's mouth . . . then he lay still.

Mike went over to him, bent down, felt the man's pulse.

He was dead.

Slowly Mike straightened, no emotions crossed his cold, hard face, only his eyes glowed wickedly, as he stared down at the dead man. He lifted his foot, prodded the dead man in the ribs. Jake wobbled.

Mike filled his lungs with breath. For a short moment he stood there, just looking down. Then he turned toward the safe. Without hesitation, he reached in, felt around, until his hand contacted the money.

He thumbed through the pile of crisp bills he found, roughly estimated that there should be at least seventy-five thousand there, maybe eighty.

That faint half smile twisted into his mouth. Not bad, he thought, not bad at all.

He stepped over the dead man, went over to the sideboard. He poured himself a drink. He needed a stiff one. His hands were steady and calm.

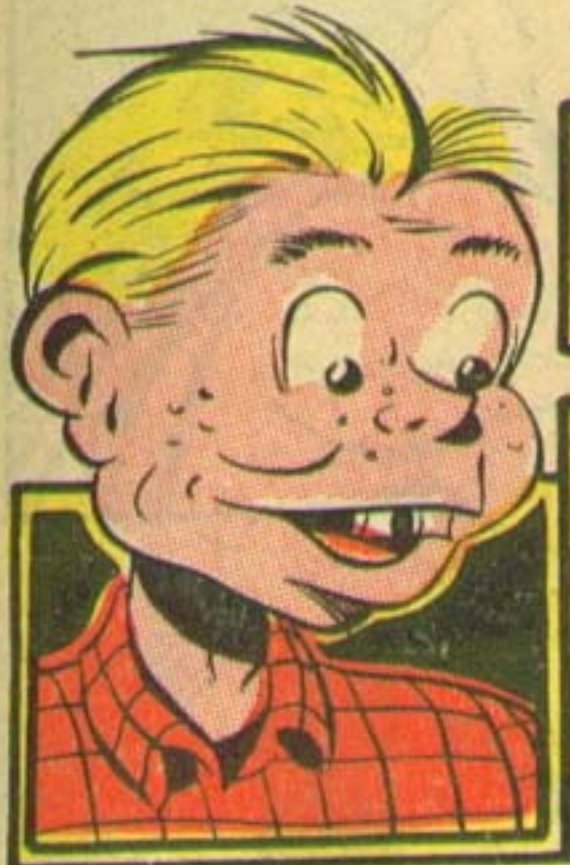
He lifted the glass toward Jake. "Here's to crime!" and he swallowed the drink with one gulp, set the glass down.

He went over to the table, curled his hands around the black bag.

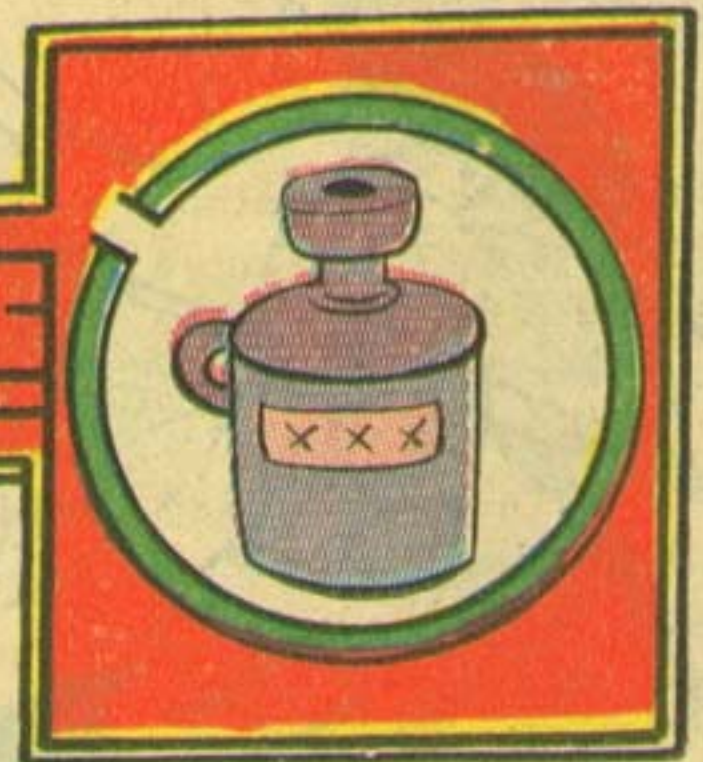
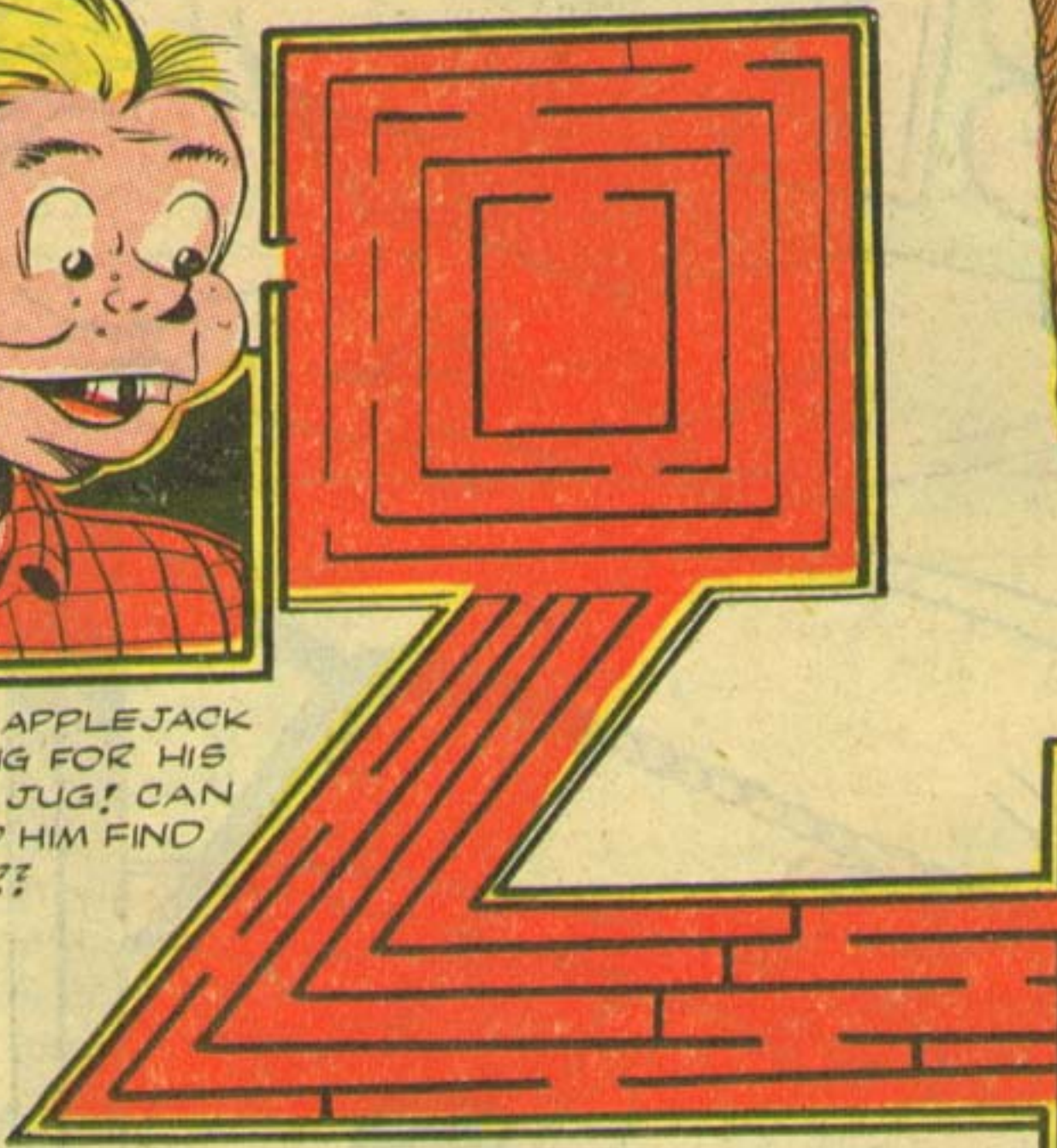
Certainly was a good haul. After all, he had put enough poison in Jake's drink to kill a dozen like him.

The grin remained on his face a little, but not for long.

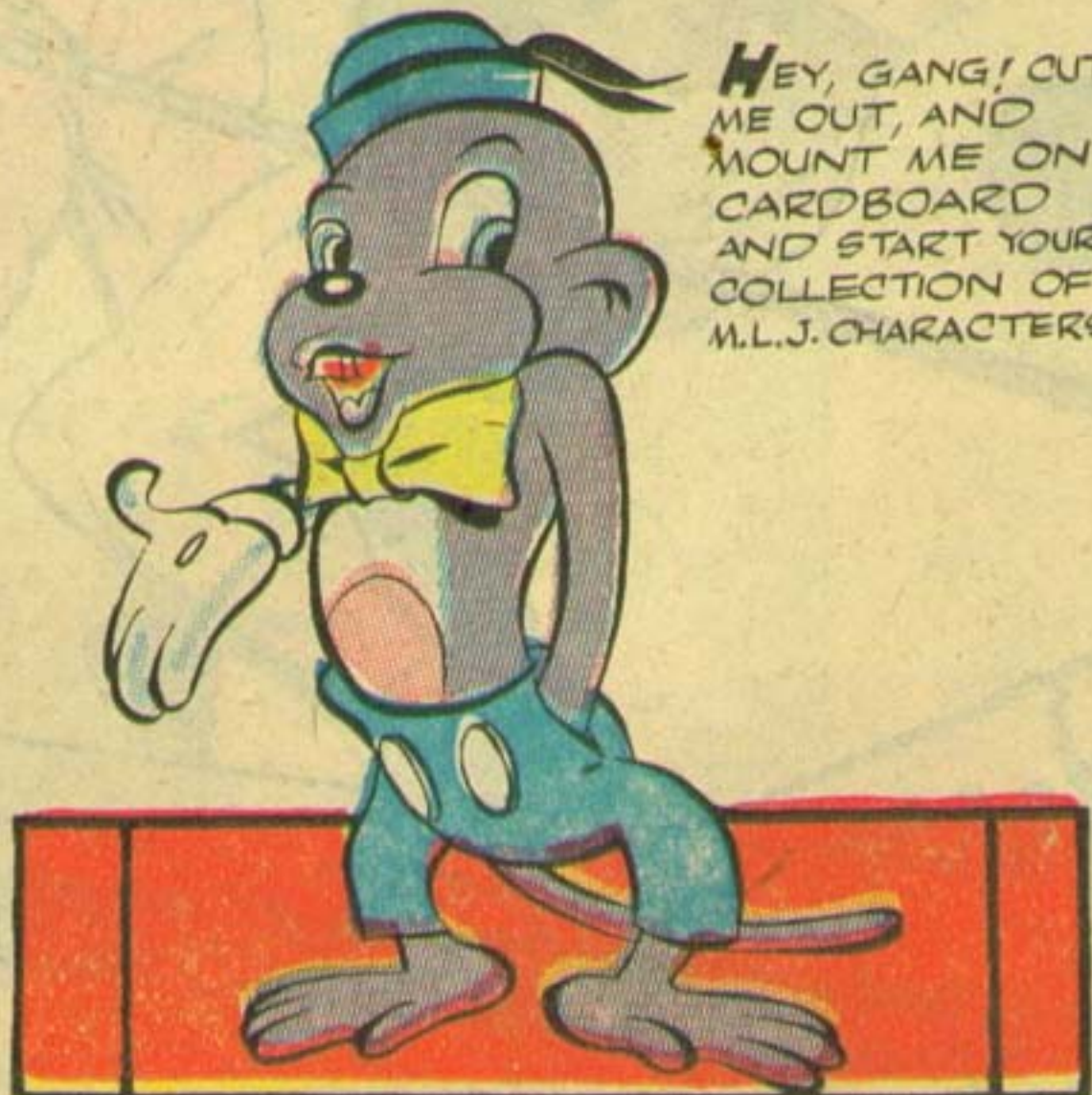
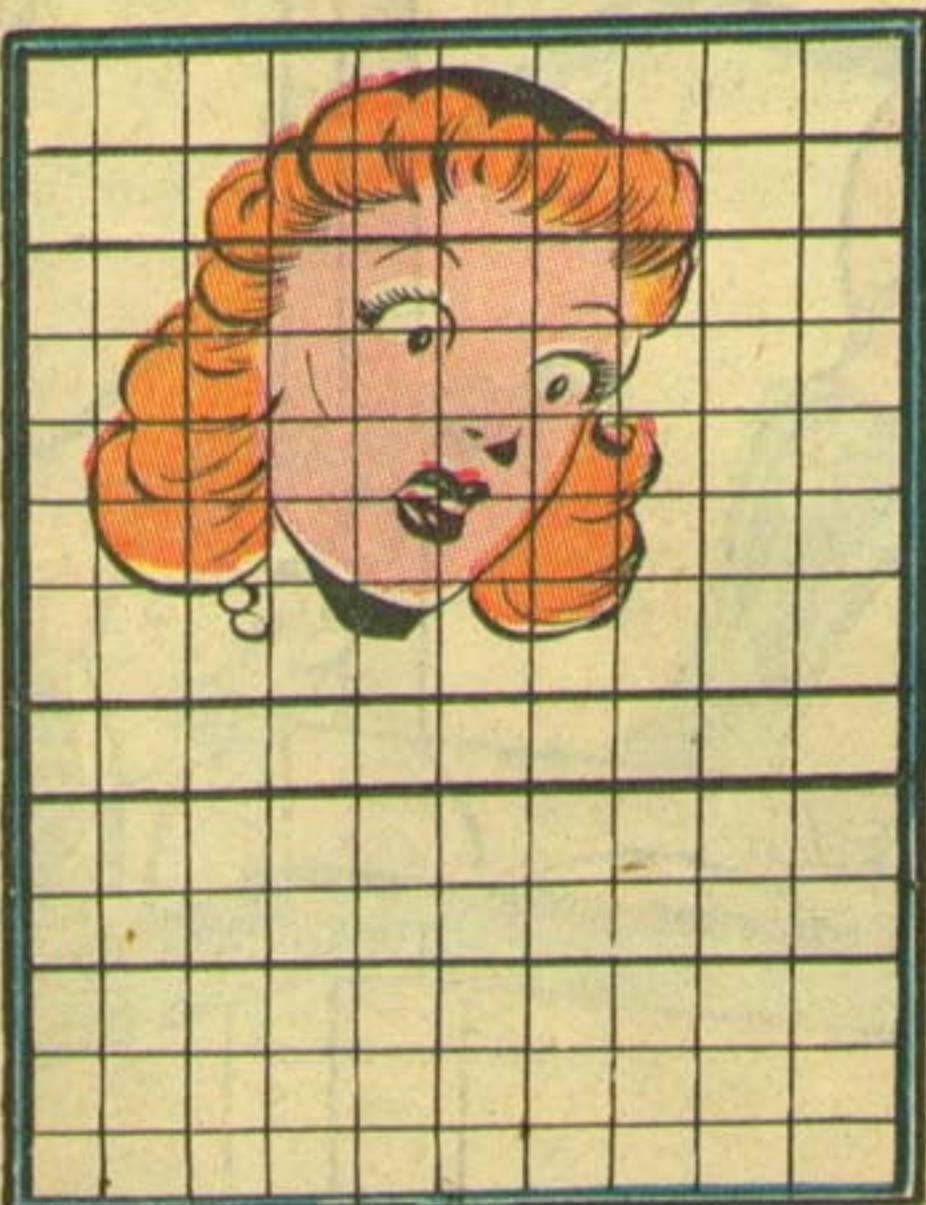
ZIPSY DOODLES



SLAPPY APPLEJACK
IS LOOKING FOR HIS
FATHER'S JUG! CAN
YOU HELP HIM FIND
IT??

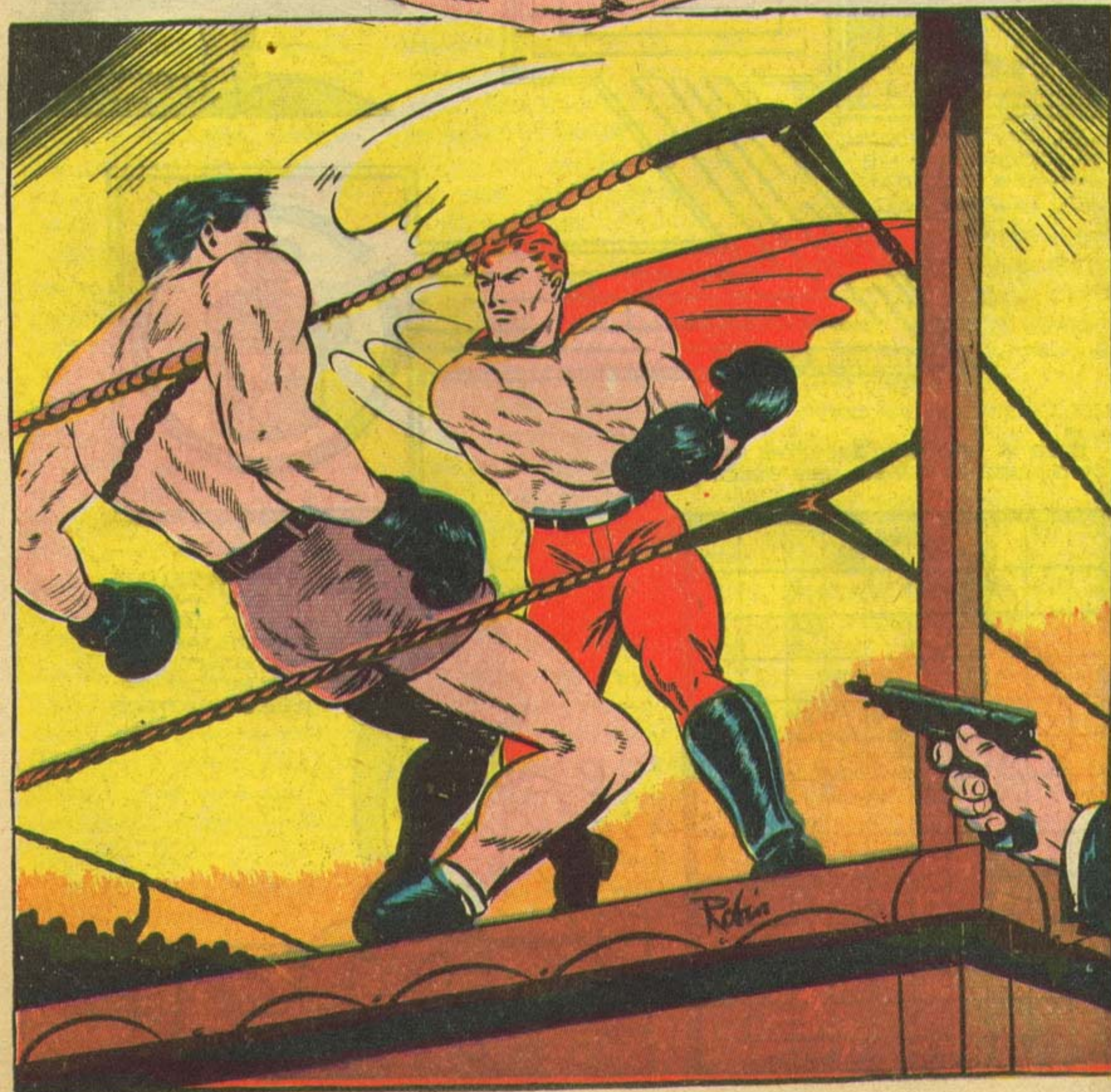
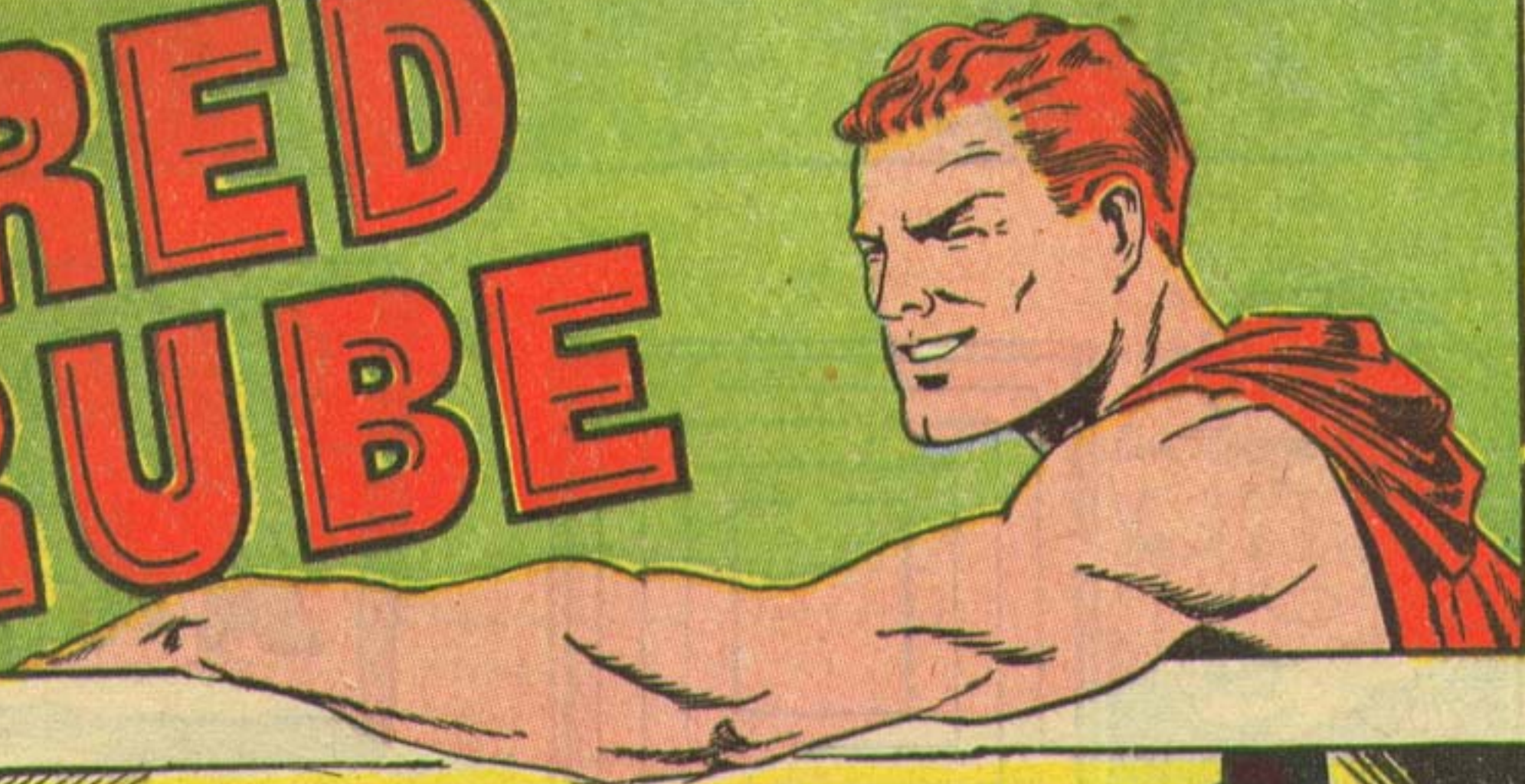


SEE IF YOU CAN COPY THE HEAD
OF GINGER IN THE SQUARES BELOW!



HHEY, GANG! CUT
ME OUT, AND
MOUNT ME ON
CARDBOARD
AND START YOUR
COLLECTION OF
M.L.J. CHARACTERS!

RED RUBE



REUBEN REUBEN,
A YOUNG ORPHAN,
HAS BEEN ENDOWED
BY HIS ANCESTORS
WITH THE QUALITY
EACH WAS FAMOUS
FOR:

STRENGTH,
SPEED,
KNOWLEDGE,
WISDOM,
COURAGE,
AND
FORTITUDE!

HE HAS ONLY TO
CALL "HEY RUBE!"
TO POSSESS THEM
AND HE BECOMES
RED RUBE!

PAPER! PAPER!
GET YOUR DAILY
SUN HERE!



IT'S ALL RIGHT TO
BE SELLING PAPERS!
YOU SEE A LOT OF
THINGS! BUT I'D
RATHER BE A RE-
PORTER ON ONE!



HEY!



WHYNT CHA
TEND TA
BUSINESS! I GOT
A GOOD MIND
TA REPORT
YA!



WHY, THE BIG LUG!
HE DIDN'T HAVE TO
GET SO TOUGH
ABOUT IT!



WHOA! WHAT'S
THIS?

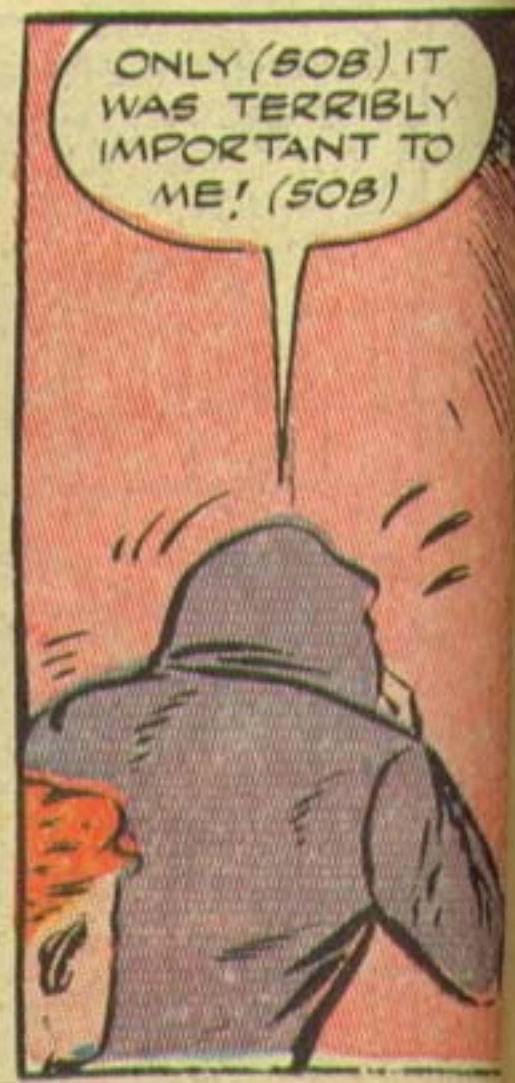
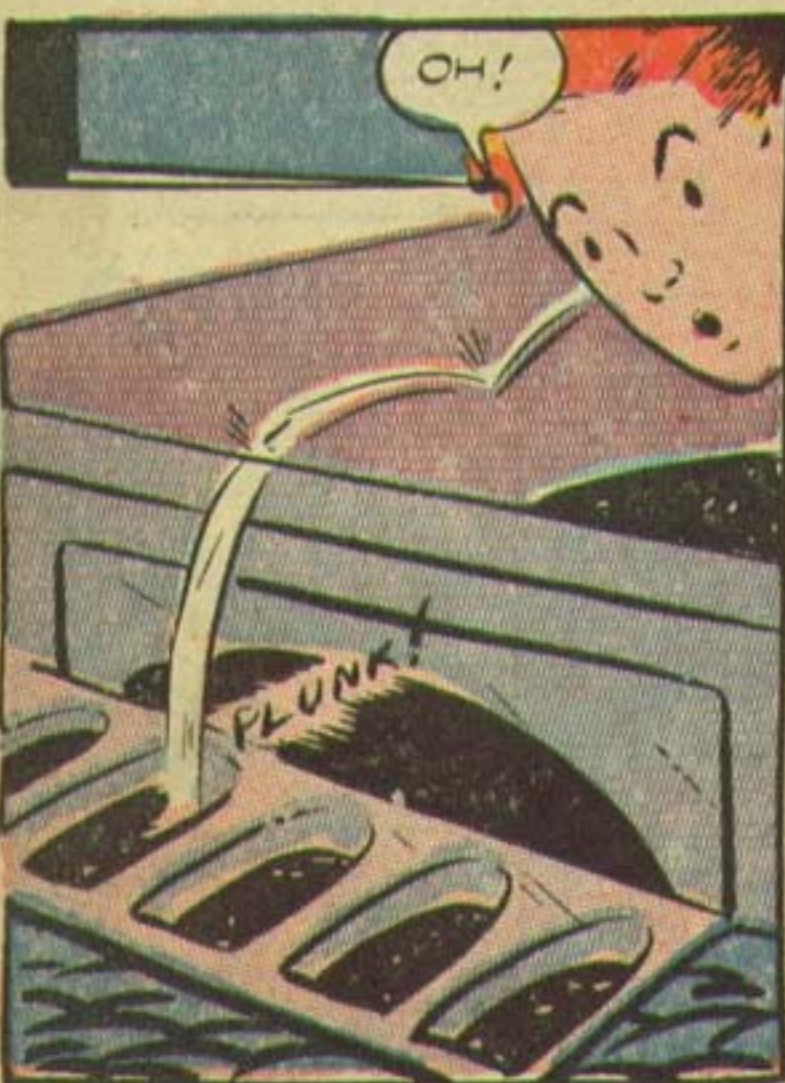
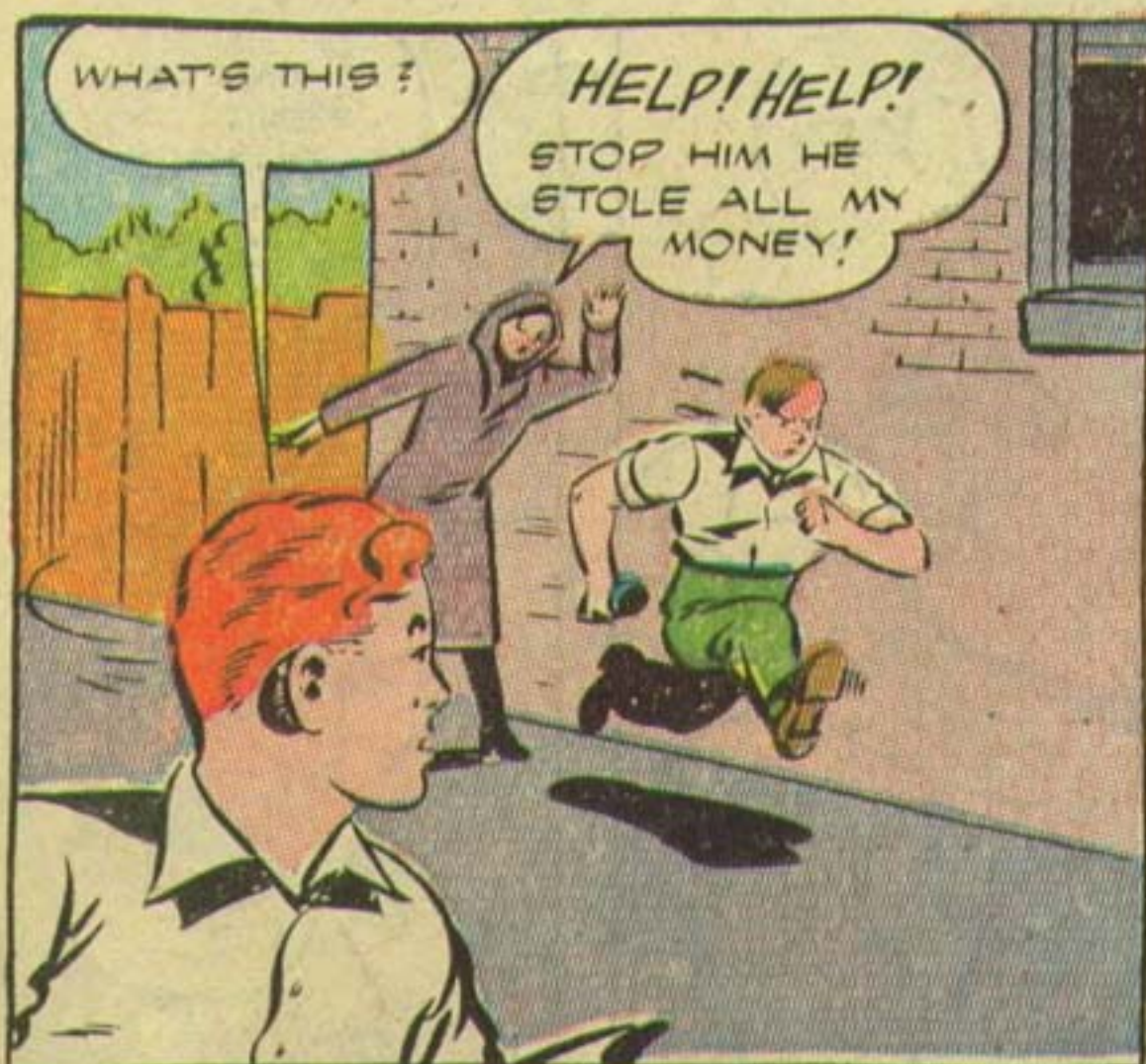


\$500

TO ANY
WHO CAN
STAY
500
WITH
GORILLA
GUS

ASTOR
THEATER
TONITE!

STALLING
IN
PERSON
NOW



YOU SEE, MY SON IS BLIND,
BUT FOR \$500 DOLLARS
HE COULD HAVE AN
OPERATION THAT WOULD
CURE HIM! I'VE BEEN
SAVING MY DIMES AND
PENNIES FOR YEARS, AND
I ALMOST HAD ENOUGH!
AND NOW I WAS JUST ON
MY WAY TO THE DOCTOR'S
TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS
FOR THE OPERATION ---
AND (SOB) THAT YOUNG
HOODLUM --- (SOB) ---

GEE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I KNOW HOW I CAN
GET THAT MONEY
BACK FOR YOU!

YOU -- ?

YOU AND YOUR SON
MEET ME RIGHT HERE
ABOUT 9:30 TONIGHT
AND I'LL HAVE THE
MONEY FOR YOU!

BUT
HOW?

BY GOLLY! I'LL BE KILLIN'
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
I'LL GET HER MONEY FOR
HER, AND AT THE SAME TIME
FIX THAT BIG GORILLA FOR
SHAKIN' ME UP!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO SIGN
UP FOR A CRACK AT
THAT GORILLA GUS
TONIGHT!

YOU! ARE
YOU CRAZY,
KIDDO?

BOX OFFICE

ASTOR
THEATER

OH! ER--WHAT I MEAN
IS I WANTA SIGN-ER
A FRIEND OF MINE--
HIS NAME IS RED
RUBE!

RED RUBE,
EH! OKAY,
TELL HIM
TA BE
HERE AT
NINE
O'CLOCK
SHARP!

JUST BEFORE 9 O'CLOCK
OUTSIDE THE STAGE
ENTRANCE OF THE
ASTOR THEATER -----

WELL, HERE WE
ARE-- I'D BETTER
GO IN AS RED
RUBE!

HEY,
RUBE!



AND THRU THE STAGE DOOR
STEPS THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF--

--RED RUBE!

LADEES AND GEN'L MEN!
OUR FIRST CONTESTANT IS
A YOUNG SAILOR LAD!

THAT'S
YOU
KID!

WOPPETY
WOP
POW
BLAM
SOK
WHAM
BIFF

OKAY, RED,
YOU'RE
NEXT!

?

AND NOW-- IN THIS CORNER
GORRILLA GUS AND IN THIS
CORNER RED RUBE!

GRRR!

GRRR!
GRRRR!

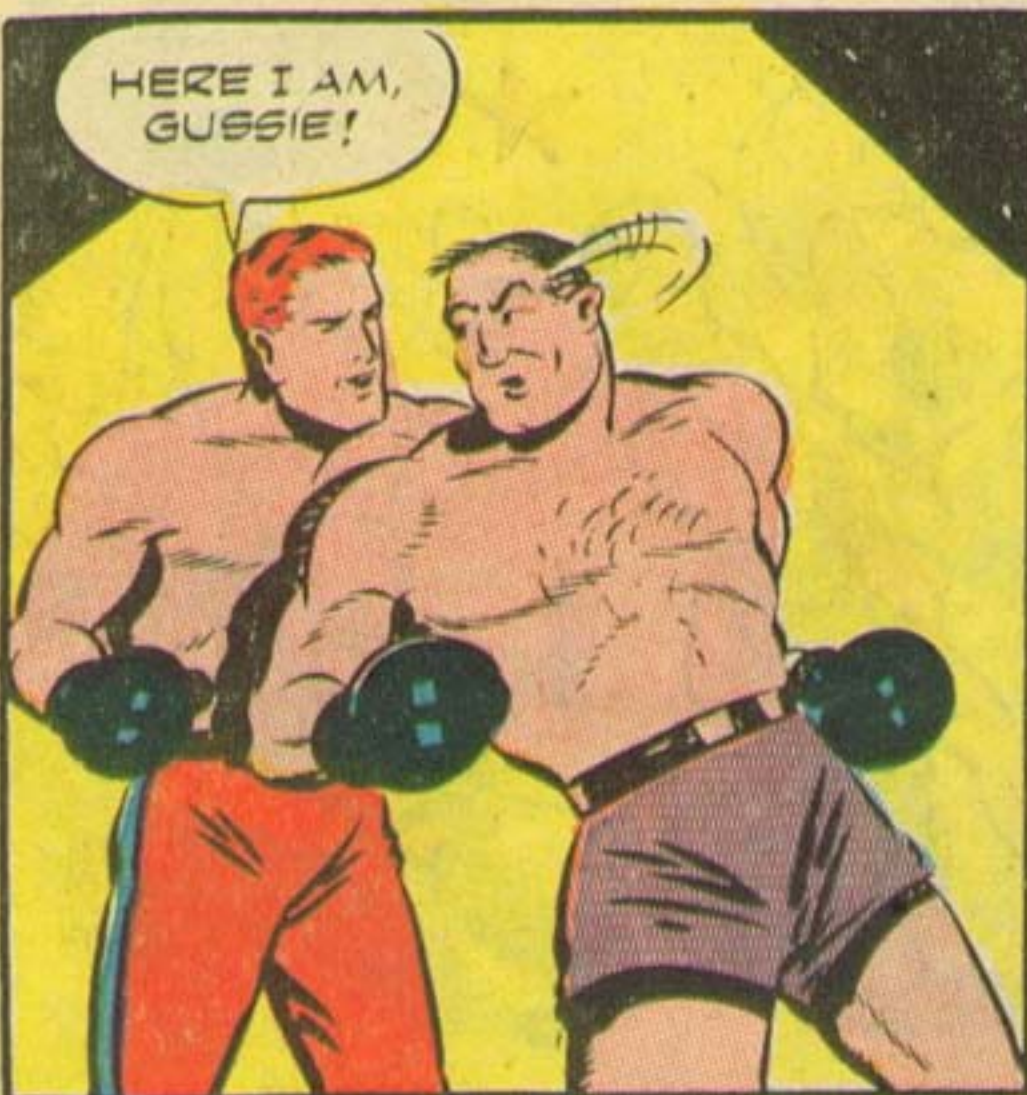
ROUND ONE!



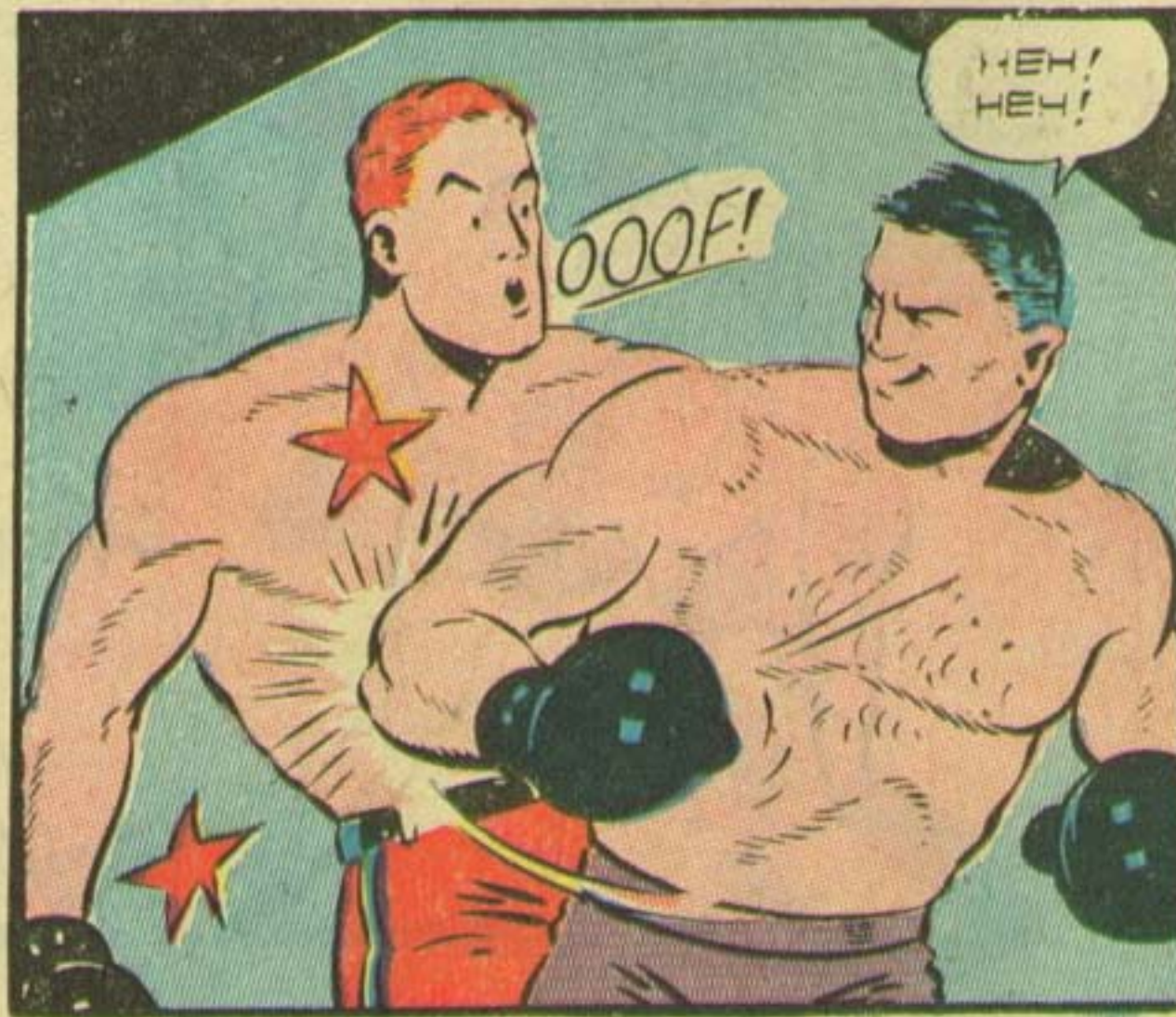
I'LL FINISH YOU
OFF QUICK,
KIDDO!



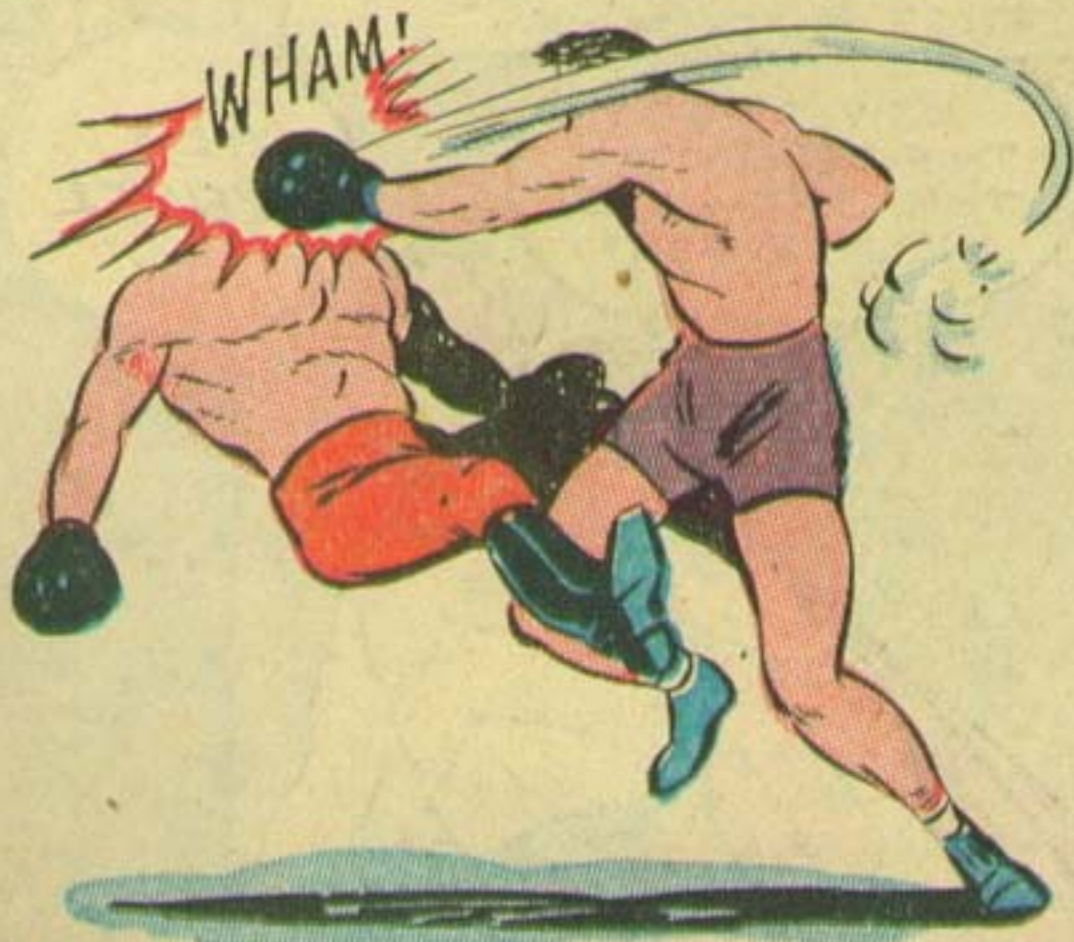
HERE I AM,
GUSSIE!



HEH!
HEH!

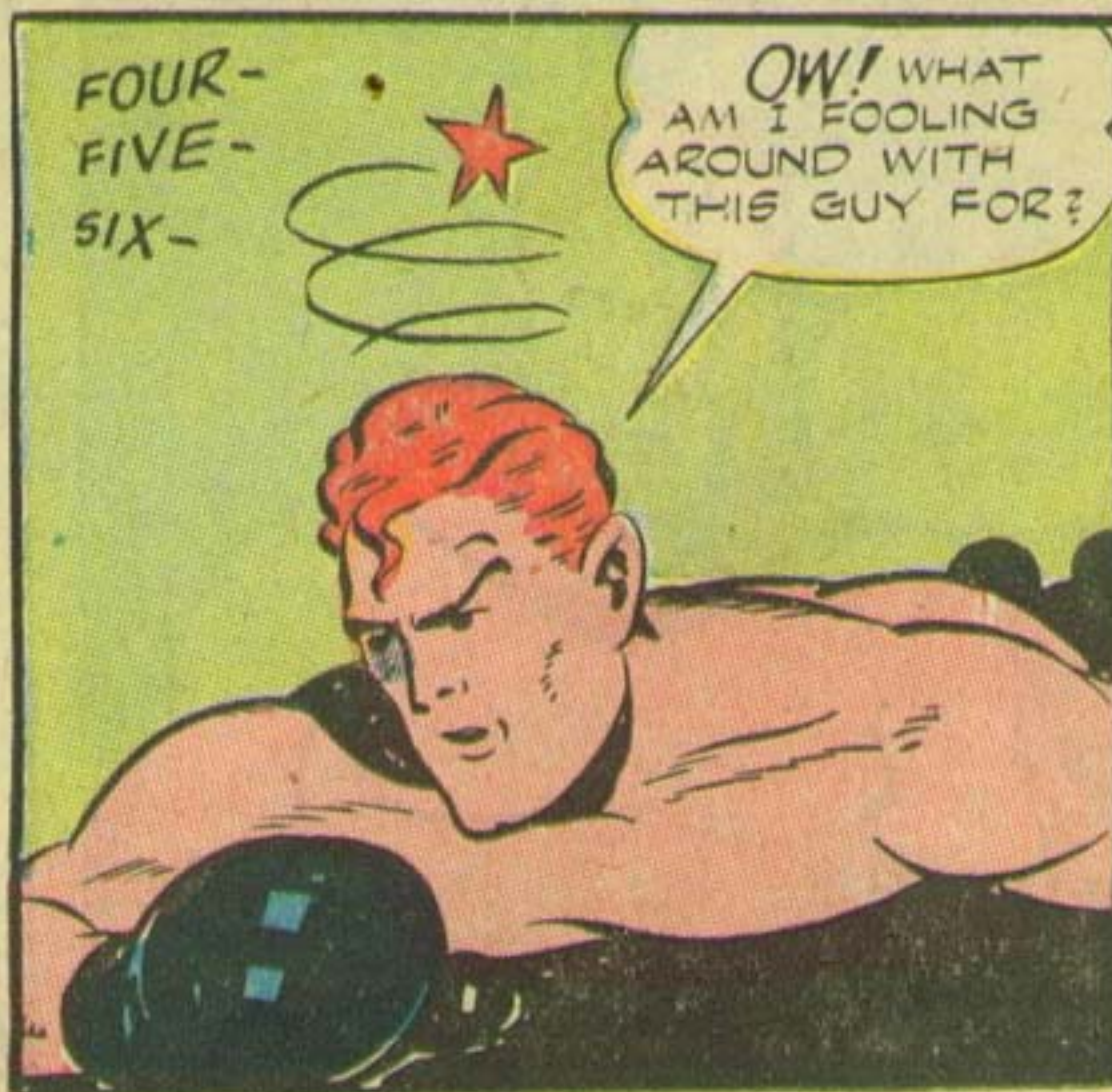


WHAM!

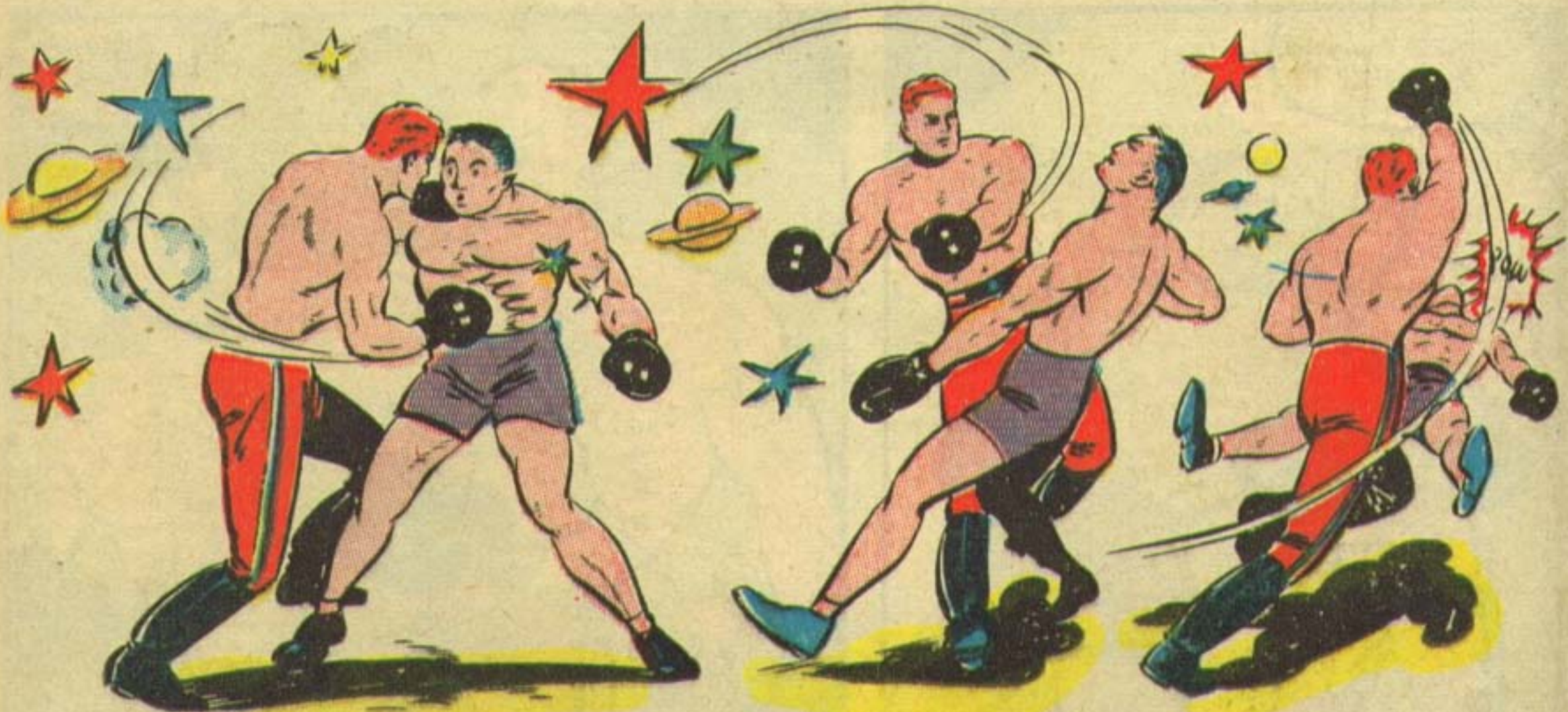
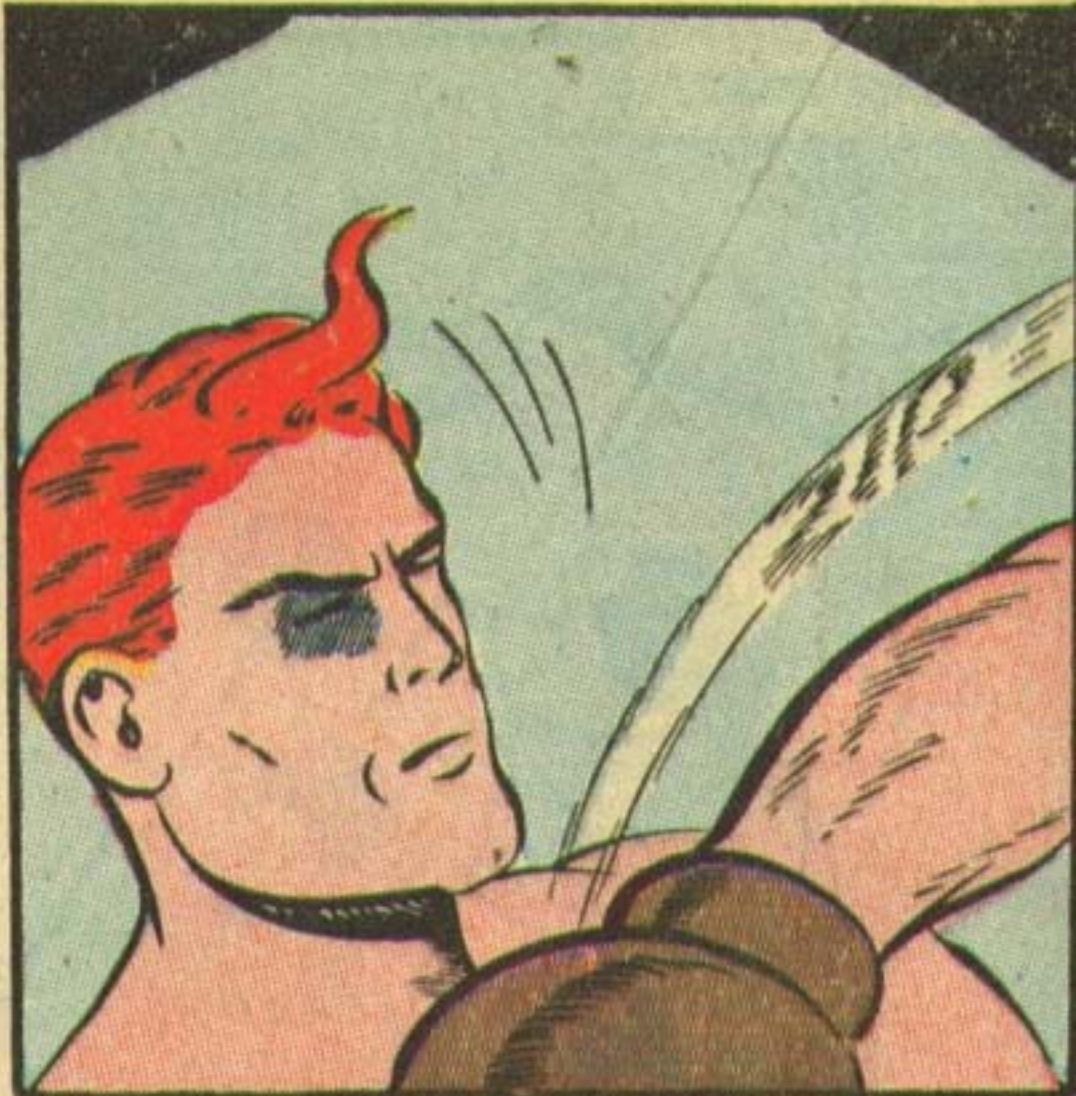
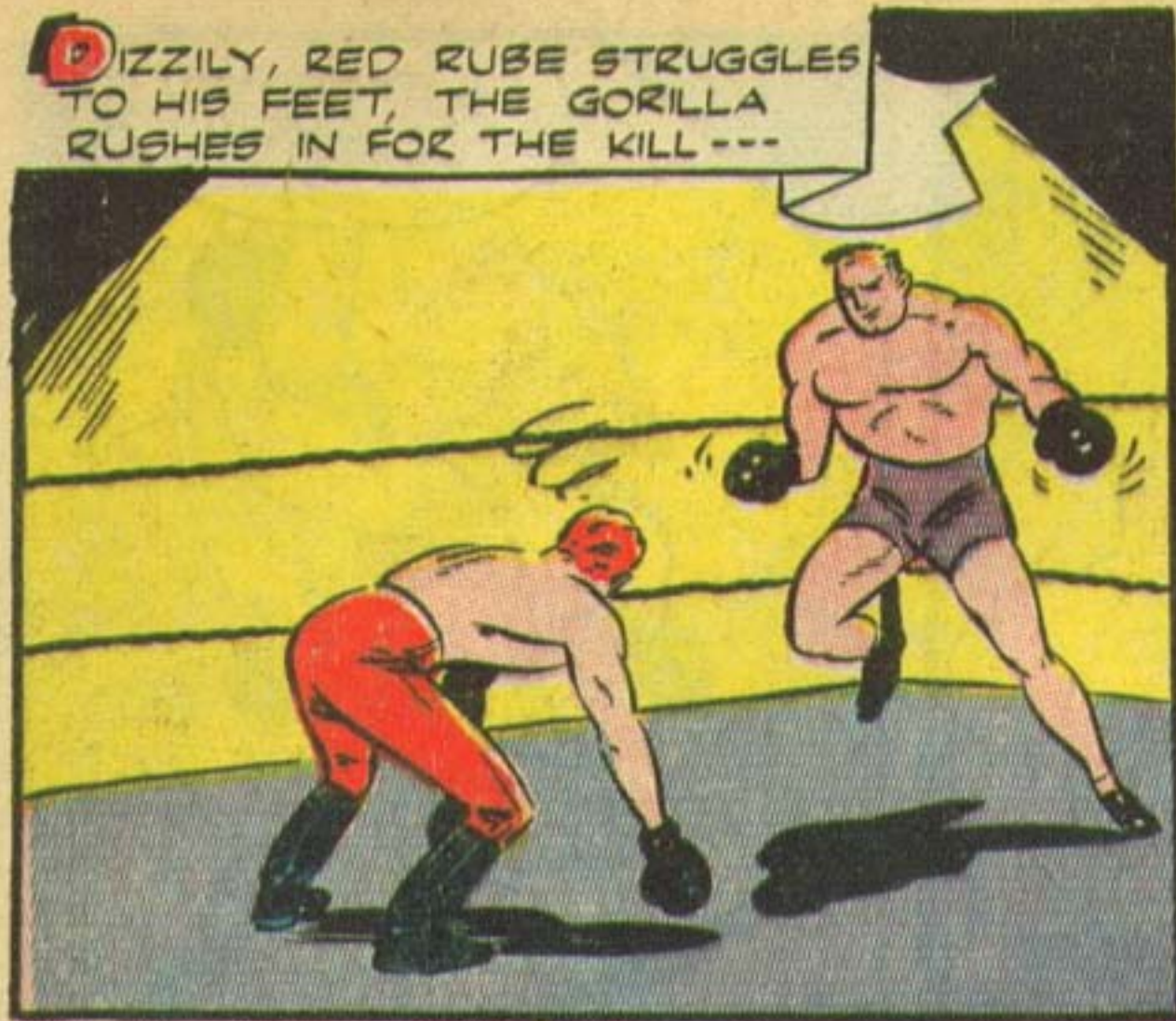


FOUR-
FIVE-
SIX-

OW! WHAT
AM I FOOLING
AROUND WITH
THIS GUY FOR?



DIZZILY, RED RUBE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, THE GORILLA RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL---



HAVING COLLECTED THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, RED RUBE QUICKLY LEAVES---

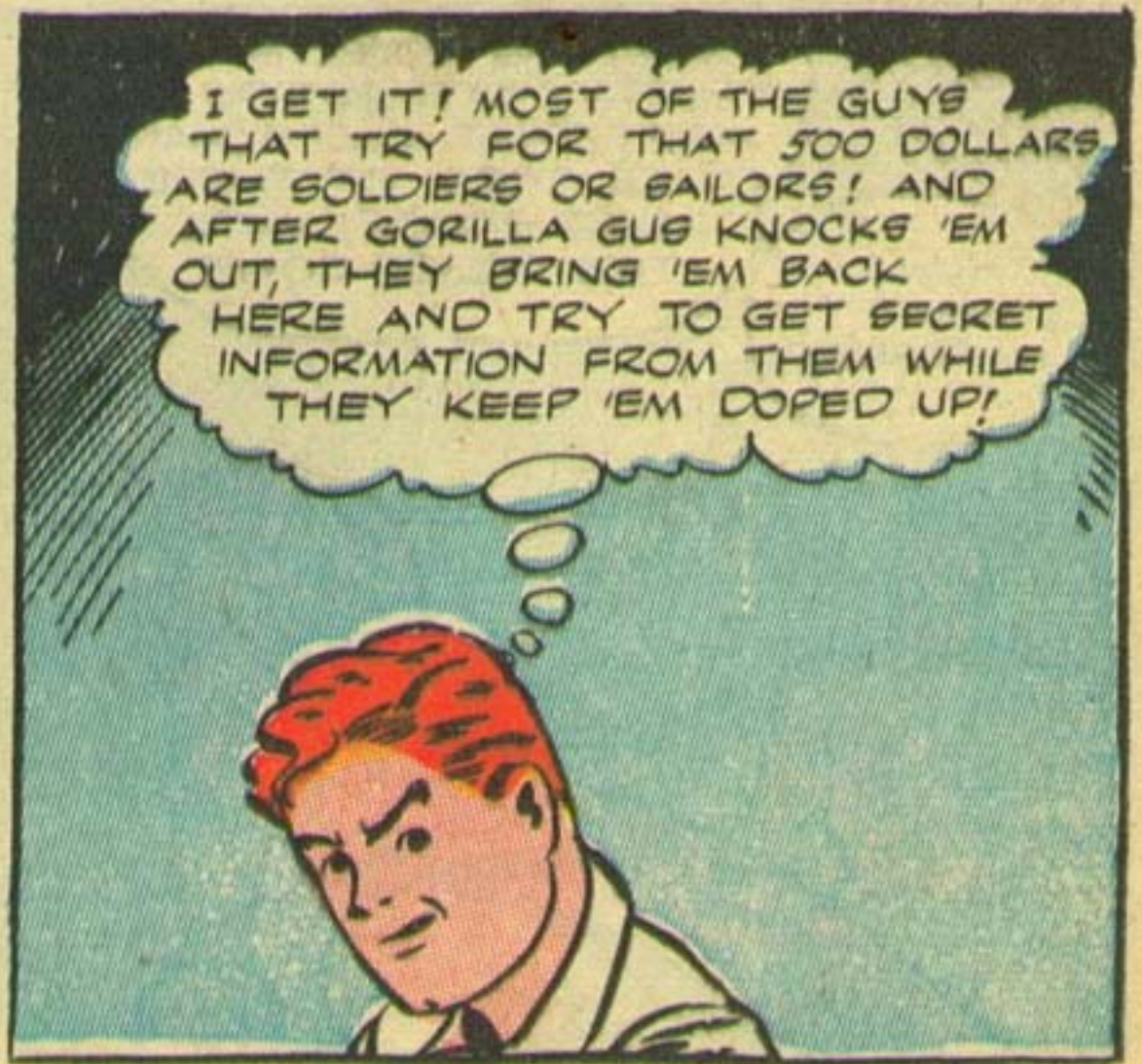
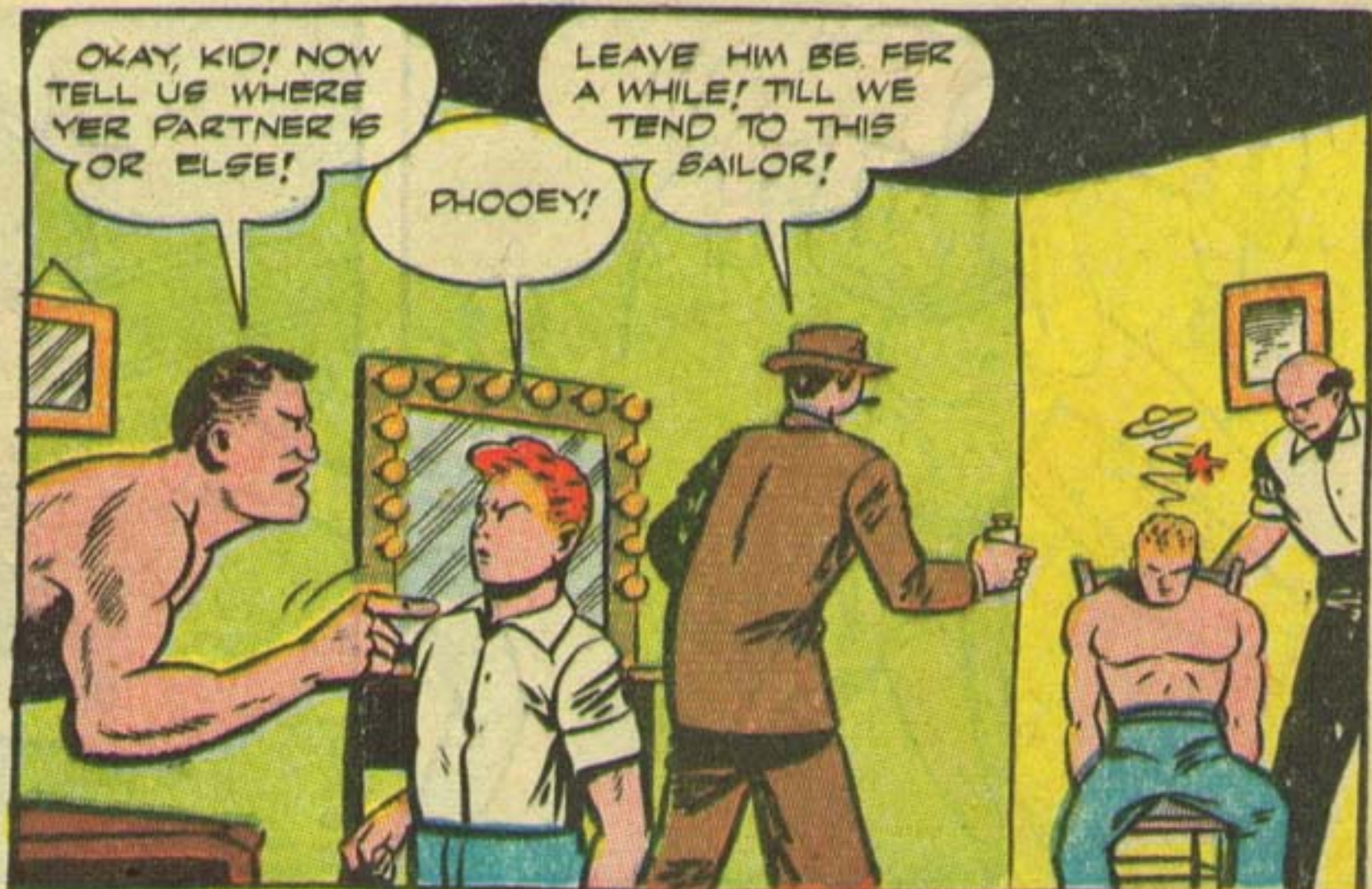
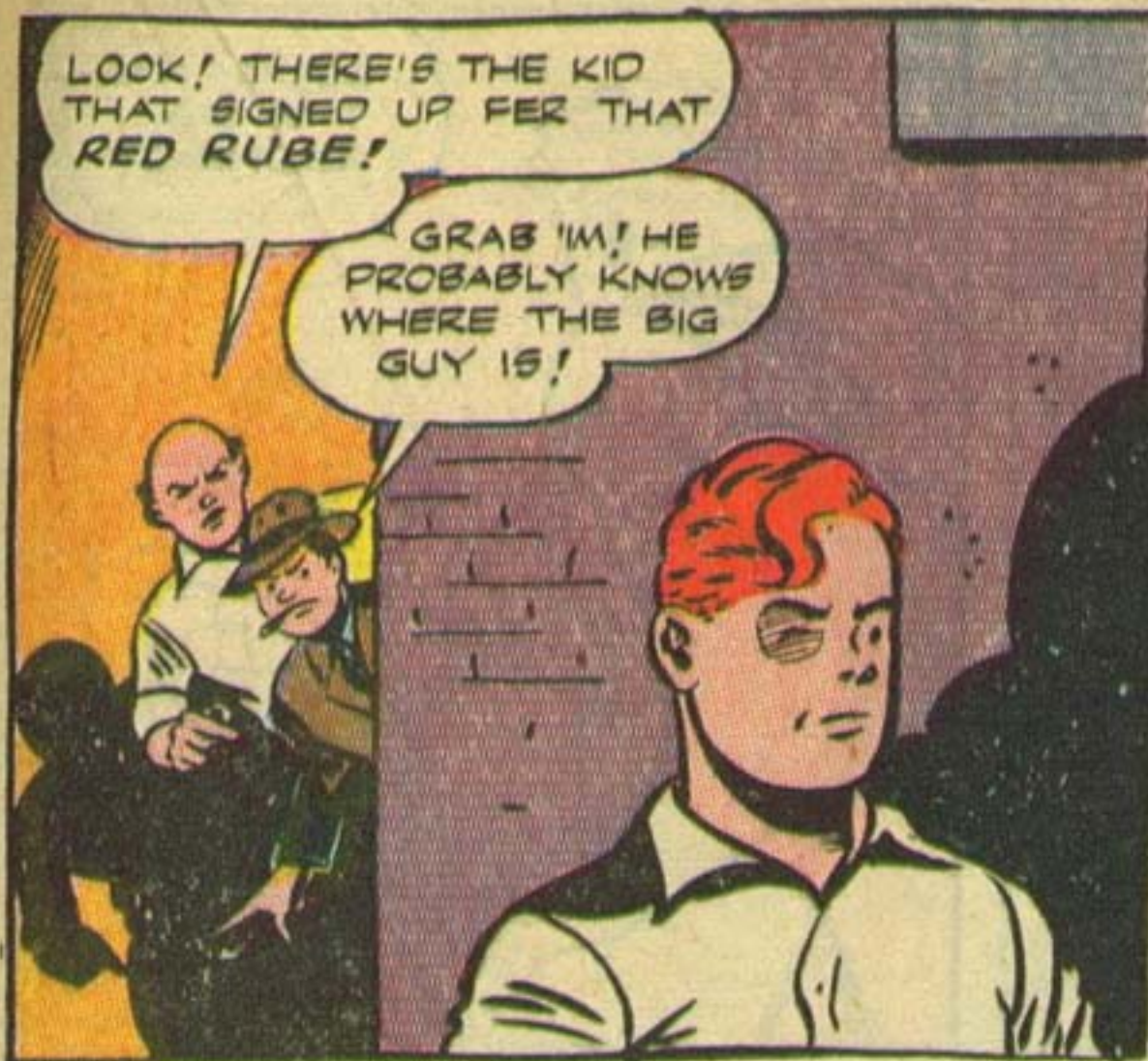


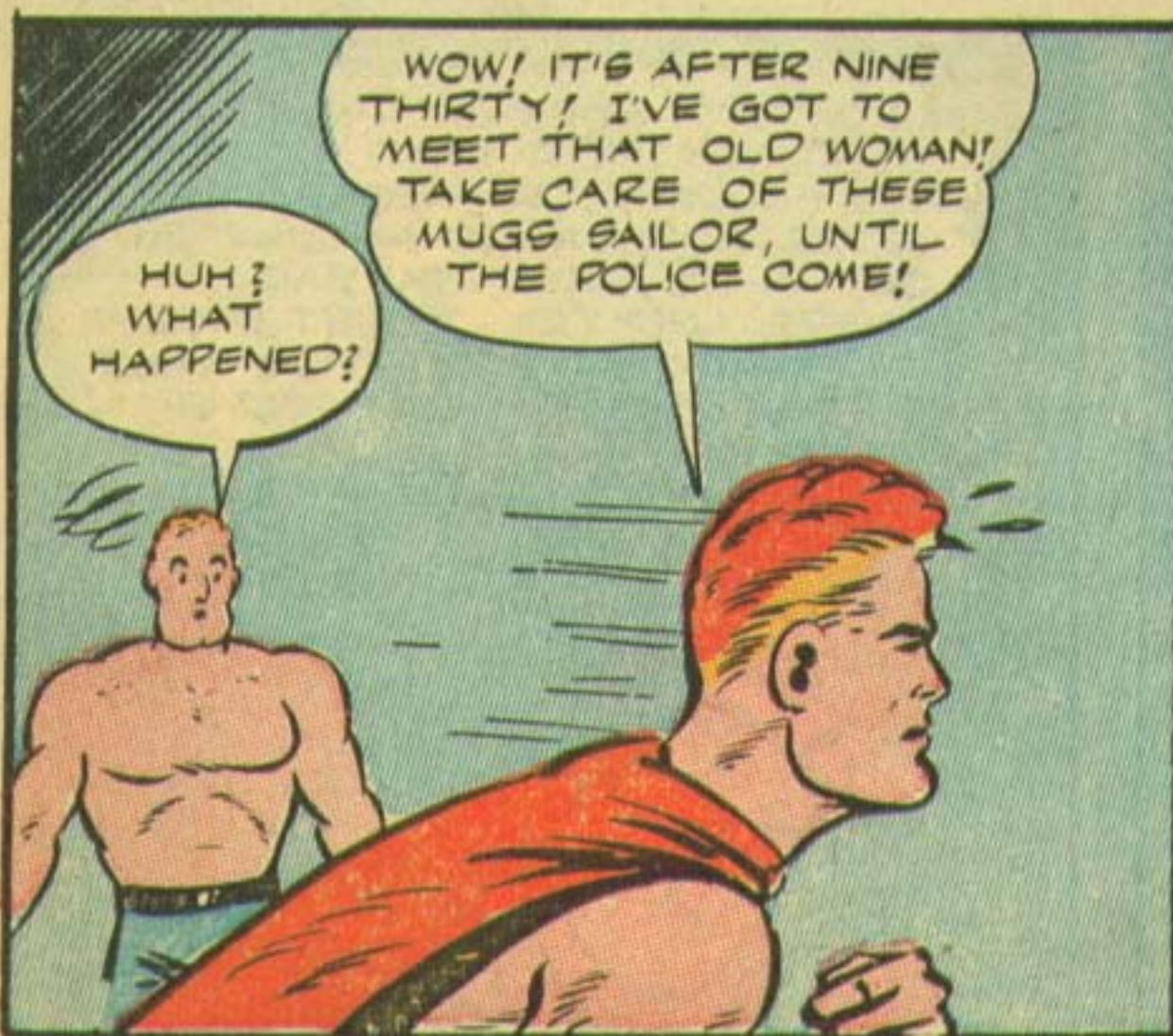
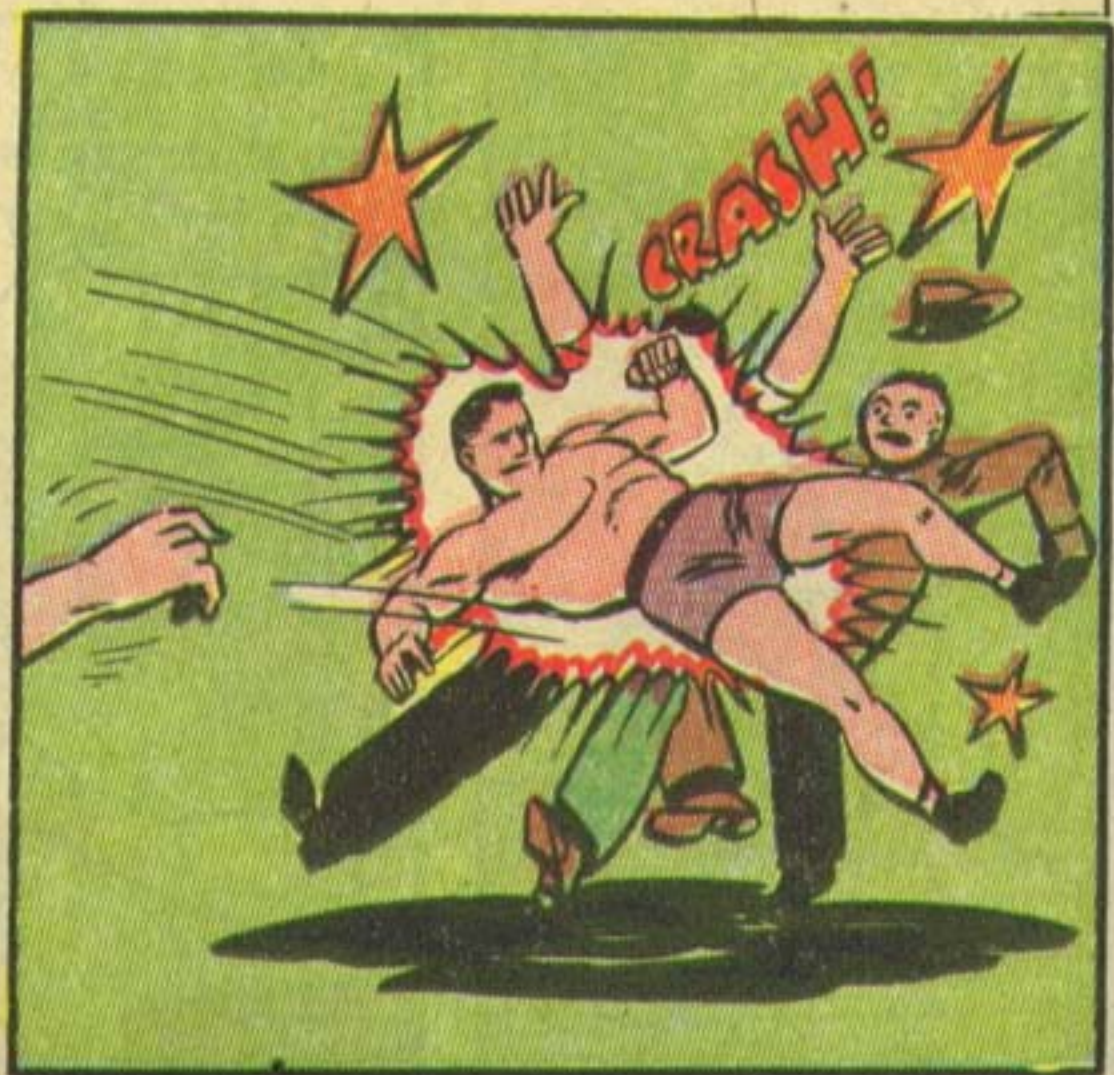
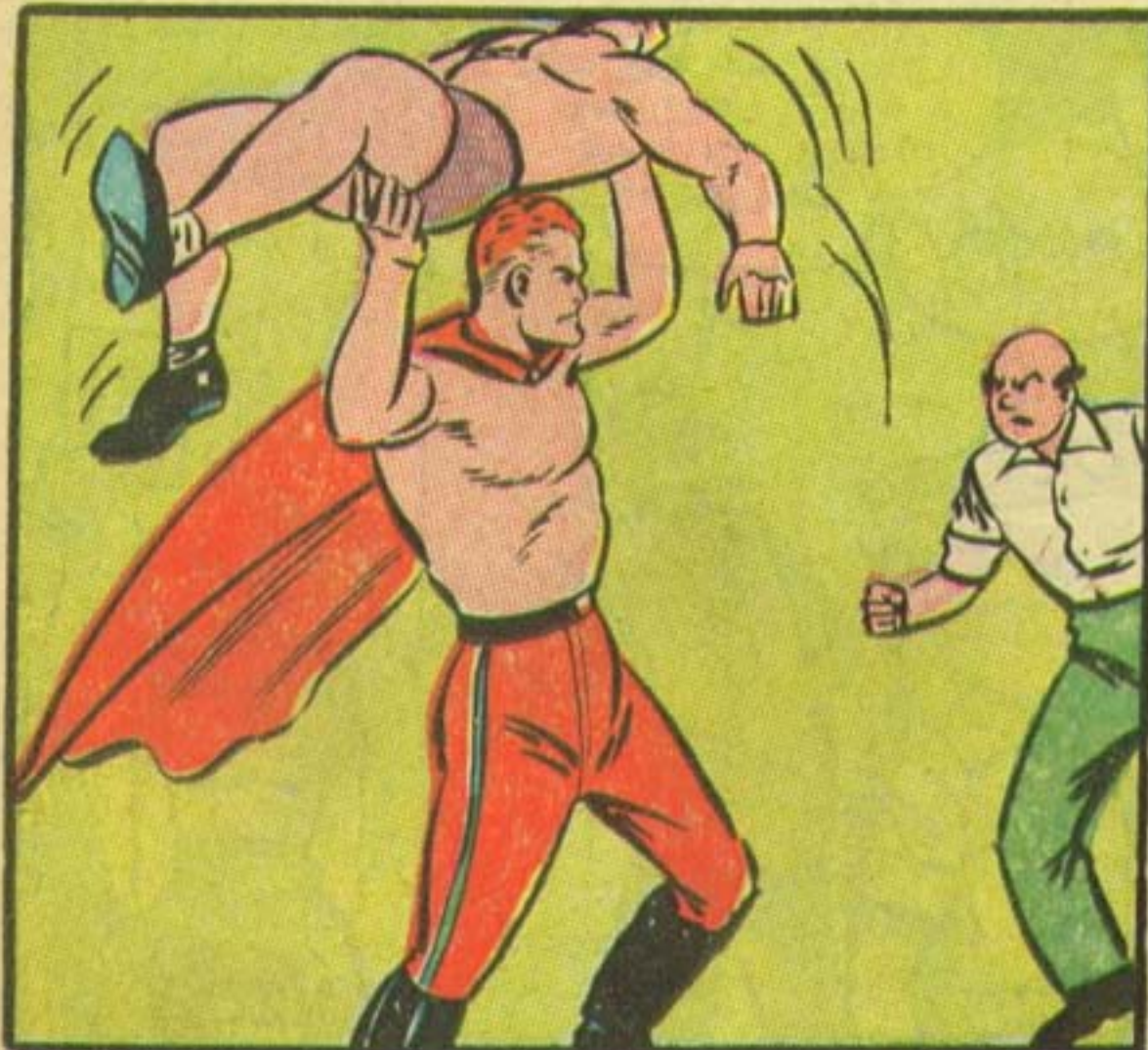
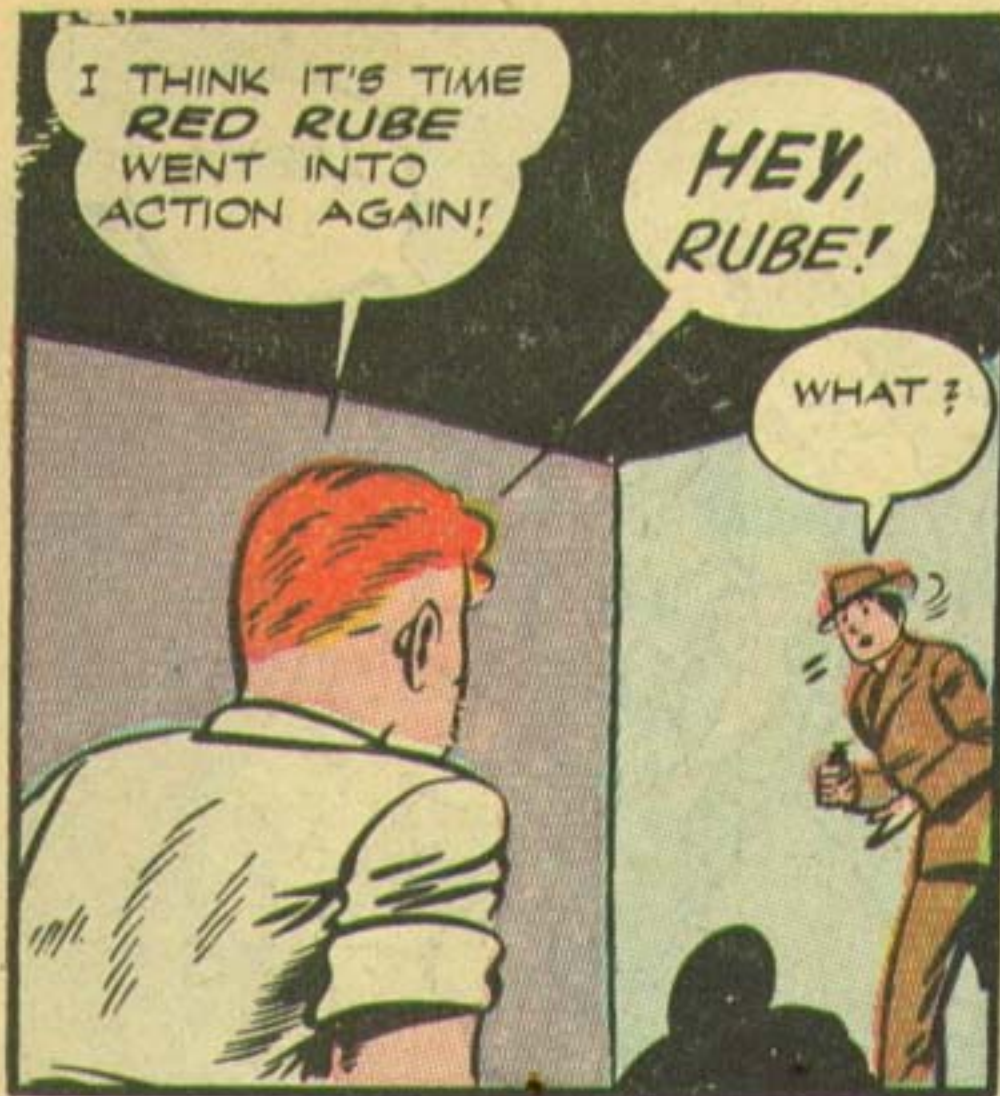
I'LL TAKE THAT \$500 NOW!



NOW TO GET THIS MONEY TO THE OLD WOMAN AND HER SON!

HEY, RUBE!







A FEW MINUTES LATER -- AT THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE DAILY SUN!

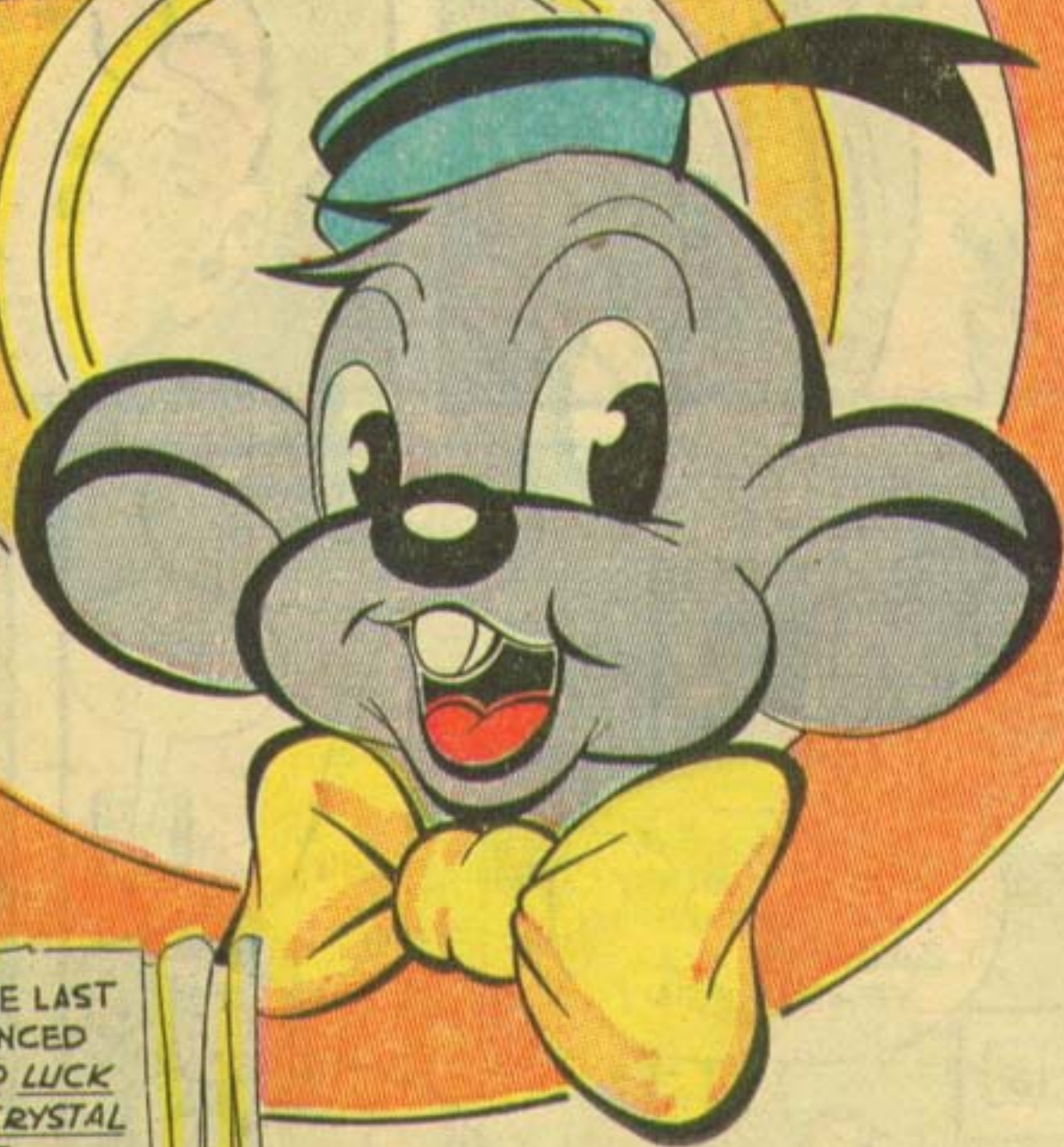


HURRIEDLY YOUNG RUBE TELLS ABOUT THE CLEVER SPY RING -- AND HOW IT WORKED!



CHIMPY

-by JOE EDWARDS



REMEMBER FOLKS - IN THE LAST ISSUE CHIMPY WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN WEEKS OF HARD LUCK FOR BREAKING PLUTO'S CRYSTAL BALL / SOOOOO - DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU FIND HE IS A LITTLE WORRIED PPP

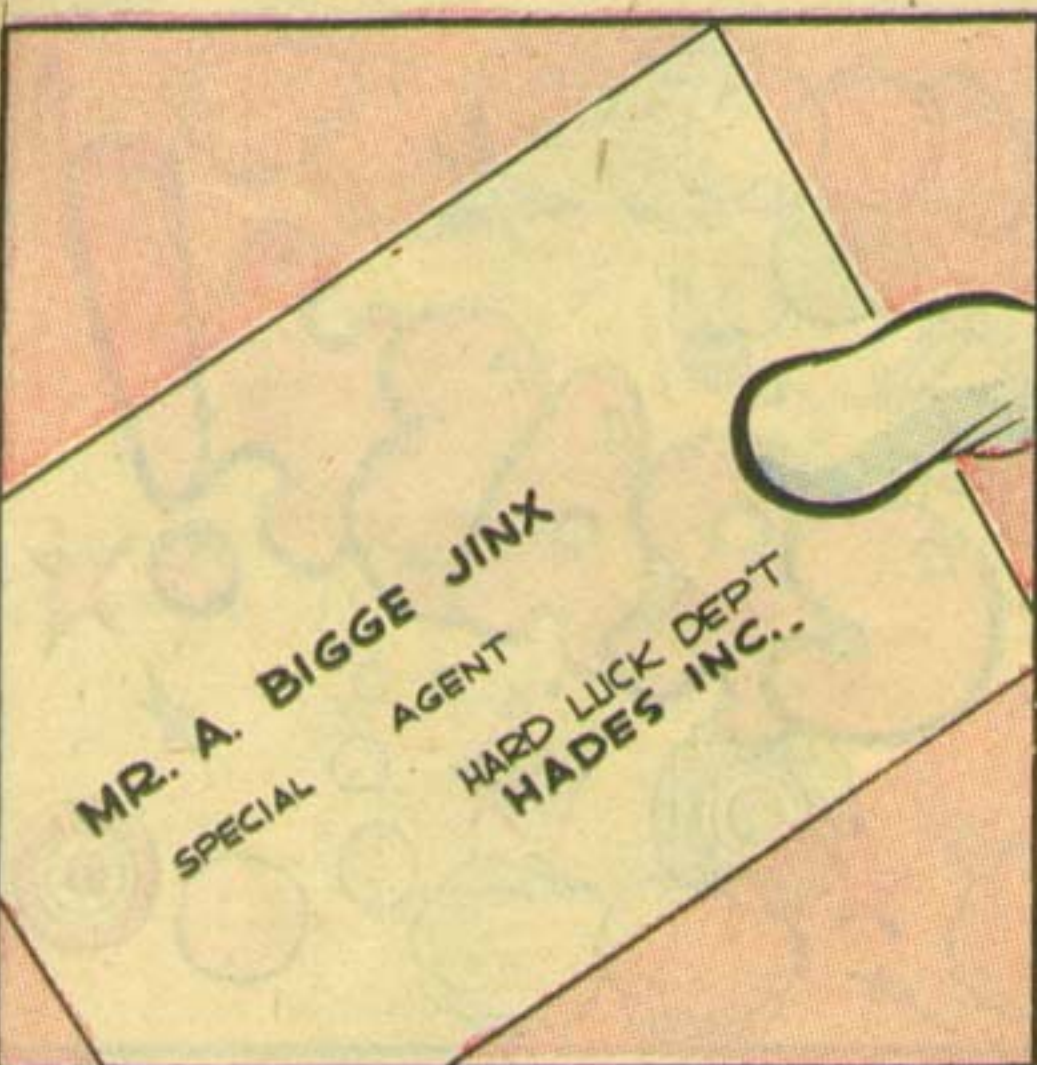
GOSH!
GENIE I'M
WORRIED!

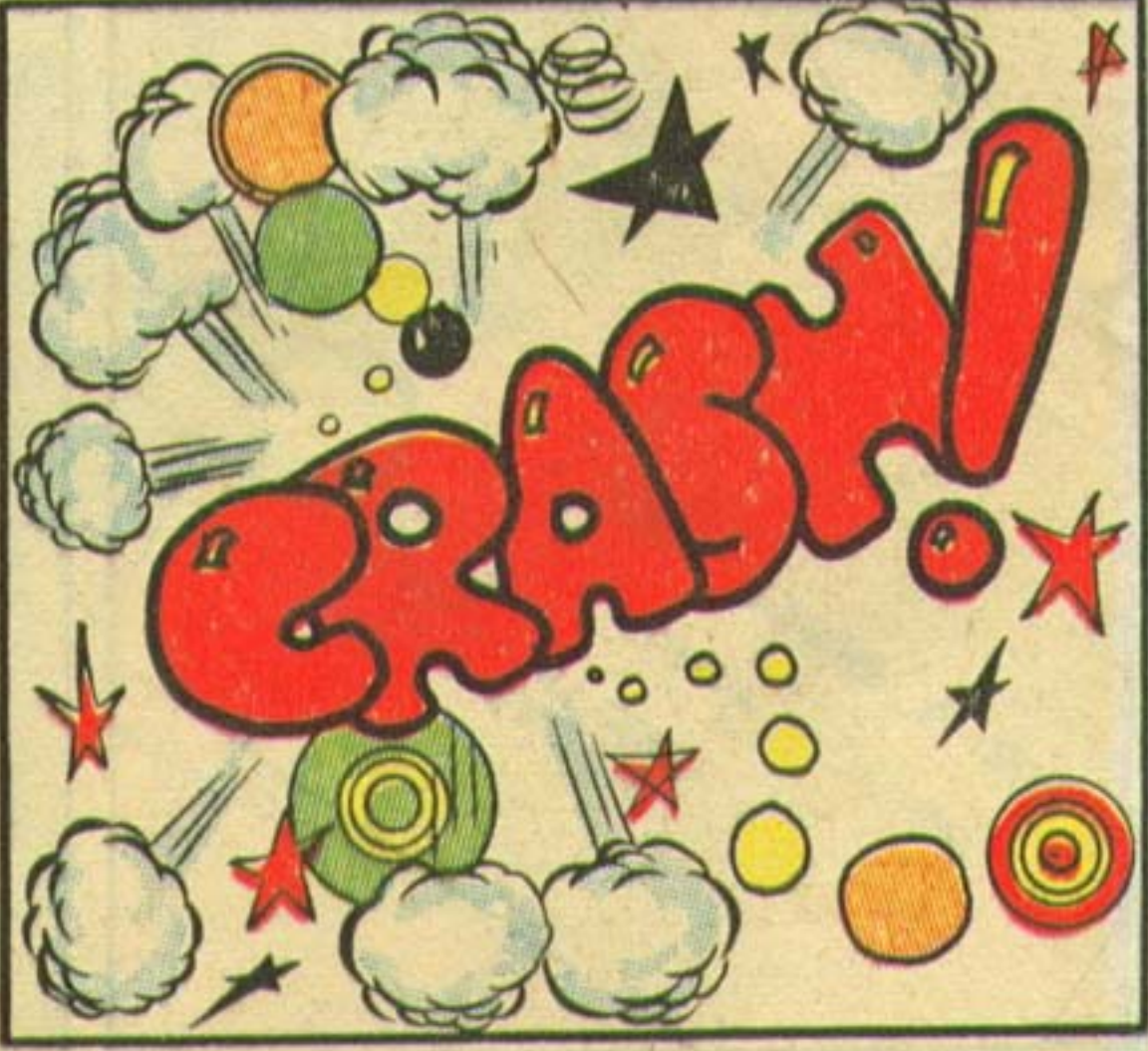


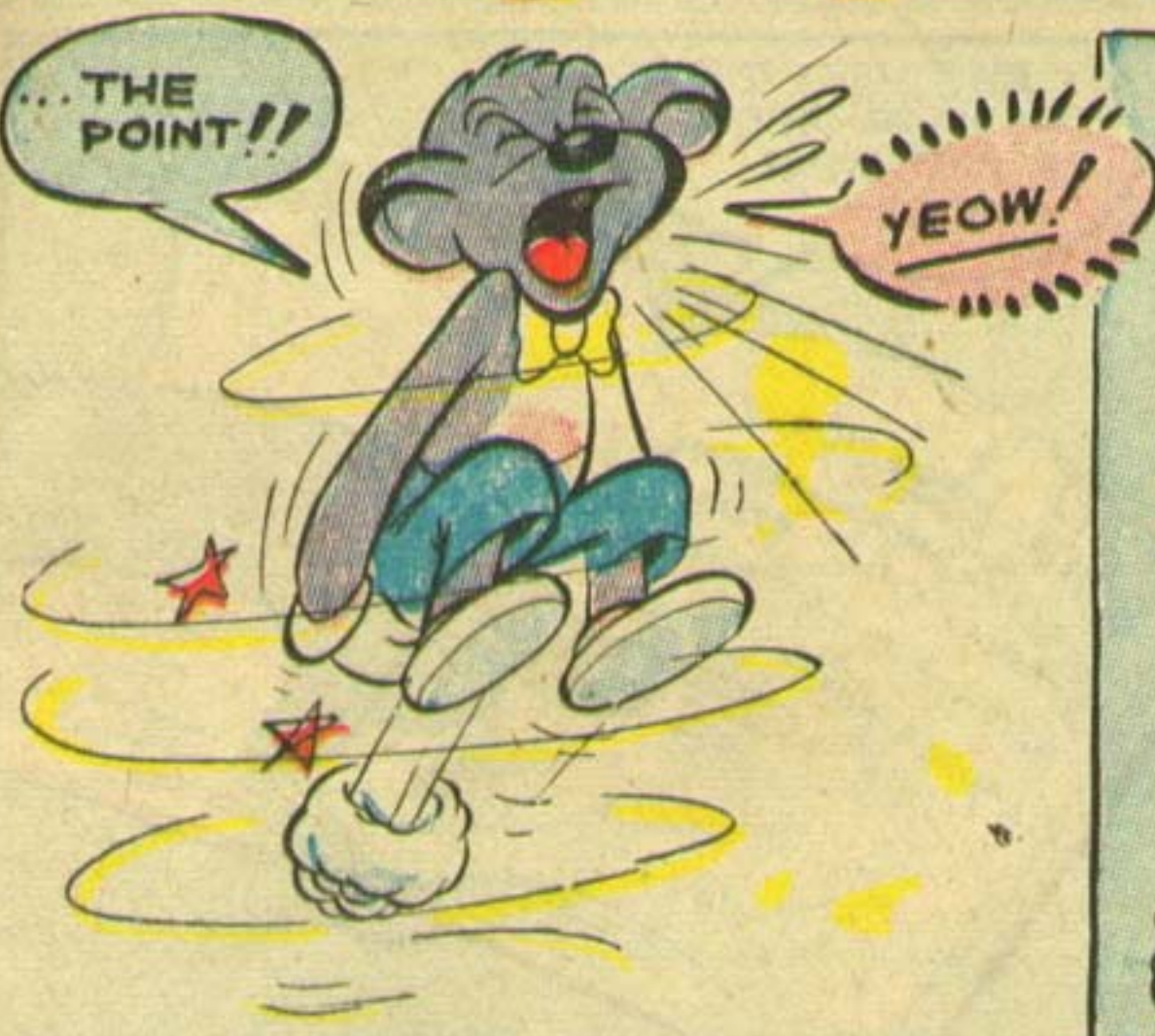
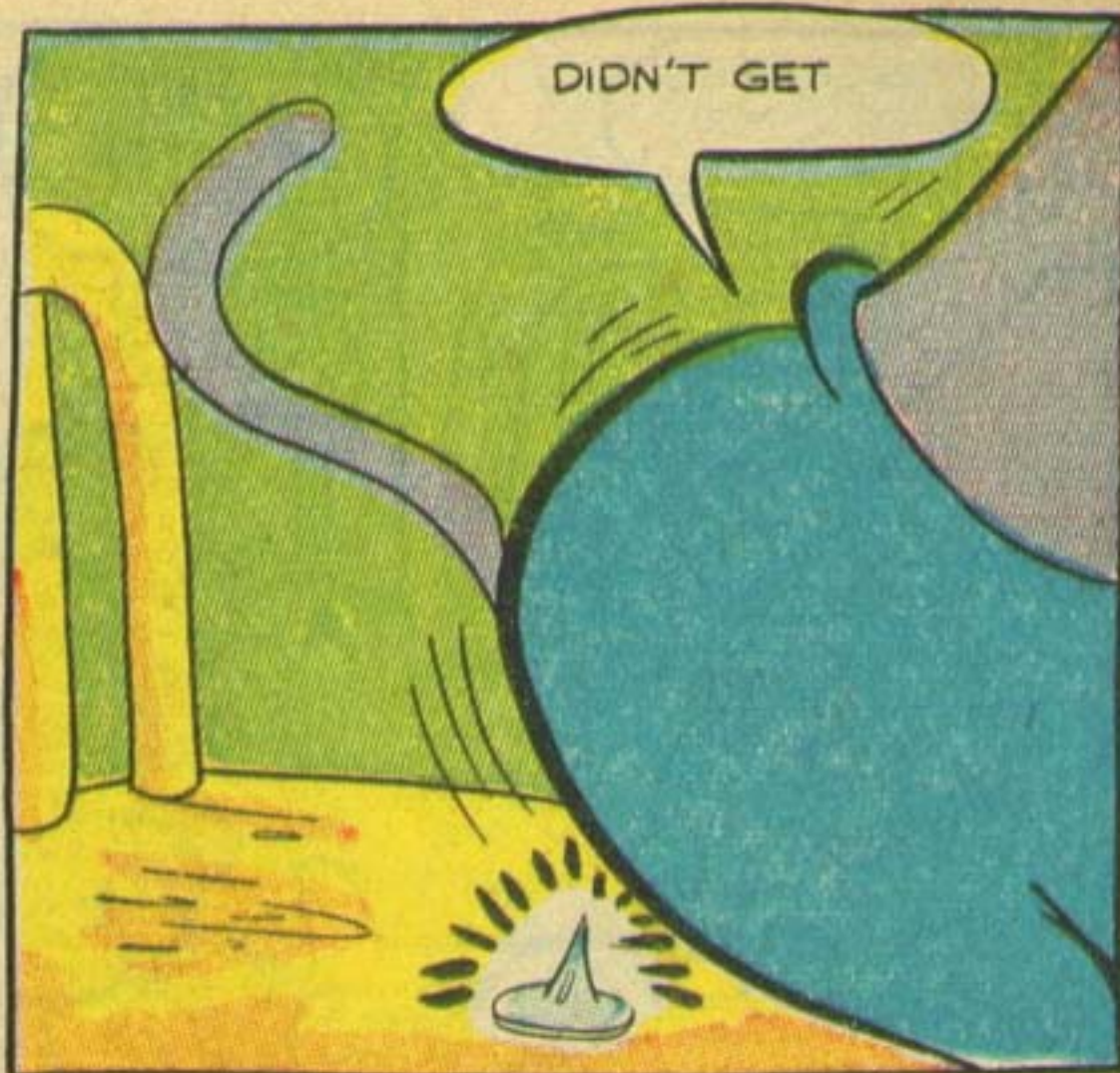
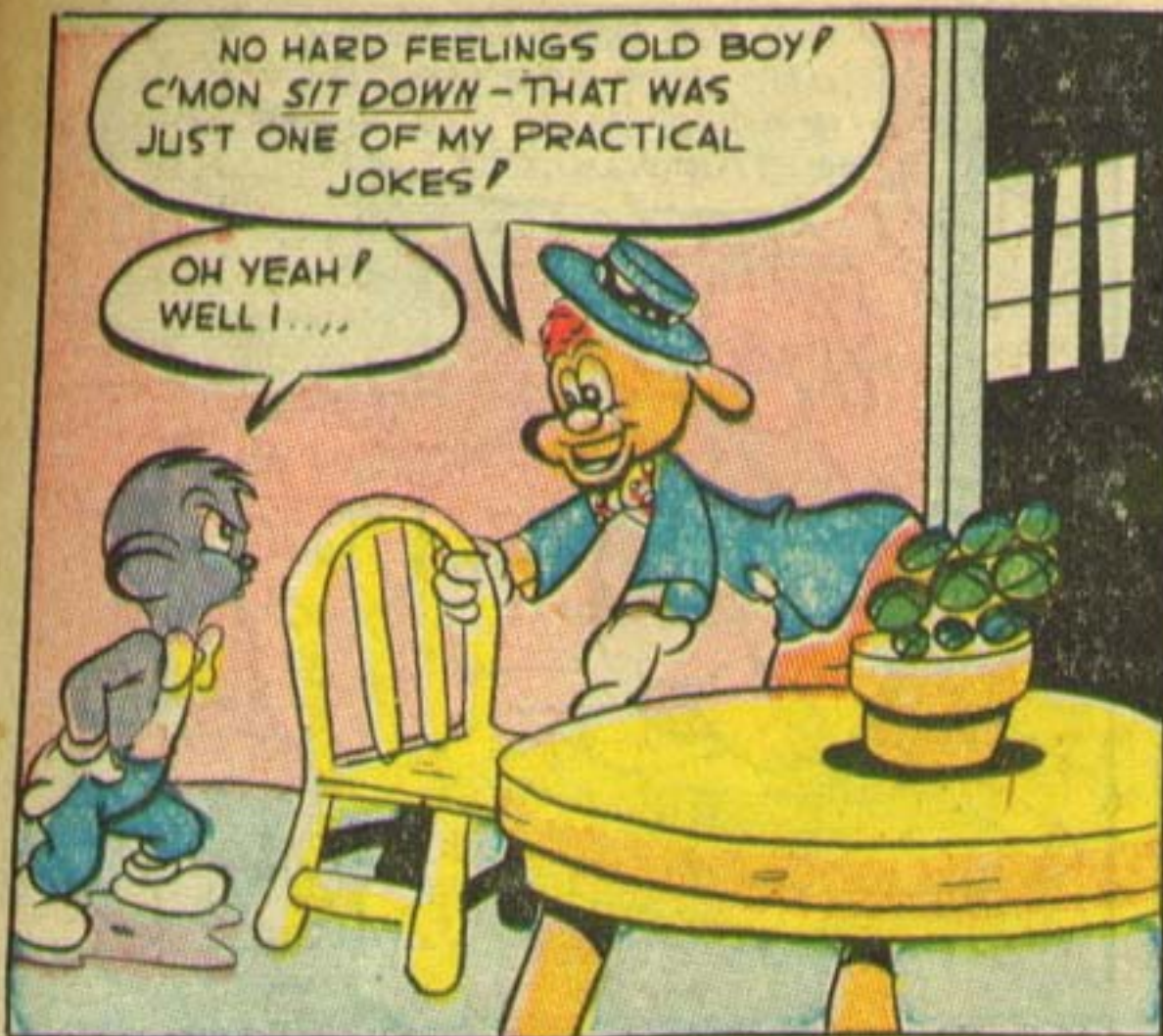
I'VE GOT A FEELING
SOMETHING'S GOING TO
HAPPEN ANY MINUTE ---
--- OH! OH! HERE
IT COMES ---

KNOCK
KNOCK



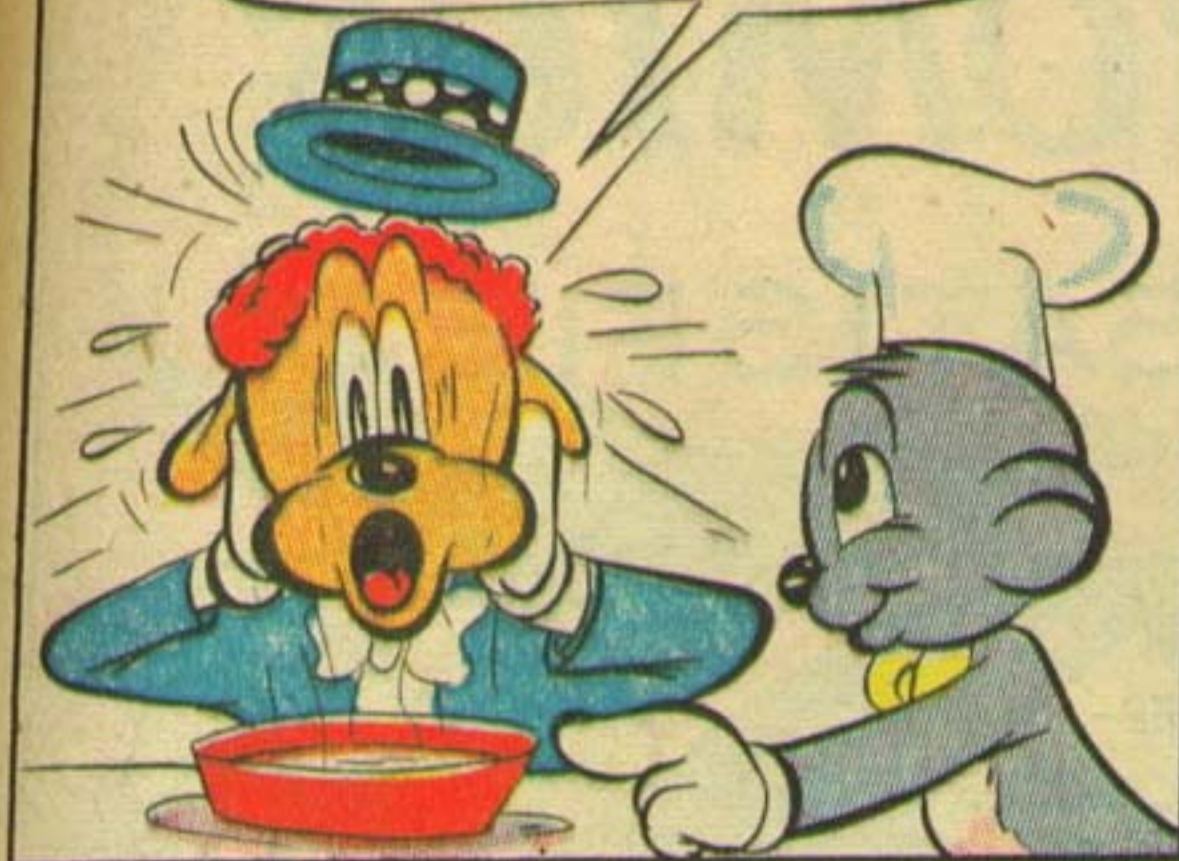








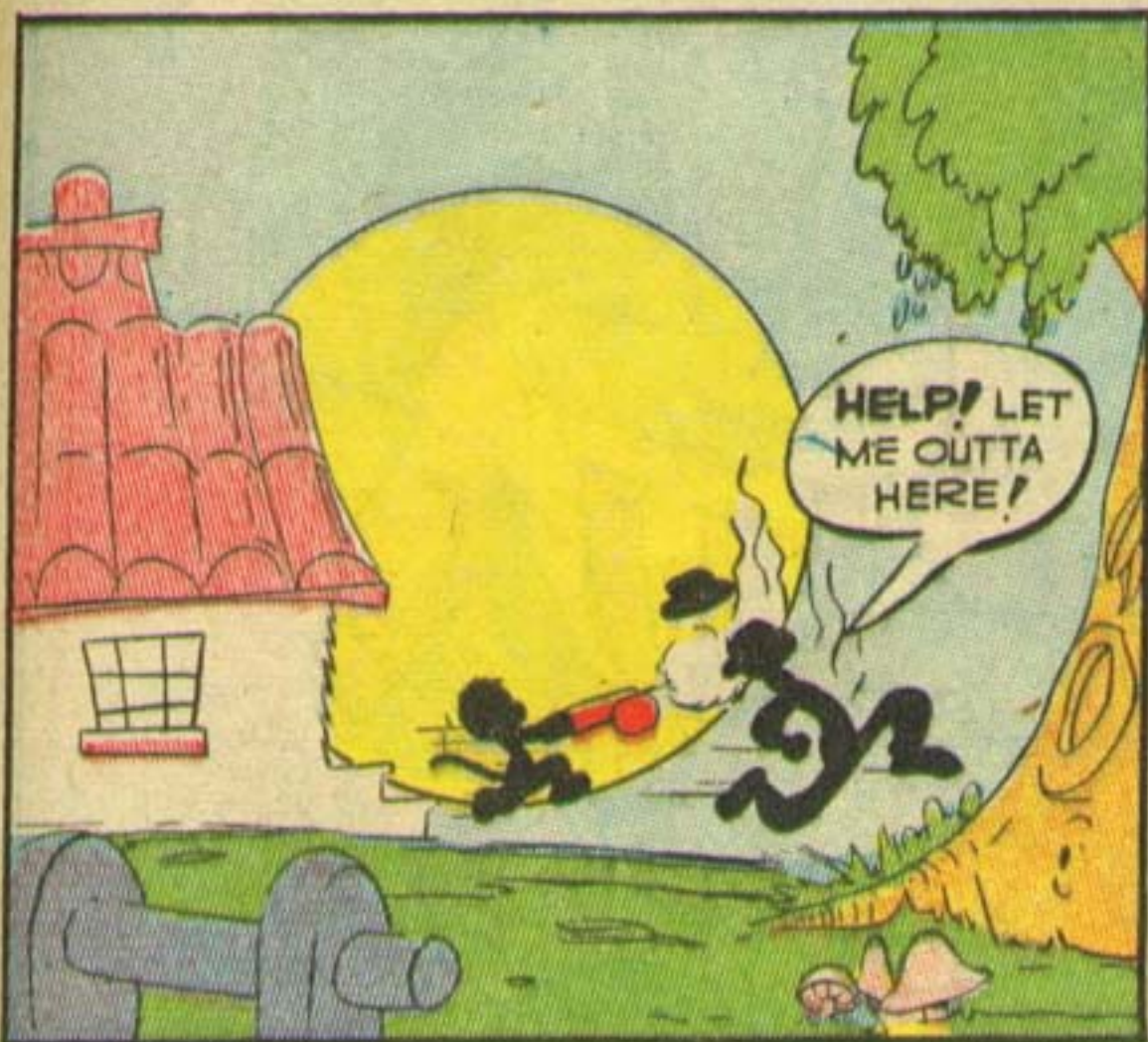
ONION SOUP!!



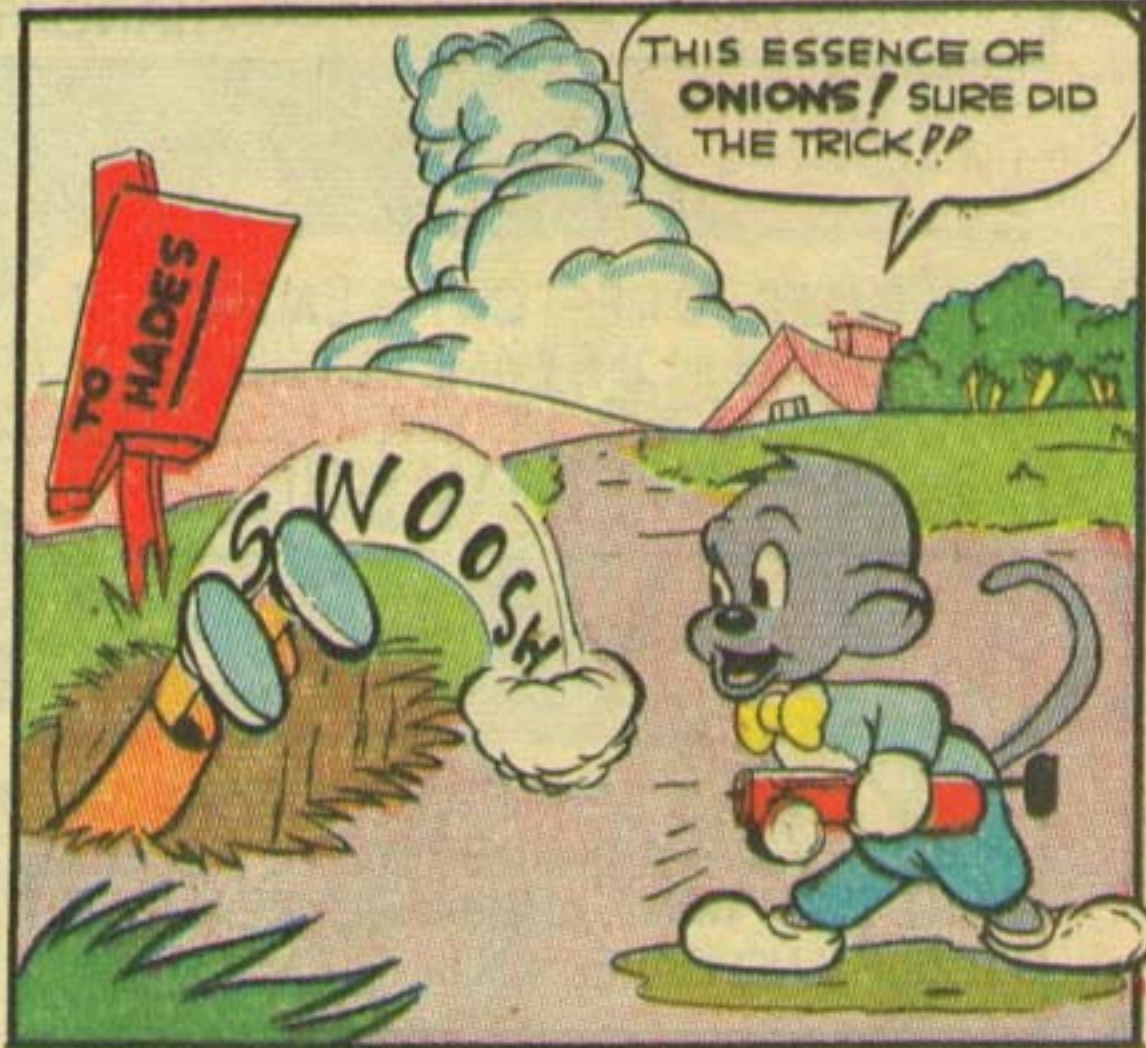
YEOW! ONIONS!
THE ONE THING I
CAN'T STAND!!



HELP! LET
ME OUTTA
HERE!



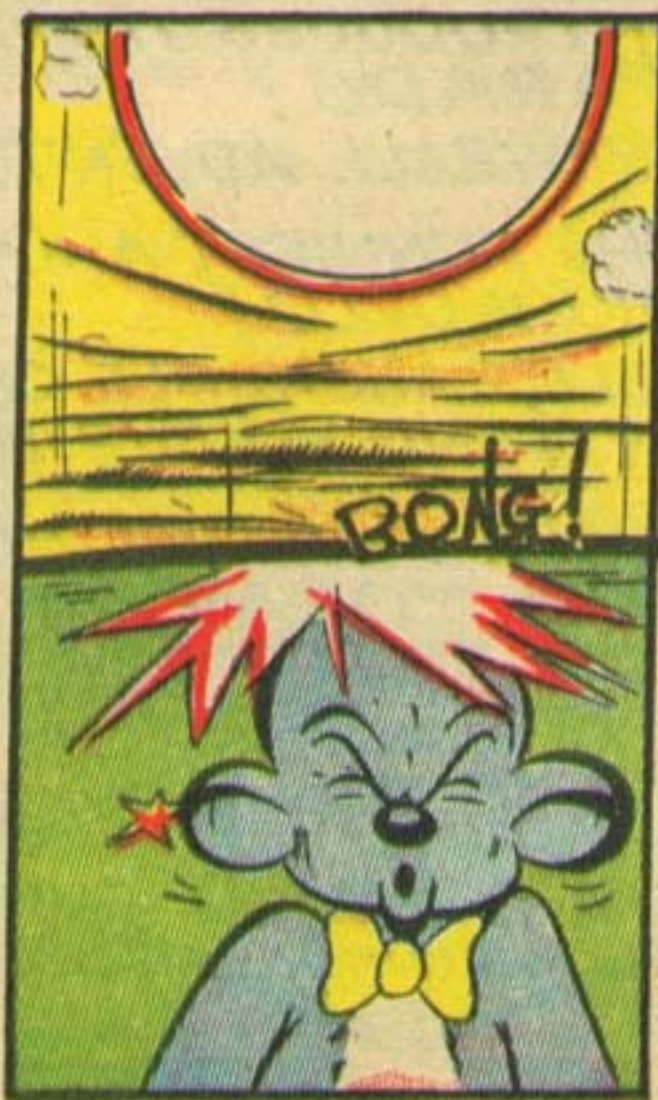
THIS ESSENCE OF
ONIONS! SURE DID
THE TRICK!!



WELL GENIE — I
SURE TOOK CARE
OF THAT GUY! NO
MORE HARD LUCK
FOR ME!



BONG!



THE
END

GULP — I
HAD TO
OPEN MY BIG
MOUTH!



PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS, A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *the* HANGMAN

PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - THE NEW SHIELD

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND, ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - ARCHIE



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YOU'RE GUARANTEED YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. GET YOUR COPY OF **PEP COMICS** TODAY!



Ginger

AND SO, STUDENTS, PRINCIPAL GRUMP IS ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO HELP THE FARMERS WITH THEIR CROPS! NATURALLY SCHOOL WILL BE CLOSED FOR THE DAY!

NO SCHOOL!
I'LL GO!

YES, DR. PIDDLE--
AND YOU MIGHT
ADD, A DAY IN THE
COUNTRY WOULD
DO THEM SOME
GOOD!

ME
TOO!

WHEEE...
COUNT
ME IN!

MOE

GINGER SNAPP! I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN! REPORT TO MY OF-
FICE! I'LL PUNISH YOU
PROPERLY FOR THAT
VIOLENT OUTBURST!

BUT-- BUT
I DIDN'T
MEAN IT,
MR.
GRUMP!

YOU KNOW, PRINCIPAL
GRUMP! AS LONG
AS WE'RE GOING
TO BE IN THE
COUNTRY OUR-
SELVES, I WAS
JUST THINKING--

I KNOW
EXACTLY
WHAT
YOU MEAN,
DR. PIDDLE!

CLUNK





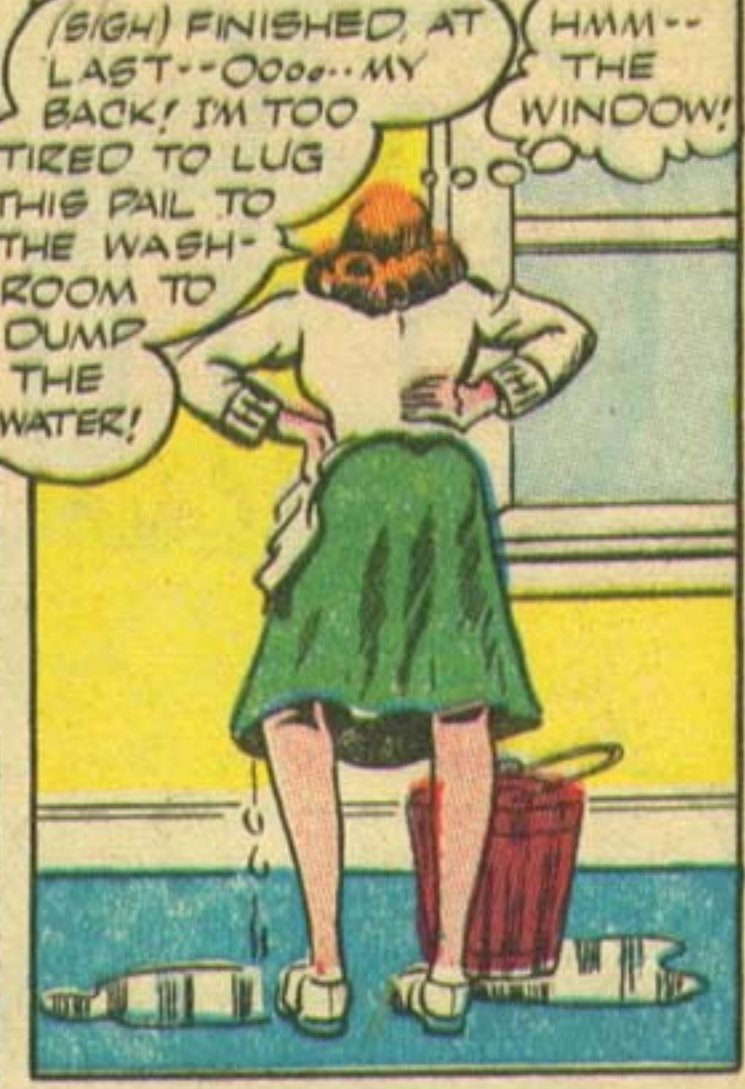
IT WOULDN'T HURT TO HAVE MY BUTTERFLY NET ALONG! JUST IN CASE--

NOT AT ALL! AND I--AH--HEM-- MIGHT TAKE MY FISHING ROD WITH ME. HEH---HEH--



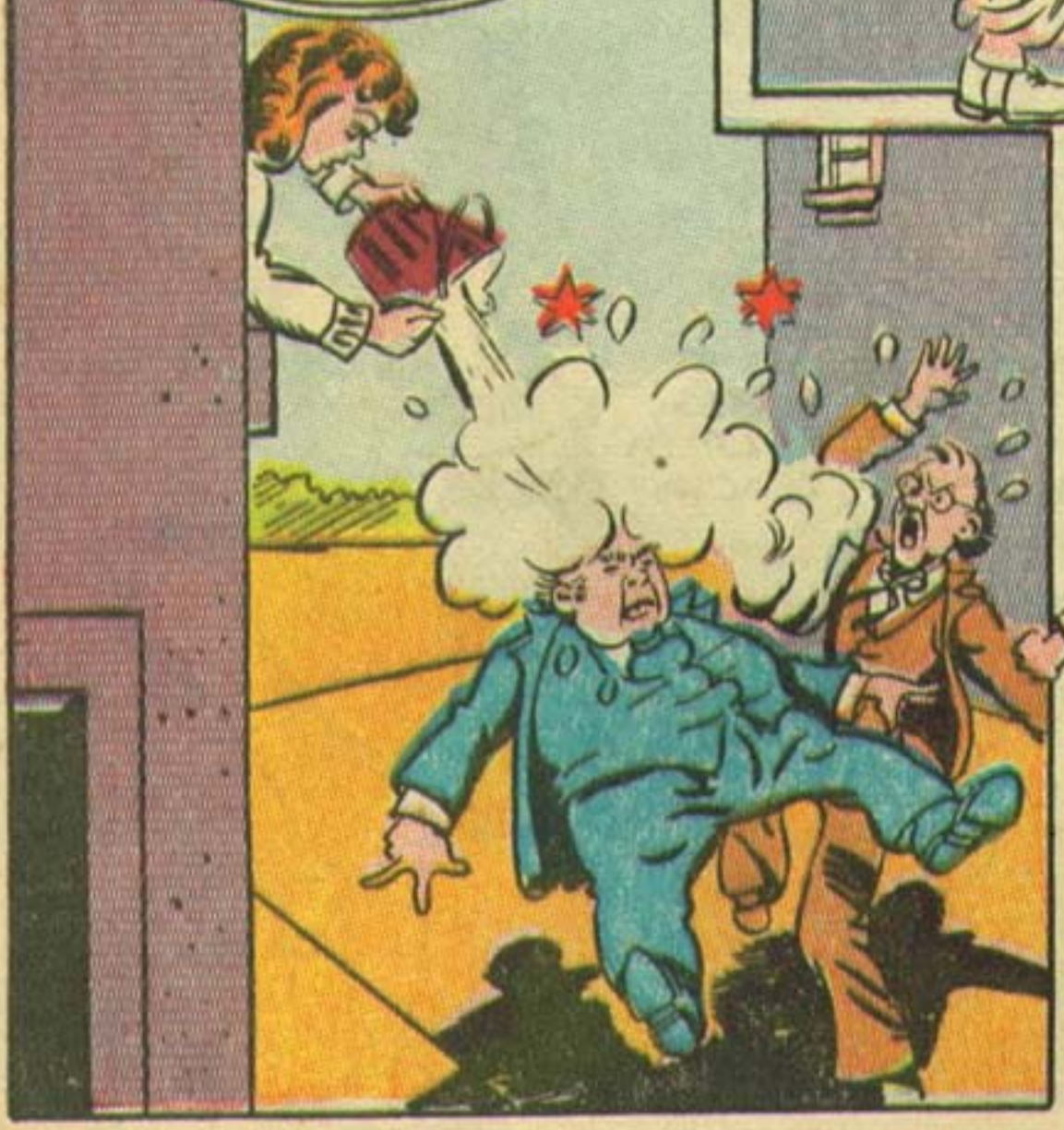
LATER, IN PRINCIPAL GRUMP'S OFFICE

GOLLY! EVERY TIME I GET IN TROUBLE WITH GRUMP HE MAKES ME CLEAN HIS OFFICE!



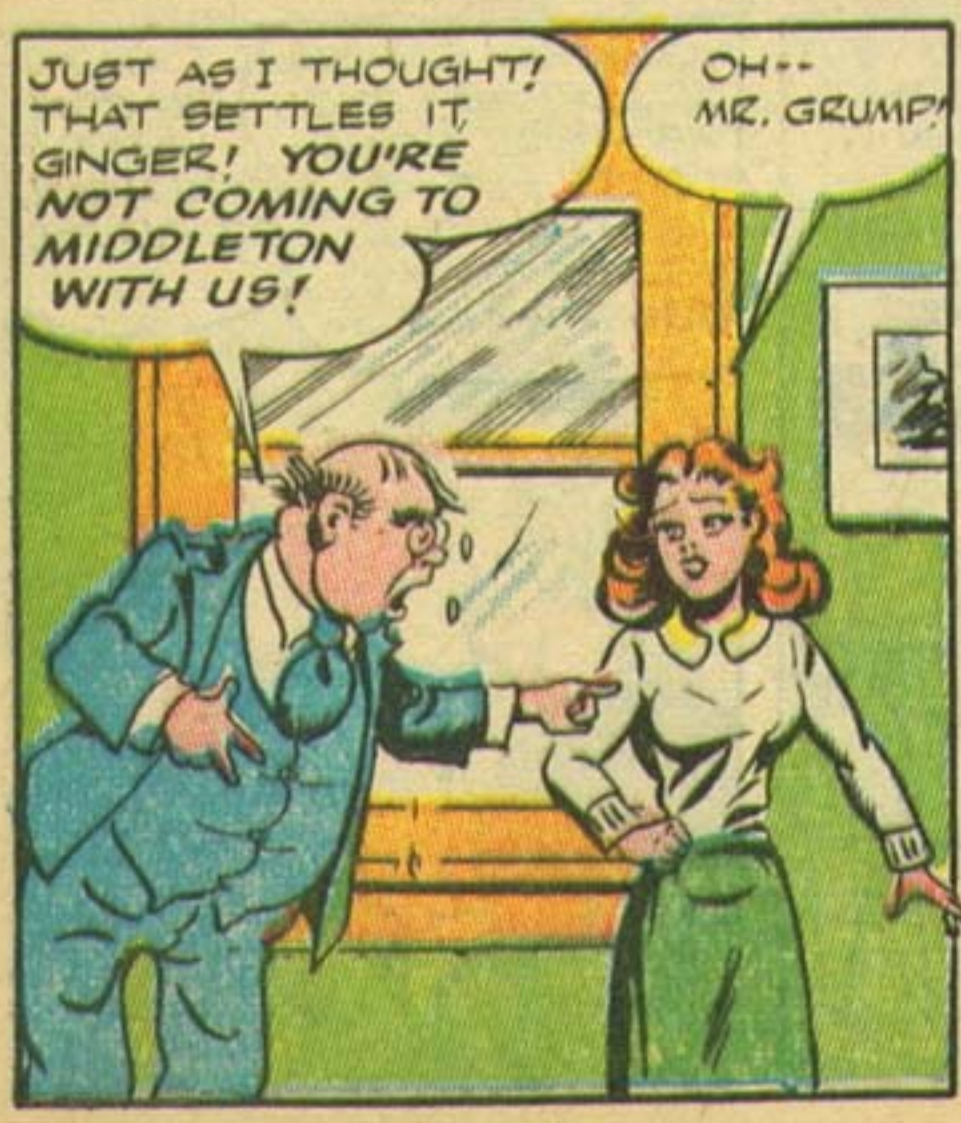
(SIGH) FINISHED, AT LAST--Oooo--MY BACK! I'M TOO TIRED TO LUG THIS PAIL TO THE WASH-ROOM TO DUMP THE WATER!

HMM-- THE WINDOW!



THAT WATER CAME FROM YOUR WINDOW, MR. GRUMP!

YES!-- AND I THINK I KNOW WHO THREW IT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT SETTLES IT, GINGER! YOU'RE NOT COMING TO MIDDLETON WITH US!

OH-- MR. GRUMP!



THE OLD MEANIE! AND I SO WANTED TO DO MY SHARE HELPING THE FARMERS! THAT SOURPUSS IS A SABOTEUR, THAT'S WHAT!



YEEOW! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! AUNT MATILDA LIVES IN MIDDLETON! GRUMP CAN'T STOP ME FROM VISITING HER!

AND SO THE MORNING OF THE OUTING FINDS PRINCIPAL GRUMP AND HIS STUDENTS AT MIDDLETON...

THAT'S RIGHT MY GOOD MAN! AND YOU, I PRESUME ARE THE FARMER WE'RE GOING TO HELP!

RECKON YOU MUST BE THE FOLKS FROM THE HIGH SHOOOL!

YOU KNOW GRUMP, I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS WITHOUT GINGER!

YES! SHE DOES MAKE THINGS UNCOMFORTABLE, PIDDLE!

I BET IT'S LOADS OF FUN BEING A FARMER!

NO SCHOOL! FISHING ALL DAY!



DO WATER-MELONS GROW ON TREES?

HOW DO YOU GET THE COWS TO PUT THE MILK RIGHT INTO THE BOTTLES?

HOW DO YOUR HENS LAY THOSE PRETTY EASTER EGGS?

DO CORNS REALLY HAVE EARS?

I KIN SEE WHERE THESE KIDS ARE GONNA BE A BIG HELP BY CRACKY!

AH... THIS FRESH COUNTRY AIR MAKES ONE FEEL BUOYANT PIDDLE!

YES, GRUMP! ALMOST BUOYANT ENOUGH TO FLOAT AWAY! HEH, HEH!

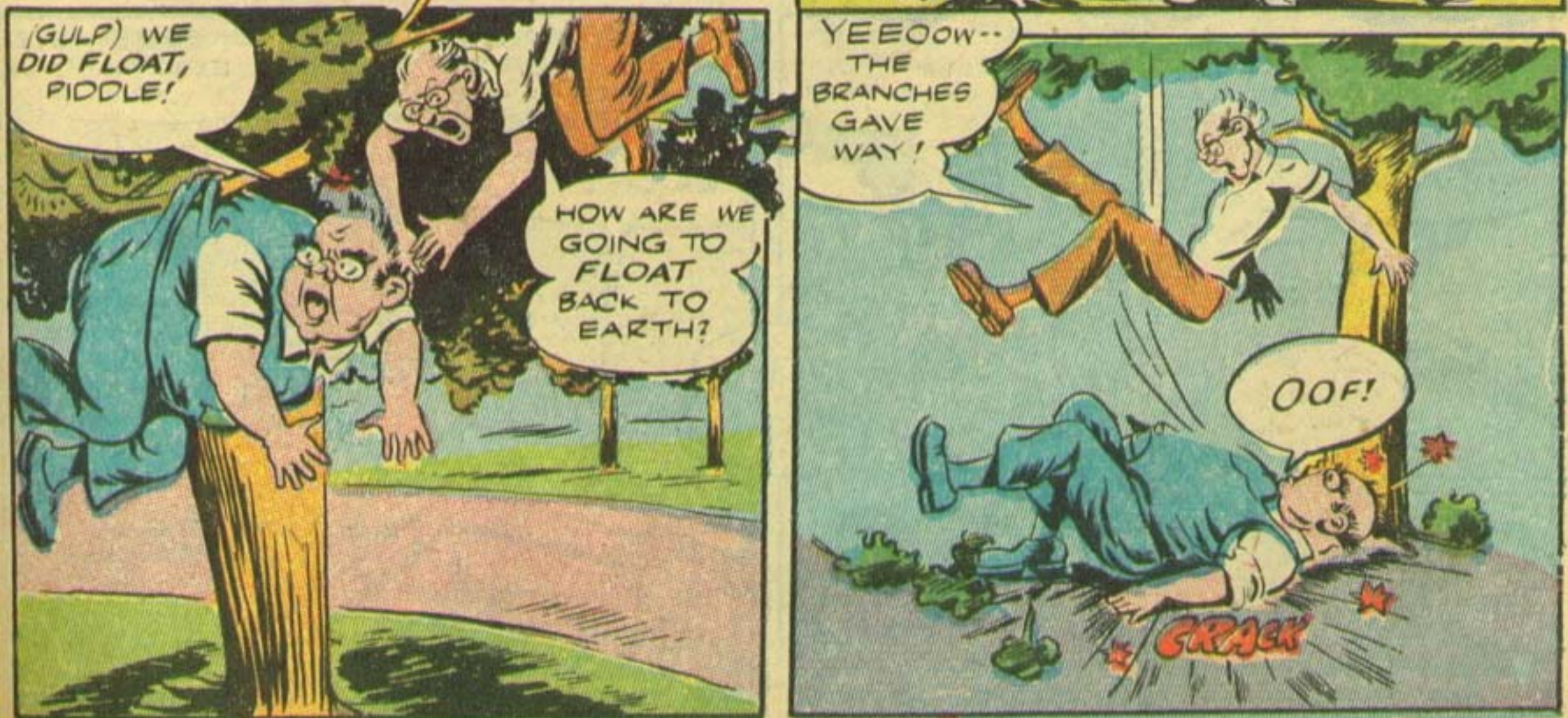


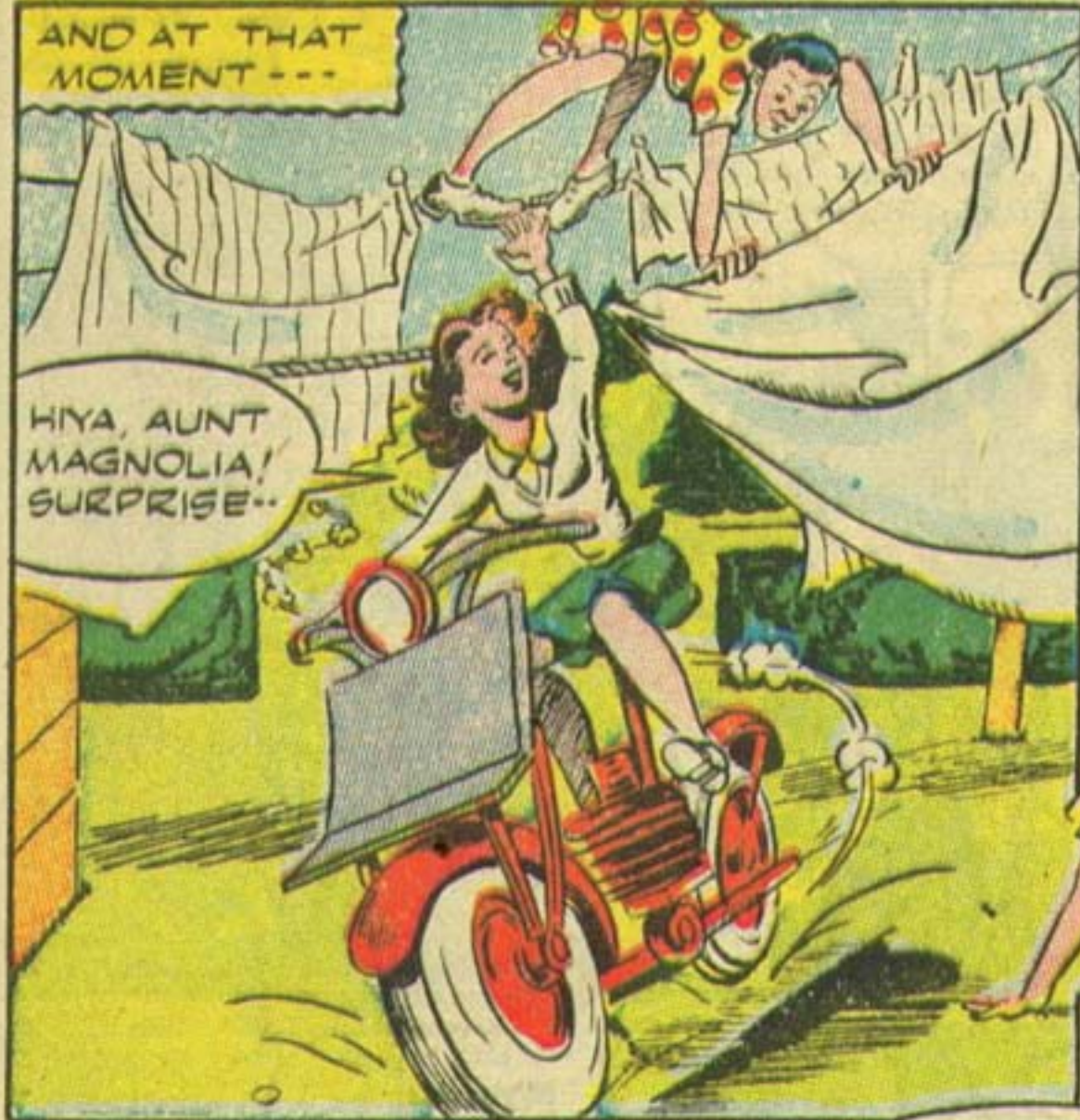
(GULP) WE DID FLOAT, PIDDLE!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO FLOAT BACK TO EARTH?

YEEOW-- THE BRANCHES GAVE WAY!

OOF!





AND AT THAT MOMENT ---

HIYA, AUNT MAGNOLIA! SURPRISE--



GOODNESS, GINGER! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW YOU WERE COMING? AND WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET THAT MOTOR-

BYKE!

OH, THAT!



WHEN I GOT OFF THE TRAIN, THERE WERE NO BUSES RUNNING, SO A NICE DELIVERY BOY GAVE ME A LIFT, AND EVEN LET ME DRIVE!



-- AND THEN WHEN I LOOKED AROUND THAT NICE BOY WASN'T SITTING THERE ANY-MORE!

HMM- FROM THE WAY YOU WERE DRIVING! I ONLY NEED ONE GUESS TO KNOW WHERE HE IS!



BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, ANYWAY, MISS MISCHIEF?



I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT- WHILE WE'RE EATING! AUNTIE! I'M FAMISHED!

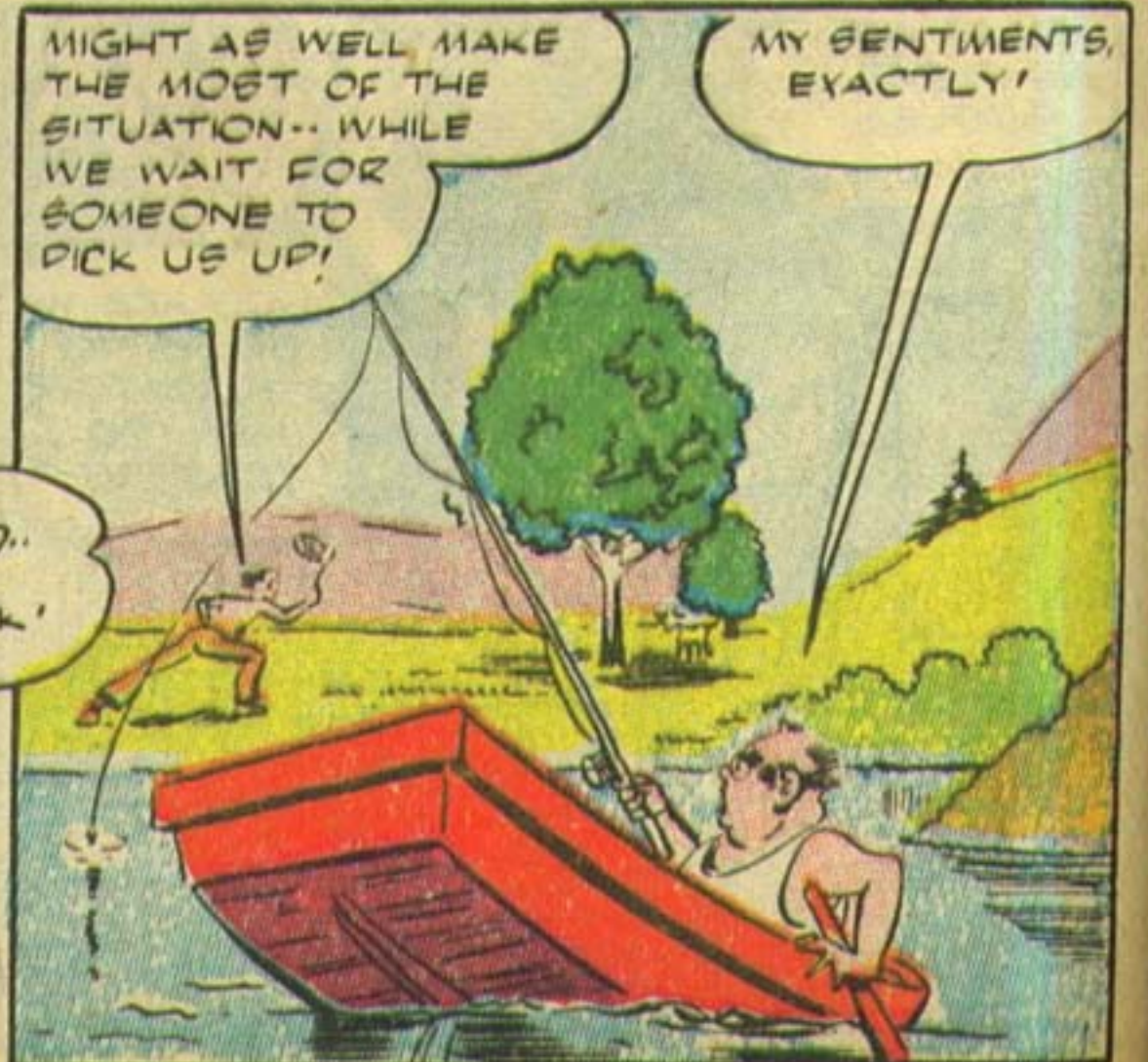


MEANWHILE ---

WELL, A NICE LAKE AND AN EMPTY ROW BOAT! RATHER TEMPTING ISN'T IT PIDDLE?

YES! AND I SEEM TO SEE A DELIGHTFUL SPECIES OF BUTTER-FLY!

Ooo.. MY BACK!



MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF THE SITUATION-- WHILE WE WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO PICK US UP!

MY SENTIMENTS, EXACTLY!



AH--JUST AS I THOUGHT!
A NOSTALGIUS POLY-
REMIUS!



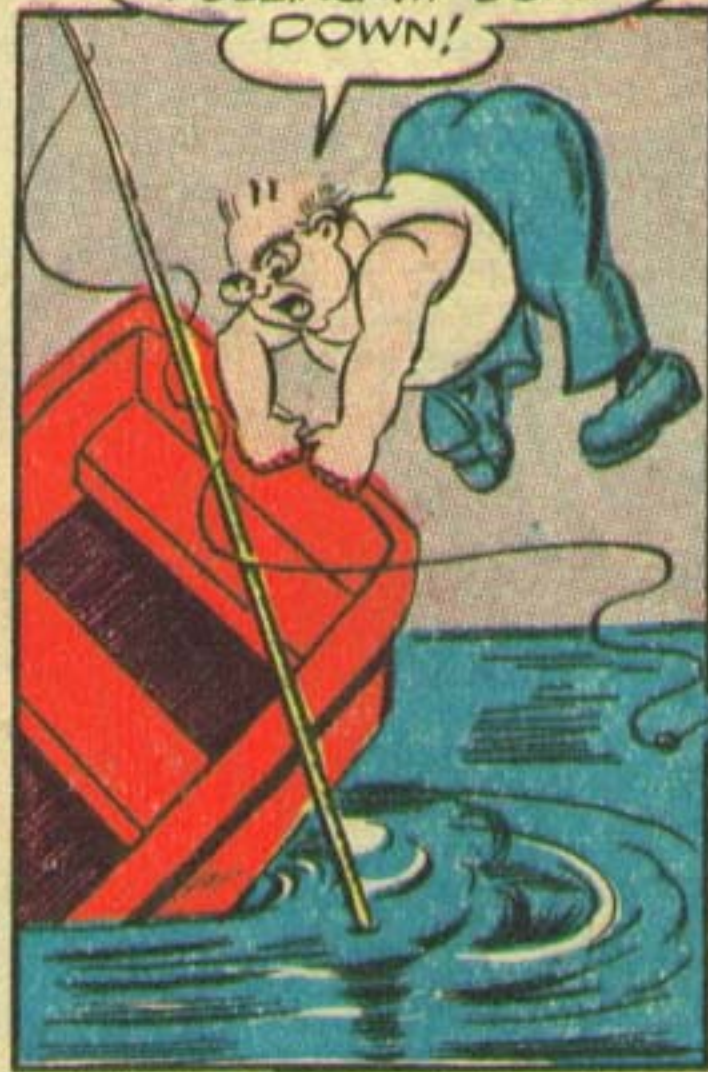
GOT YOU NOW, MY
SAVAGE BEAUTY!
WHA---



YEE OOW!
WASPS!



GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS
THAT LOUD SPLASH!
THE FISH MUST BE
GIGANTIC IN THIS
LAKE!



WHA--SOMETHING'S
PULLING MY BOAT
DOWN!

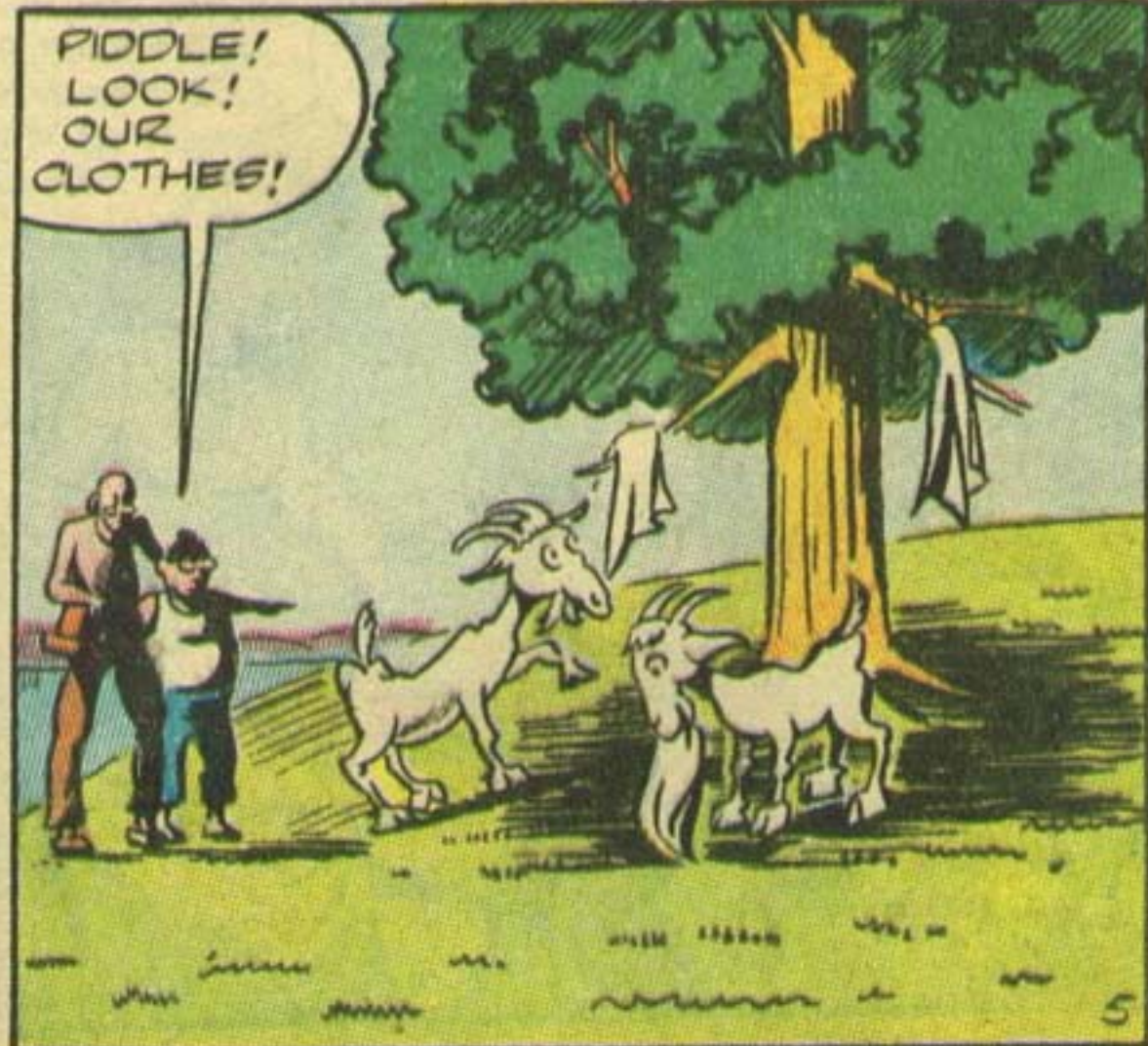


HAALLPP! THE
FISH ARE ATTACKING
ME!

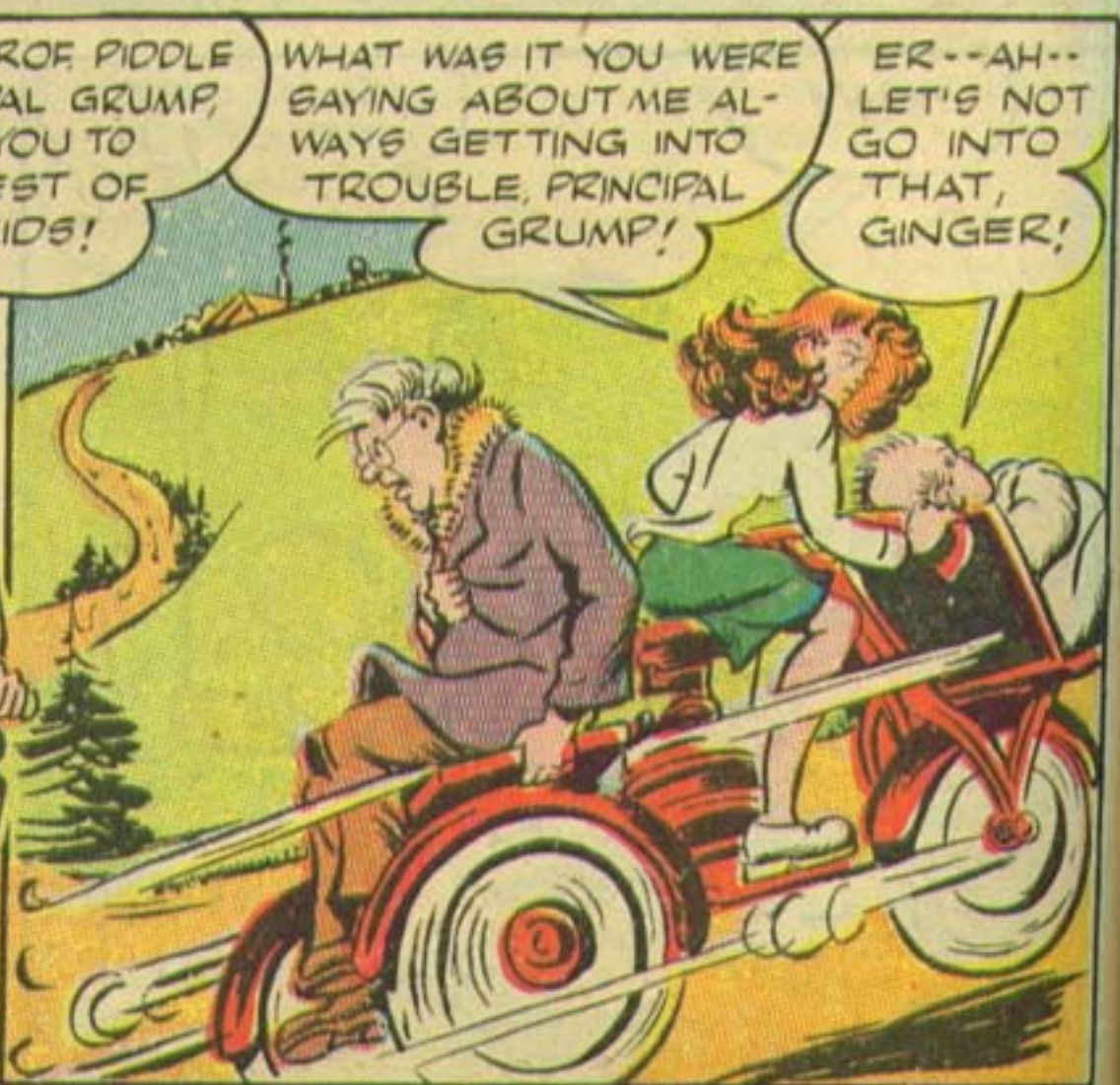
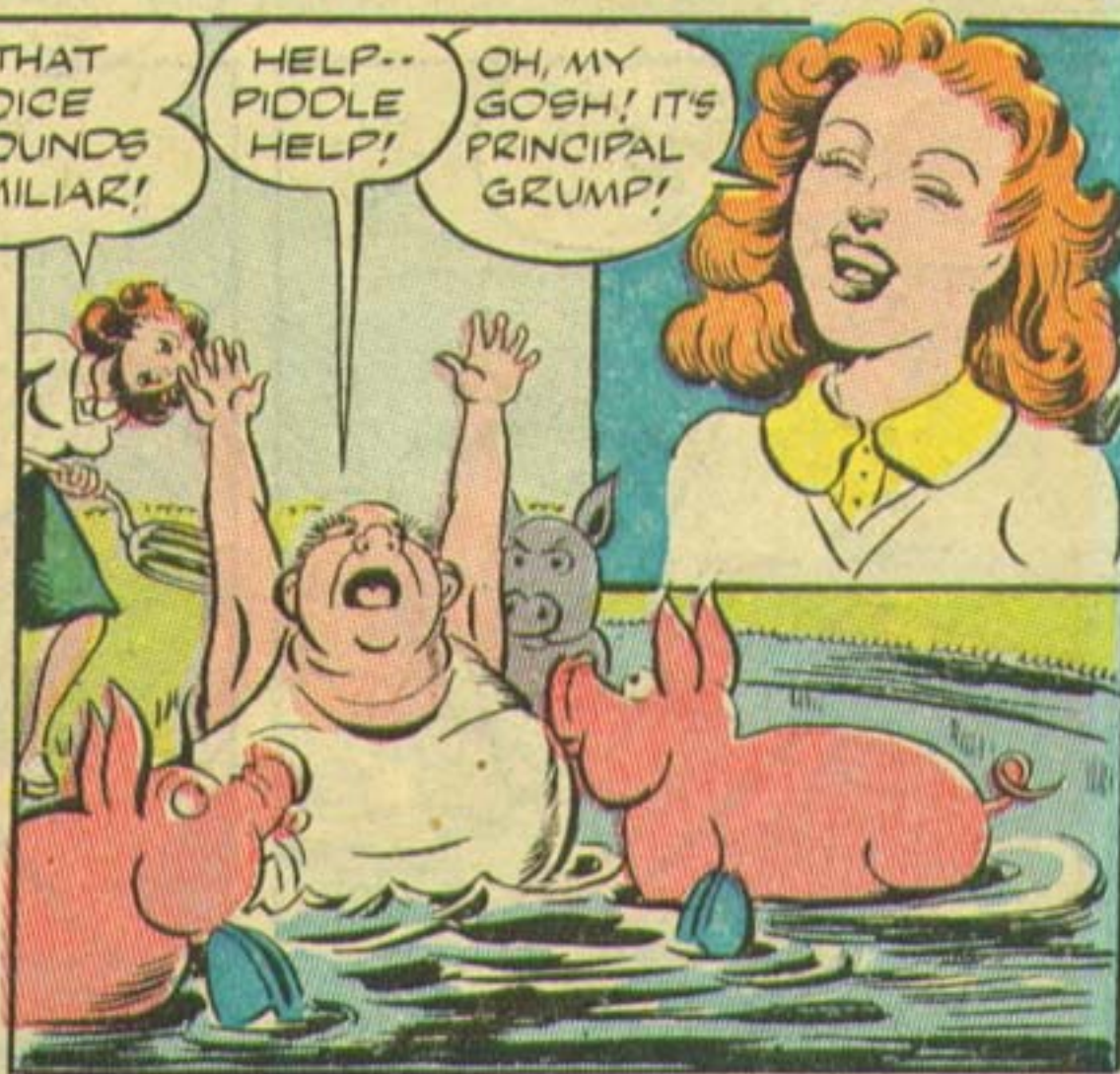
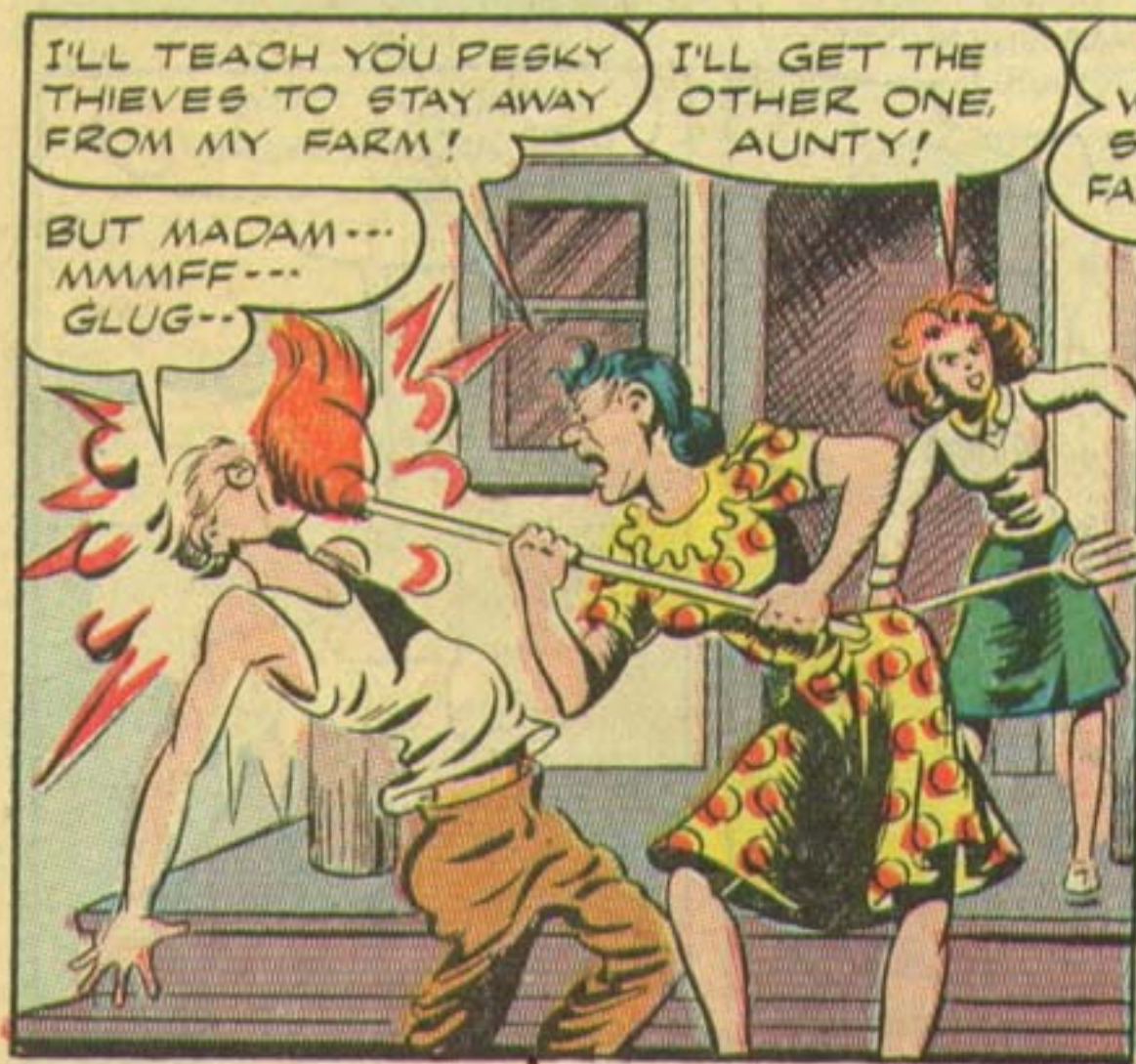
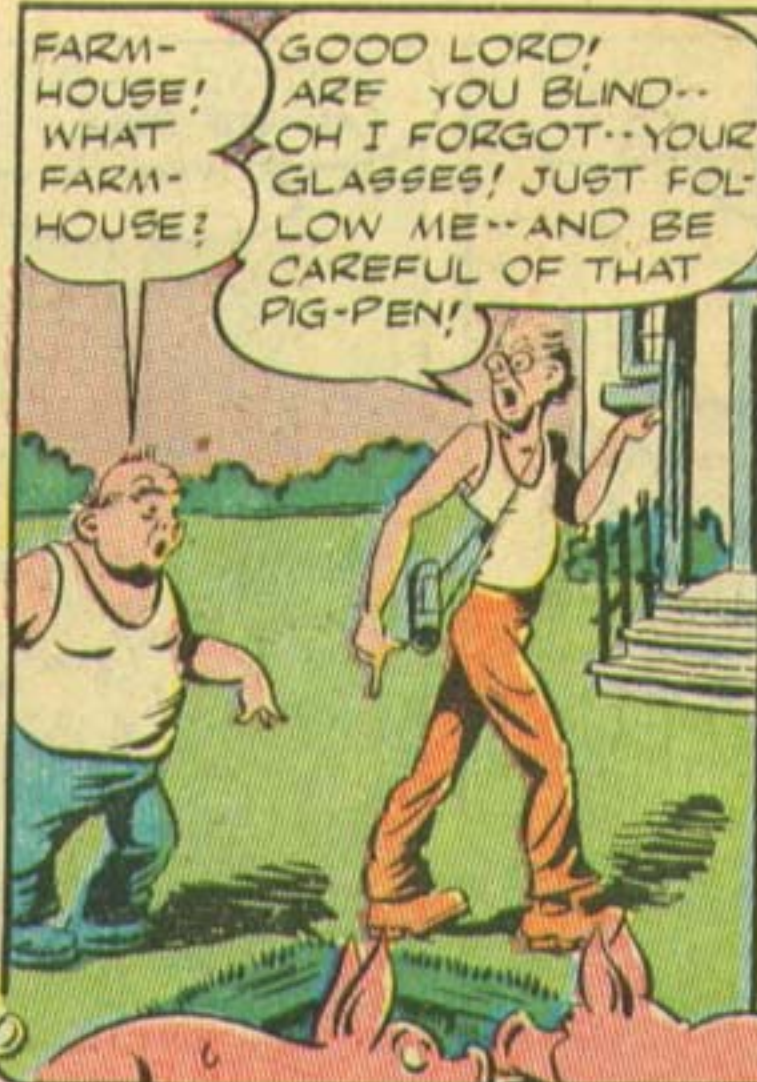


YOU!

(GLUB) GET
ME UP! I--
I CAN'T
SWIM (GASP)!

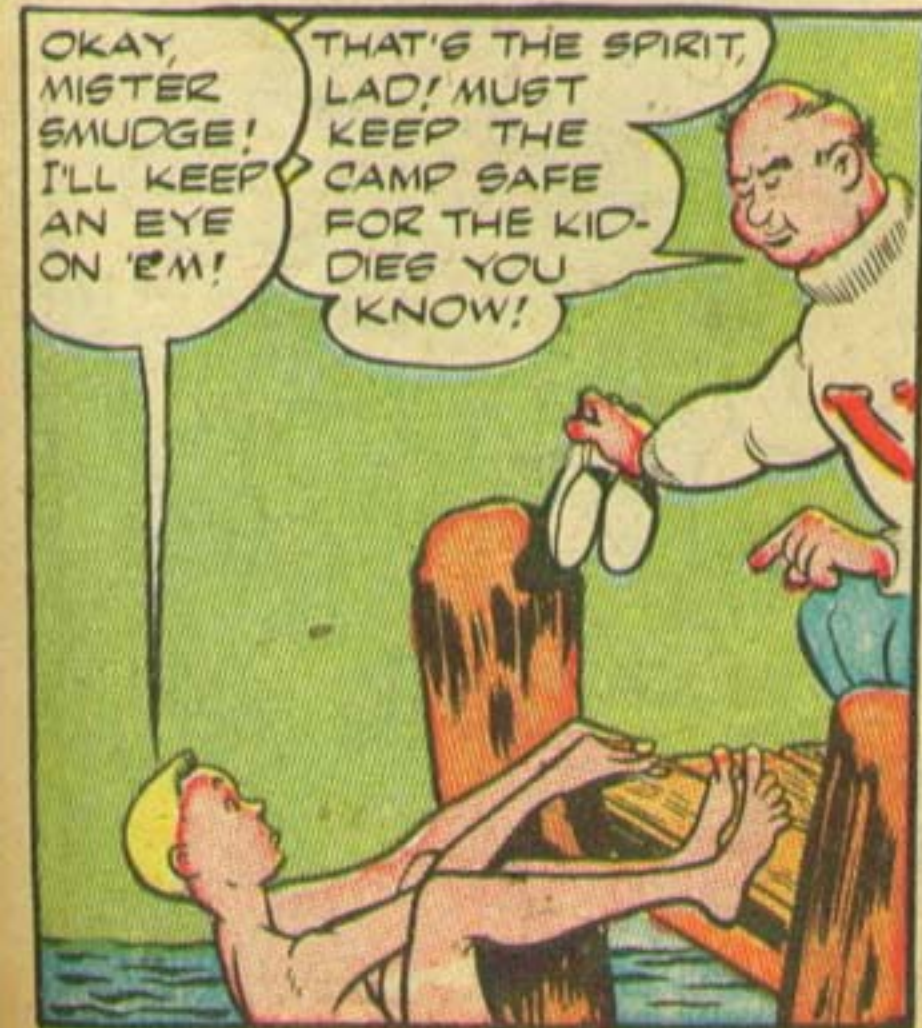
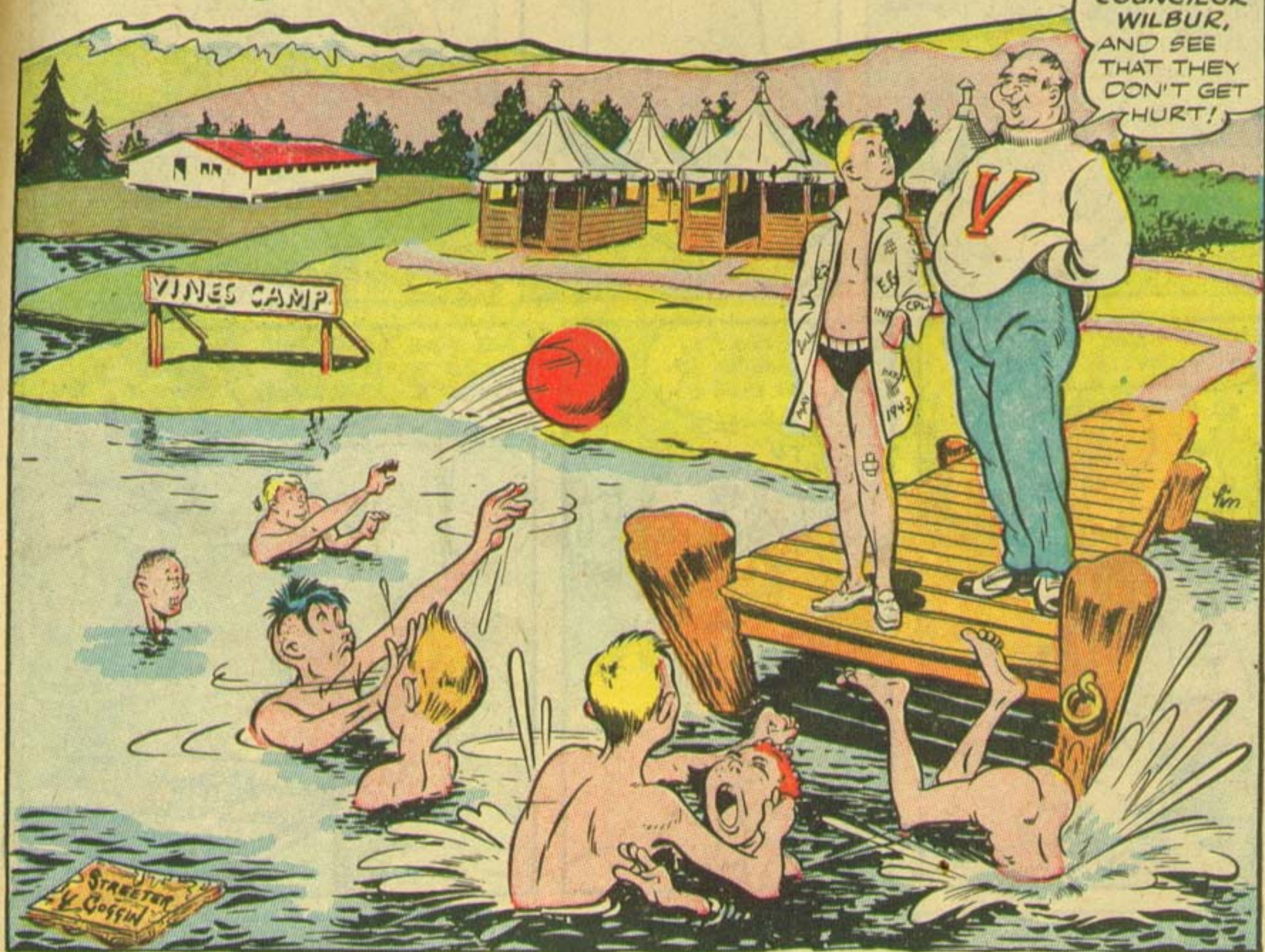


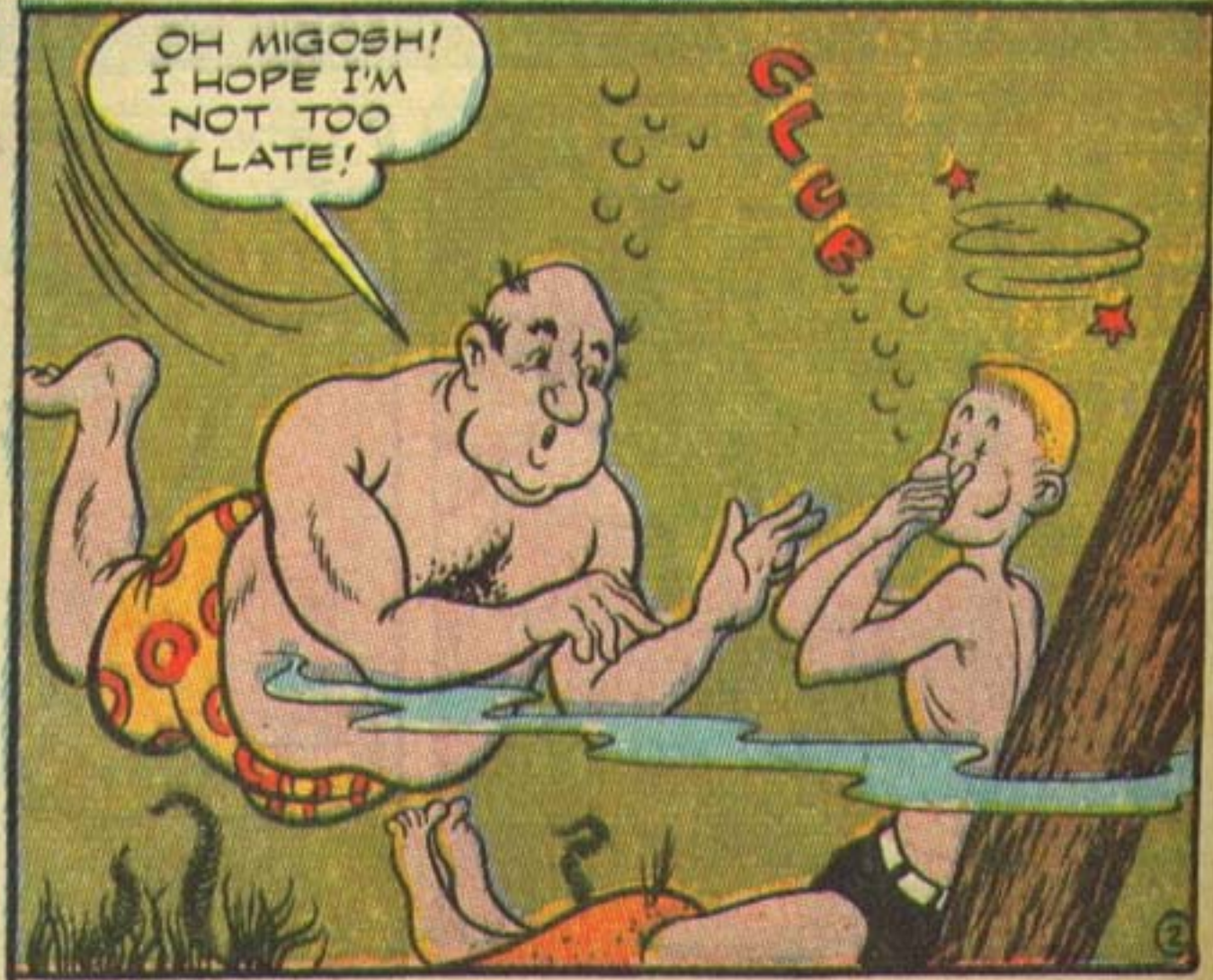
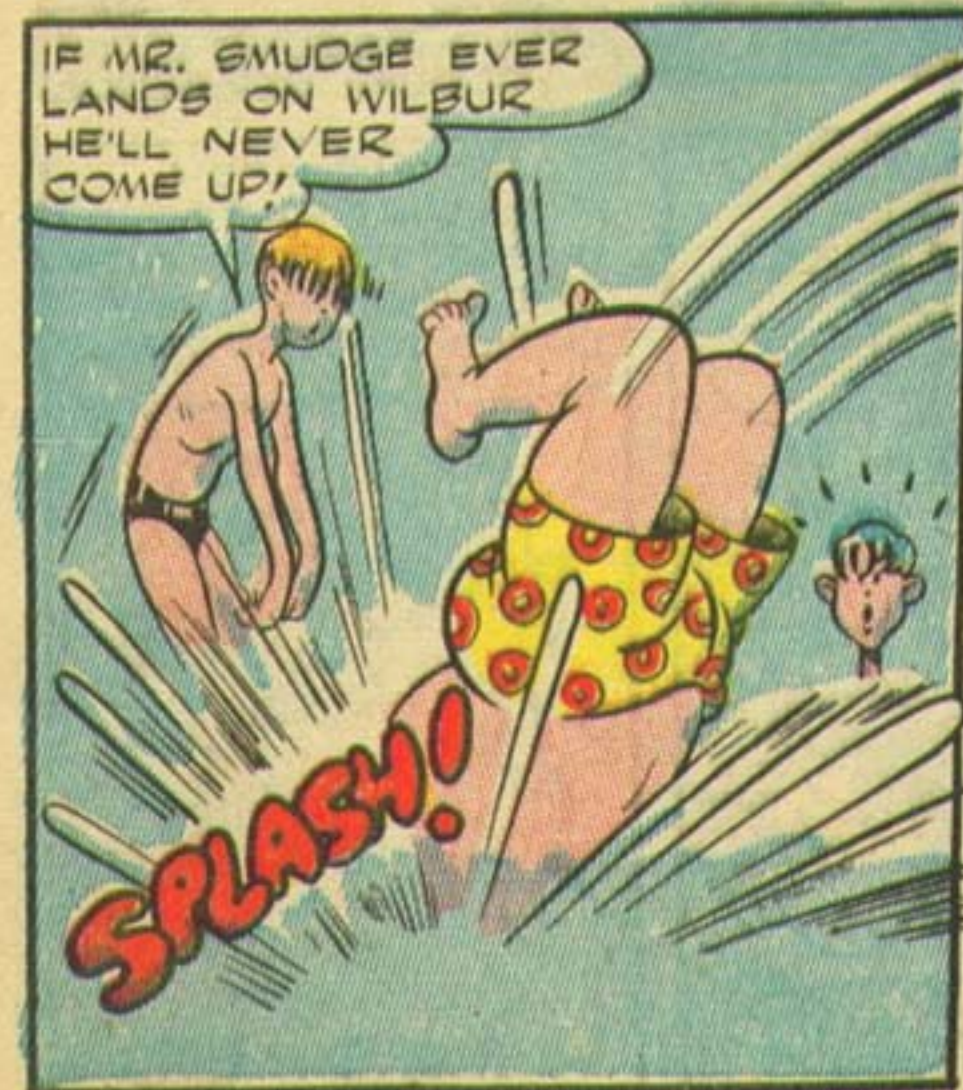
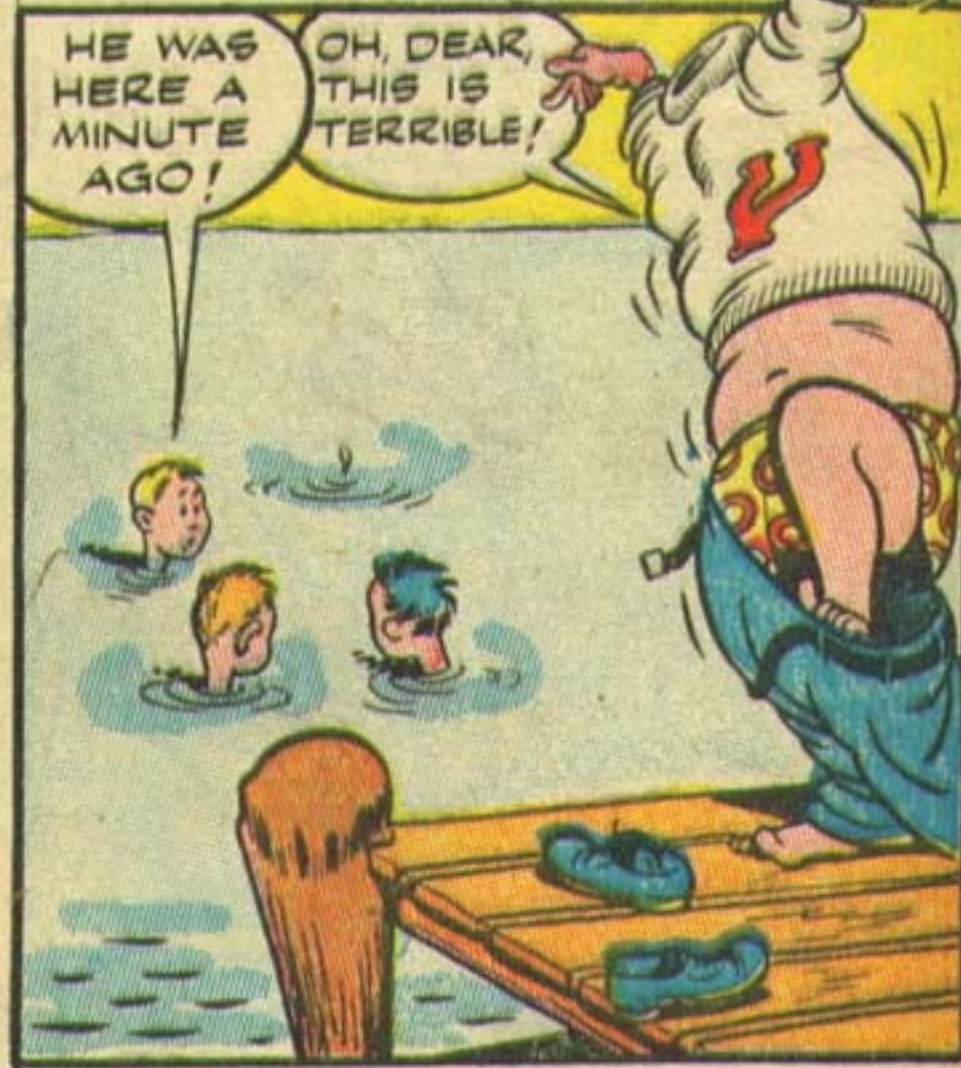
PIDDLE!
LOOK!
OUR
CLOTHES!

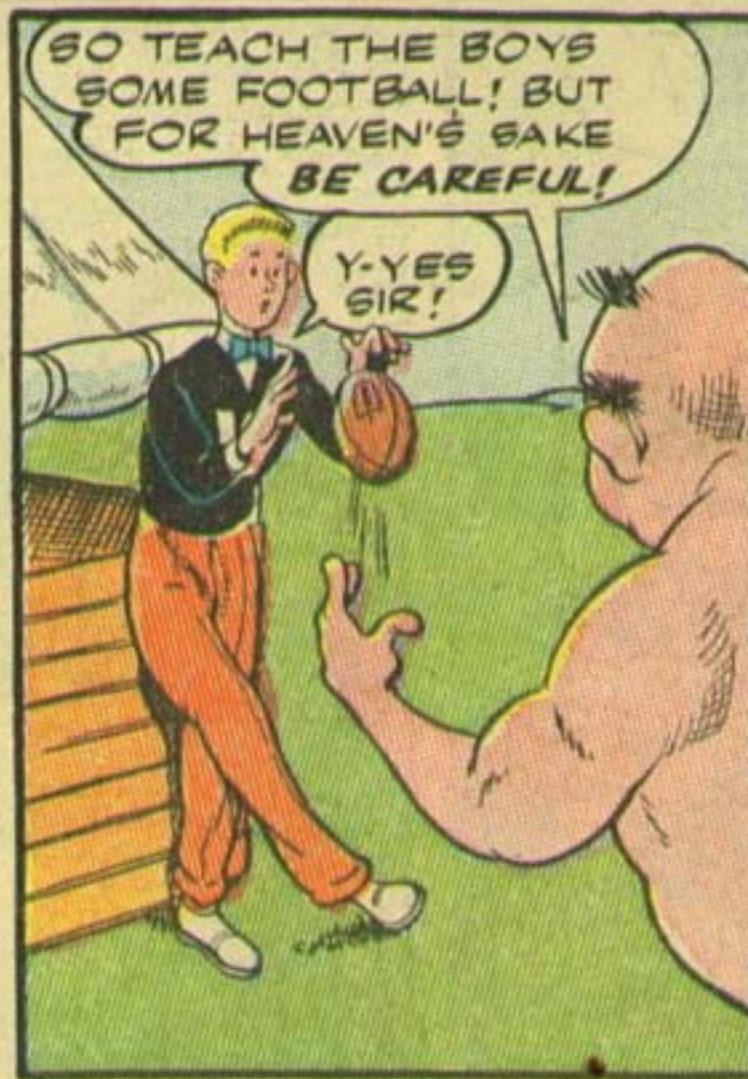
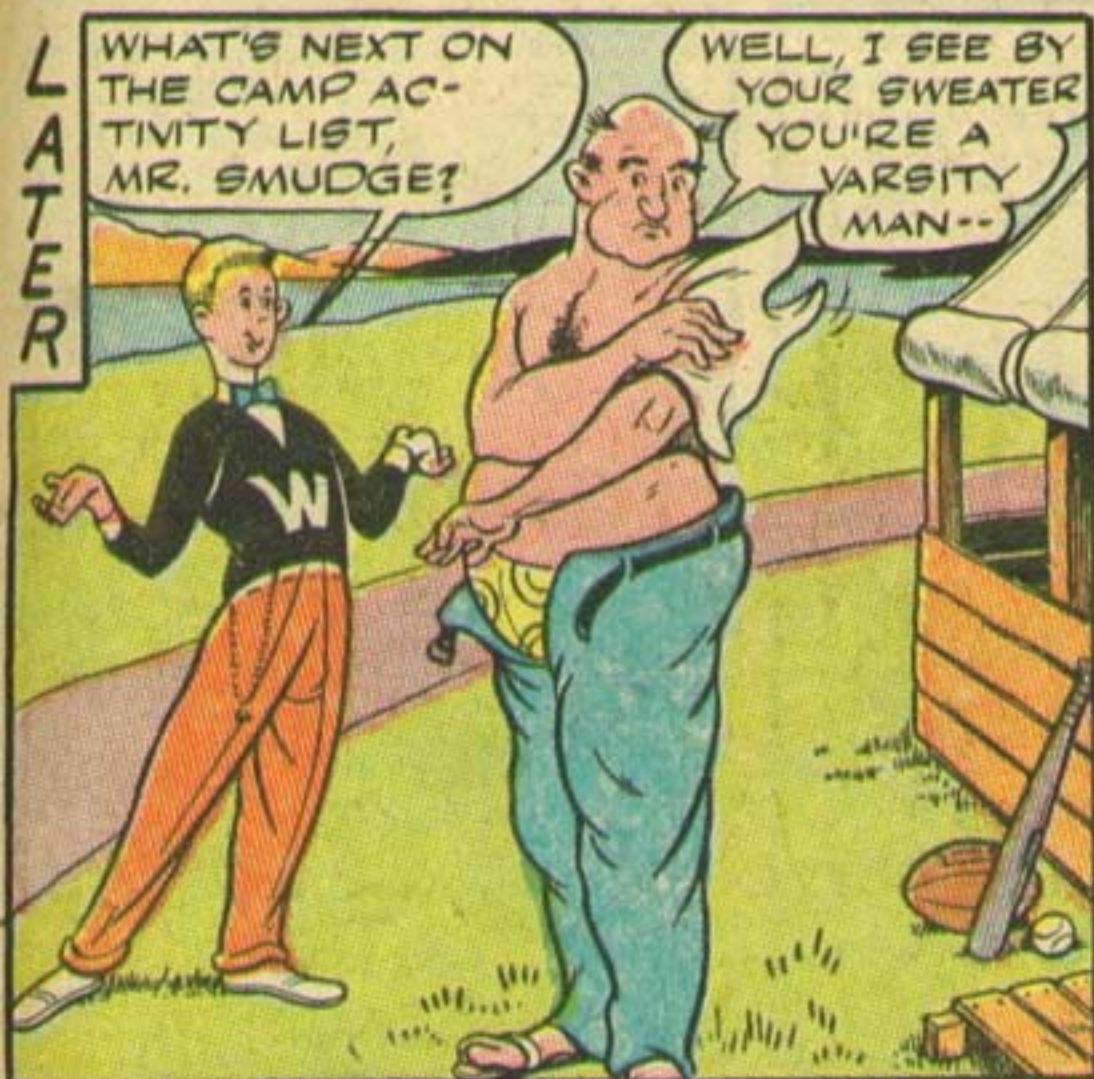
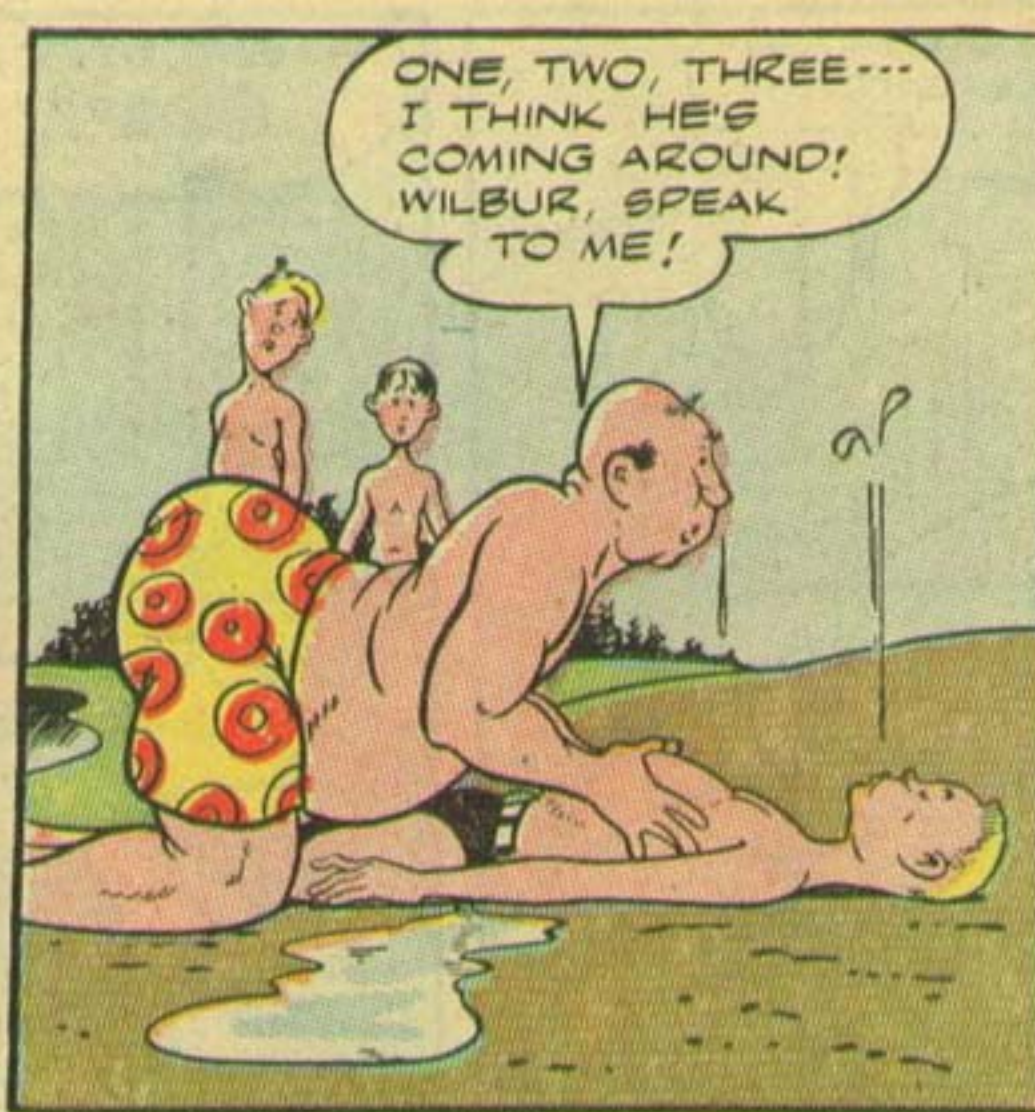


WILBUR

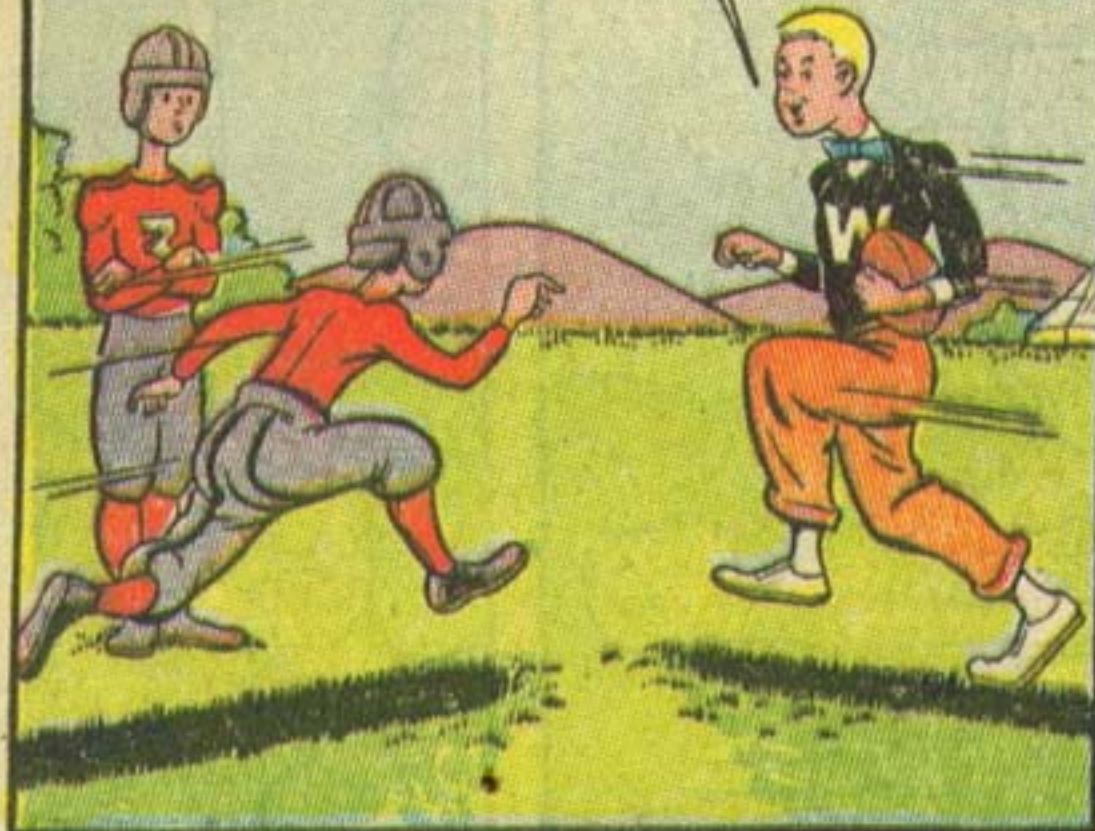
BETTER GET INTO THE WATER WITH THE BOYS COUNCILOR WILBUR, AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET HURT!







LET'S GO! NOW WATCH
HOW I STICK OUT MY
RIGHT ARM AND---



---SIDE STEP HIM---

OOOF!



DID I DO
IT RIGHT,
WILBUR?



UH-- NOW I'LL TEACH
YOU HOW TO PASS!
RUN OUT, SKEETS!



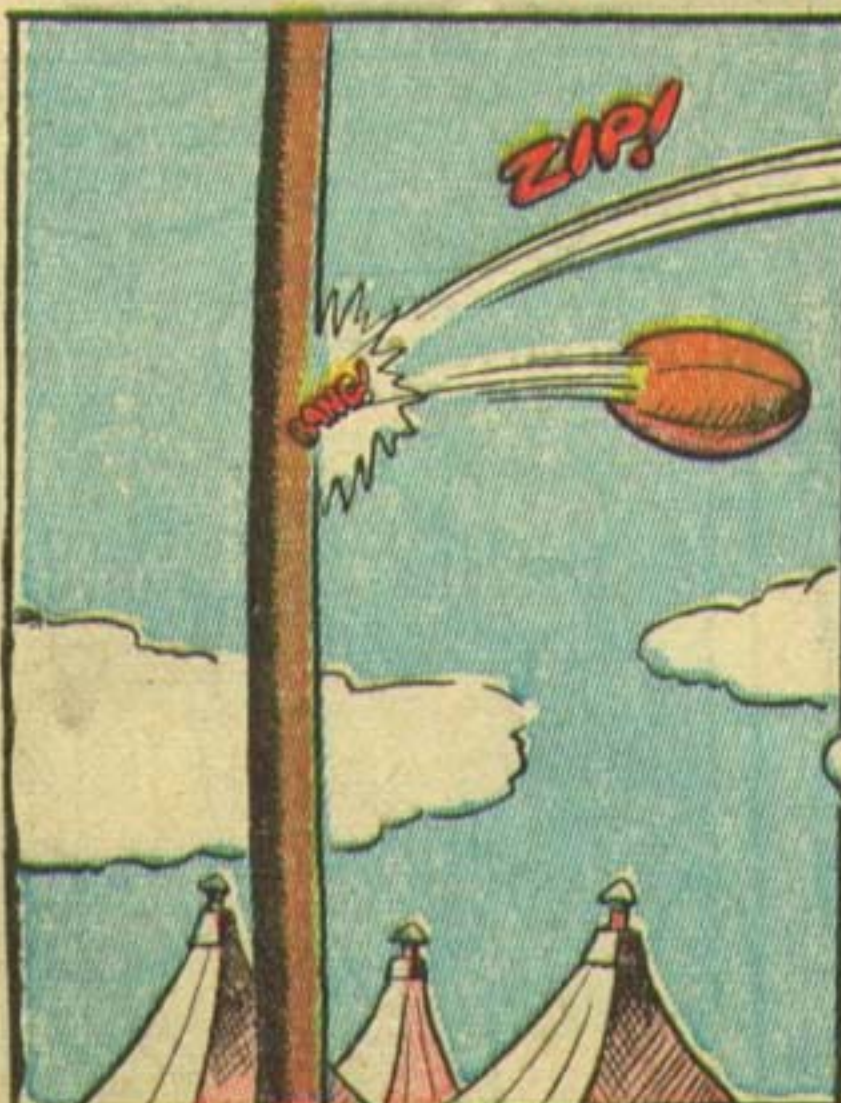
AND REMEMBER IF
THE BALL IS IN-
TERCEPTED TACKLE
AND ASK QUESTIONS
AFTERWARD!

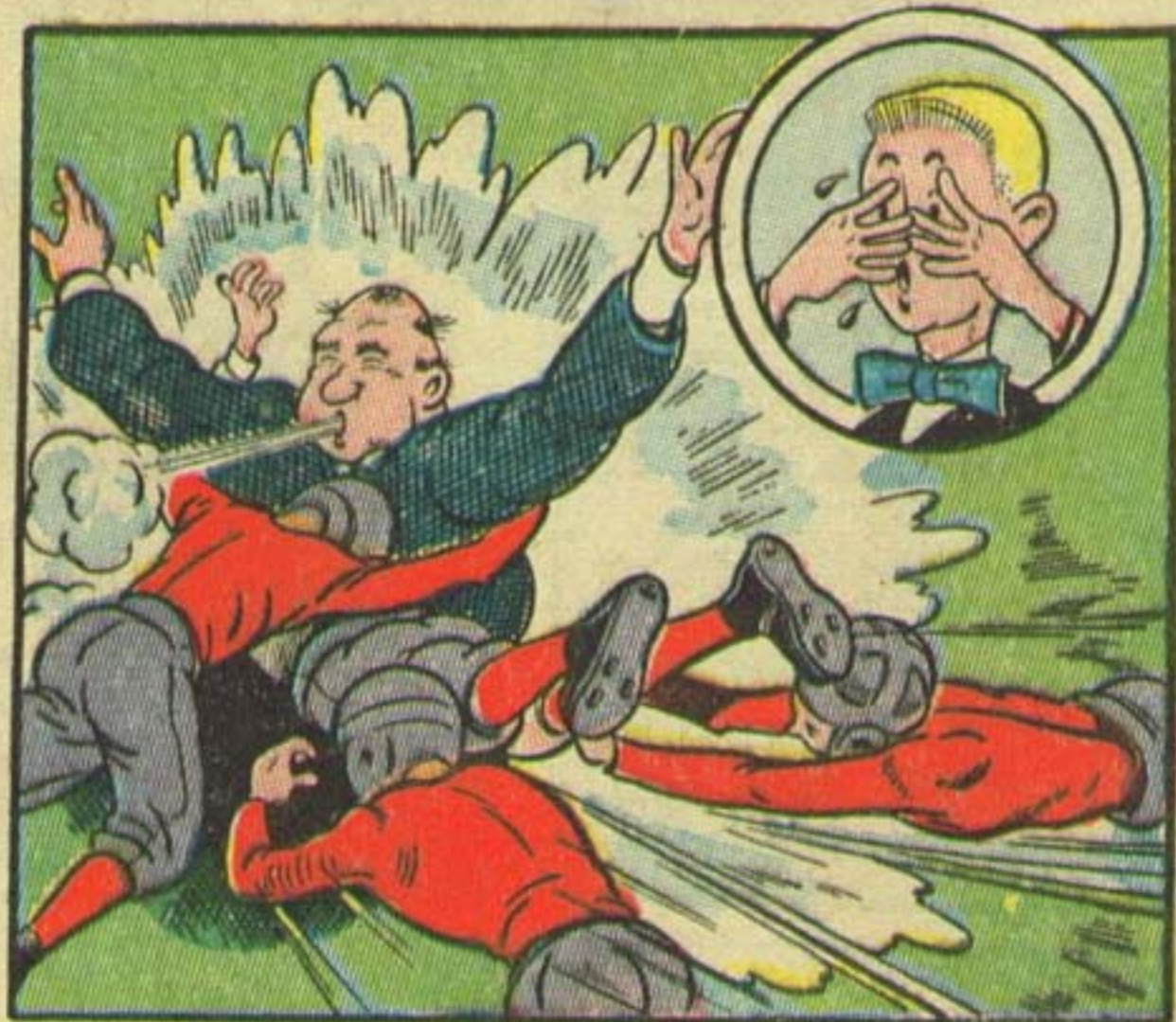


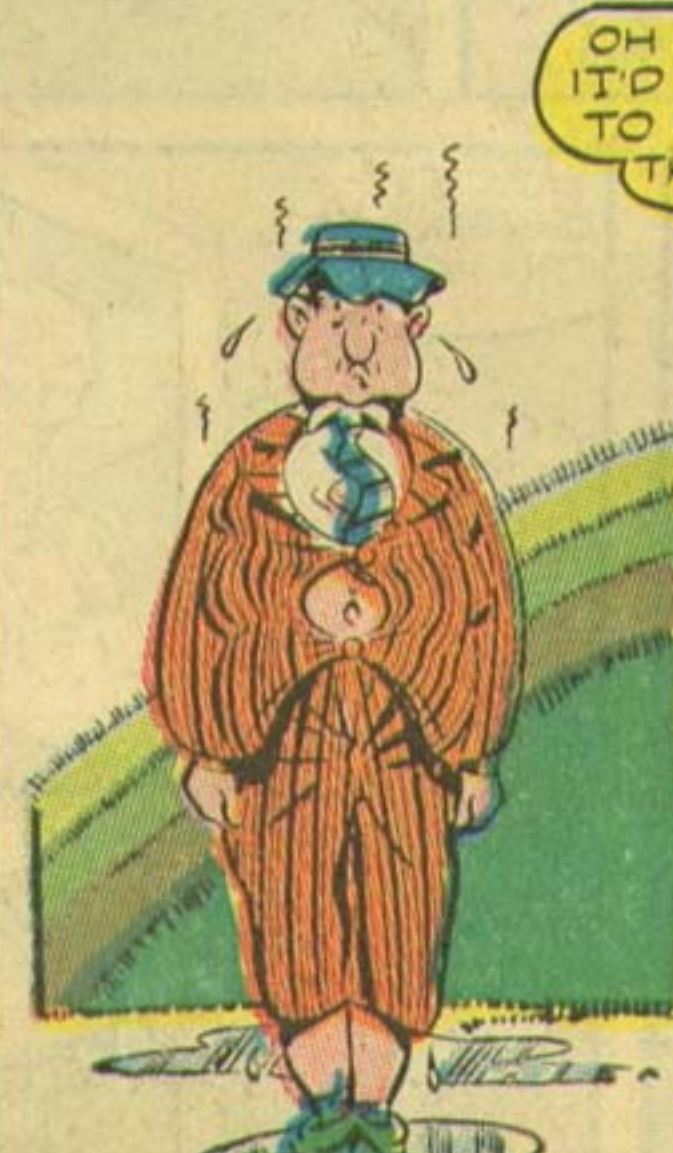
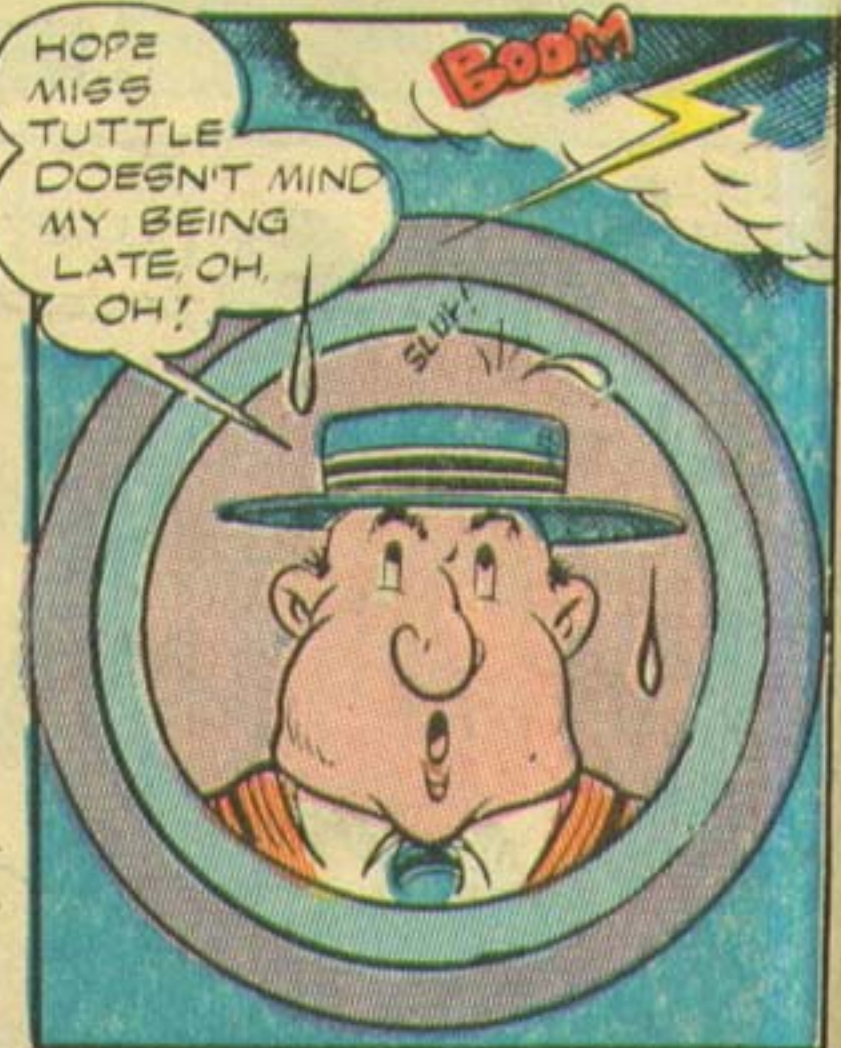
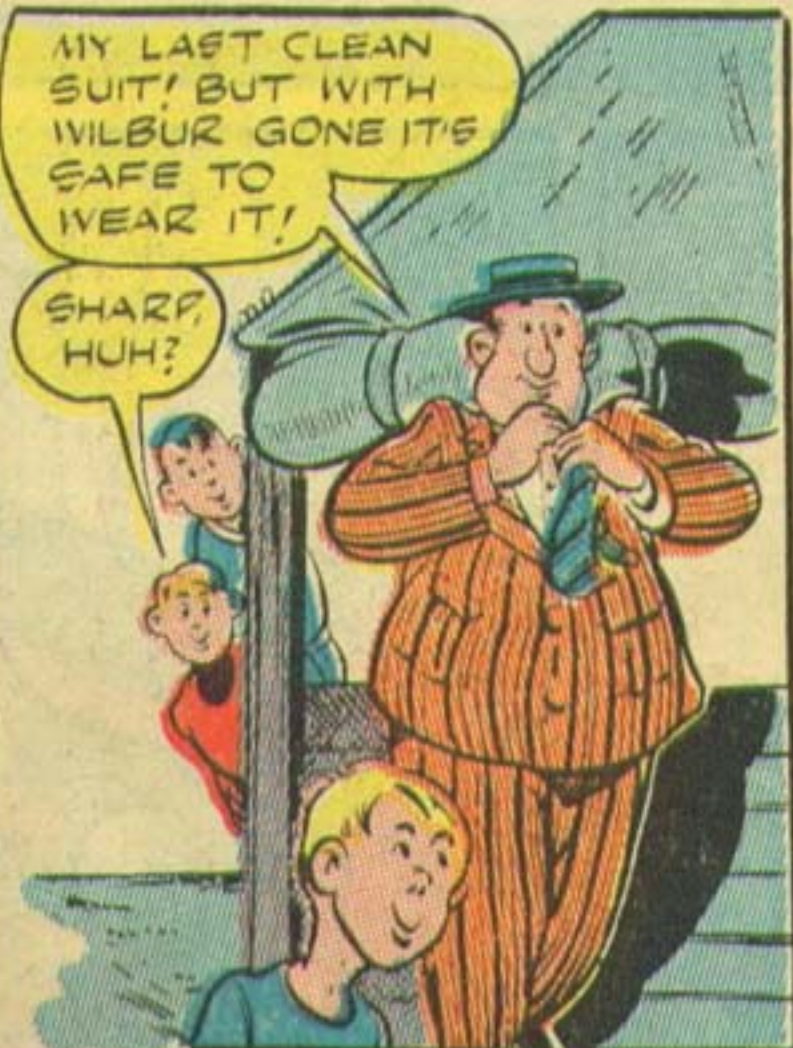
LET
'ER
GO!

WOW!
SOME
PASS!

OOPS!
TOO
HIGH!







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OFF - HOURS
FREE



FREE



FREE

